KATIE FOX

AND THE MAKING OF

THE FOX-TAYLOR RECORD

A history and analysis of
the life and work of the
epoch-making medium

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

By W. G. Langworthy Taylor

$3.00

KATIE FOX

AND THE MAKING OF THE

Fox-Taylor Record

By

W. G. LANGWORTHY TAYLOR

This study, by a surviving friend and admirer, of the dynamic personality and psychic genius of Katie Fox, originator of modern American spiritualism, constitutes the first complete analysis yet written of this famous nineteenth century medium.

Fascinating reading even for the psychologically curious, this book is of tremendous import to the student of psychical inquiry and of spiritualism.

Katie Fox has been traduced and misunderstood. It is highly significant, then, that a scholar of much literary achievement, a professor for many years at a middle - western university, should restore her to her rightful pre-eminence among mediums.

Psychical science still tarries in the maze of hallucination; this book opens a new field of research in the matter, by the interpretation of the automatically written records.

Not only the amazing talents of Katie Fox but Mr. Taylor's convincing treatment of his subject deserve to be qualified as epoch-making.

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HACKS TITLE PAGE

KATIE FOX

Photo by Gurney

KATIE FOX

From Taylor family album

"Seek us not elsewhere."—B. F., June 11, 1871

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PREFACE ON PERSONALITY

THE long history of hagiology leaves little surviving that is novel or inviting for further exploitation by the critic. On the other hand, the sincerity of it, so far as the putative authors may be morally responsible persons, is seldom called in question. The shaky godliness of the Koran or of the book of Mormon has been swallowed or swept aside by its success. Pragmatically, honesty in bibles is not a matter for discussion, much less so than is the dependableness of spirit-mediums. The straight question is of what interest to mankind may be the documentary revelation under discussion. A swindle foisted onto the public might precisely meet its spiritual needs.

However, innovations do start with excuses or claims or charges and countercharges, and that period must be lived through by publisher and especially by editor. Anyhow, books of the polemic sort are perfectly legitimate at the polemic stage of the game of beliefs. When it comes to a question of inspiration, the old claims of alleged sacred writings to men's allegiance must be radically toned down by the modern way of judging by comparison with the authenticity of other, more humble screeds. Thus, in some sense, every writing that has sense must partake of "inspiration," whatever that means. To me it suggests that everything we think and write, however simple, has passed through our minds, has been shorter or longer put in storage, or, at least, in digestion, and has issued at the point of the pencil or on the typewriter when summoned by a conscious will of the kind called, "a point of view." The writer presses a button called, "point of view," and the scripture flows forth whether it glorifies God or announces a football game.

All this does not renounce all claim that a record such as the Fox-Taylor is different. We call it a difference of authorship. We rather naïvely assume as authors personalities who answer substantially to the common use of the term. We say, "there must be an author for what is spoken or written." We live in a strange world in which every category, every common noun, when questioned by the dialectic of philosophy, leads over to its opposite, so that we are shaken in our faith in the reality of experience. Our only salvation is to grasp a proper theory of environments. If we once for all are convinced that such contradictions are due to our immersion, briefly or enduringly, into a changed, vital complex (under some agreed title of "dimension," "frame," or whatnot) the situation is cleared up.

Thus our thought, passing from one complex to another, from a cubic to, say, a tesseract character, could very reasonably modify its conception of what it is wont to cluster about the term, "personality." We have little in the way of tools of thought, beyond common nouns, such as "personality," and are persistently misled in their use by our inevitable wanderings through the dimensions. The study of psychic research, therefore, is a study of psychology and even of grammar, of rhetoric, and of logic.

It is well established by the science of religions that the scriptures (bibles) are social (national) products. But they were nevertheless written by the hands of individual persons, as everything written must be. The writers expressed group ideas or thoughts which had arisen from a give-and-take process, in which some persons doubtless counted for more than others, but the resultant molded and hardened formulæ were universally valid within the intelligence complex in which they arose. Each and every scripture and book or publication must be treated in this psycho-social way if we would arrive at some notion of essential authorship. It must be insisted that the road to authorship is the road to personal-

ity. For the purpose in hand, personality is both individual and social.

Thus, on the one hand, nothing in the universe is more substantial than personality, while, on the other, nothing is more evasive. Numerous sacred books are evidence of the social welding and solidarity attained by their respective nationalities. Perhaps nothing is better test of the finished growth of a nationality than the production and institution of sacred books. What we understand as personalities, in the enlarged sense, therefore, enter by indirection (not to say putatively) into their redaction.

Still confining ourselves to supernormal authorship, we remark that modern times have fathered and favored a special group of such phenomena. Individuals or coteries of men are habitual recipients of written messages through *mediums* and emanating from individual spirits or coteries of spirits. Passing over present discussion of the allegations of authorship and of the part played by the medium, one may dwell for a moment on the mere inquiry as to the singularity or plurality or, better, collectively of the authorship. Of this modern sort of inspiration the Fox-Taylor Record is astonishing for its sustained, tireless, successful effort, centered, by the way, on the drawing of supernormal, crayon portraits of spirits.

The statements in the letters fortified by the explanations appended by Mrs. S. E. L. Taylor (Mrs. Geo. H. Taylor) are consistent throughout the twenty-three-year lapse of time; they produce a cumulative impression that the personalities are quite distinct but that, when in harmony, as when one spirit is helping another to communicate, there is a blending so that two appear almost as one. Such is also the ideal of earthly friendships and marriages.

One gathers from it all the sense of a union of separate souls into one great soul, like a nation roused to war, and then of the resumption of the smaller, original personalities

for sake of the maintaining of social life; for if that is lost then the daily bread of life is denied. The amalgamations alluded to are for occasions *hors de ligne*. The total impression about infringement of personality is not that, in the freer life beyond, it is lost but that it is rendered more adaptable and coöperative. On the other hand, we find that the positive, outstanding characters of the past receive their meed of respectful observance and compliance from those newer spirits who are eager to benefit from superior leadership.

This book is meant to set forth the self-sacrificing work of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Taylor in attending, supervising, and recording the work of the medium Katie Fox over a long series of years. Except for the last period, Katie was, during psychic activity, a dweller at the sanatorium ("Dr. Taylor's Swedish Movement Cure." The two houses, on Sixth Avenue, New York, are still standing at n.e. corner of 38th Street). She received her board free, but no other payments. I believe that during the last period, when her two sons lived with her, she came from her apartment to the Madison Avenue Hotel for the sittings, she was served tea and was paid one dollar besides. Popular misconception as to the chrematistic pursuit of mediumship must receive a jolt from this news. For the benefit of the uninitiated I have followed the custom of other books on psychic experiences by prefixing this one with a sketch of the spiritualistic movement. The life of the Fox sisters is still to be written; and I hope that the Fox-Taylor Record and this book of descriptive matter may together furnish valuable materials for it that would otherwise be lost or overlooked.

The latter half of the present book is occupied with an analysis of the Record. There is no attempt at completeness or exhaustiveness. I hope that that task may follow, and believe it will busy other hands than mine. However, I have hoped to break the sod and indicate what could be done in this way. The rubrics selected are those that occur to one on a

cursory glance at the text; they are obvious and popular. Again, my object was not the proof of veridicity but an appreciation of what we can learn of positive import from such writings and that chiefly about the next life.

All national religion has concerned itself with such description, as my friend Professor Macchioro has pertinently remarked. And this whether the time-and-place imagination has located Orcus under the earth, as with Egyptians and Homer, or in the sky, as with Hebrews, Orphics, and Christians. Whether the essentially domestic nature of these Fox-Taylor revelations entitles them to a distinct, specific pigeonhole is an open question. If it does, there is ample proof for you that to a considerable extent our ideas of the hereafter are, like our other ideas, a reflection of the culture of the times. Our thoughts of the hereafter are no longer occupied with helmeted warriors, self-sufficient sages, and entrancing queens; but with the prolongation into another world of the well differentiated categories of our lives, such as knowledge of the physics and mathematics of our universe, biological research, the cultivation of the arts and music, and the social organization as bearing on the individual.

Somehow these modern openings must be brought into line with those ancient ones (not so very long ago, after all); they cannot be handled as something apart, something new in the world. But they do bear the hall-marks of our democratic age, if only because they are open to all without special initiation. He who can pay a good medium can obtain them. He who is acceptable to a circle can be admitted to it.

But all this is far from proving that the information, the picture, the fairy tales are of terrestrial origin or speak in materialistic and biologic terms. Those terms undoubtedly furnish the temporal setting; they differentiate the myth of Demeter searching for Persephone from the revelation of Ma preparing a heavenly home for Pa. That difference in setting can be accounted for by the democracy of modern times; our

habit of thinking in terms of the common man; our renouncing of myth in reflecting on ourselves. Even today we can and do in bookish reverie float into the glamour of Tristan and Isolde; but we automatically snap back into the latest front-page scandal—into the world as it is; into "English as she is spoke."

While historical comparisons, therefore, enclose much that is attractive for psychic science, it is doubtful whether, at the present stage of it, much of decisive is to be won from them, save the recognition of a common, spiritual element. We believe that it is something positive which impresses our earthly souls as much as we impress it by lending to it contemporary forms and fashions. It is something redolent of personality, in the first place, of a circumambient personality, and, in the second place, of those erstwhile human personalities which are biologically tied to our own surviving persons or intertwined by tradition or through education with our mentalities.

The conviction of a future life will not be gained from analysis, for the field of analysis is divided into separate compartments which interlock only through acquired faith. But a thorough soaking of oneself in such phenomena and scripture as those offered by the long-drawn Fox-Taylor Record constitutes a direct appeal to our kindred nature, which overleaps all circumstances of logic, learning, and laboratory and convinces our unitarian selves.

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INTRODUCTION

KATIE FOX is more than a titular for this book, although the same be larded o'er with much discussion which is decidedly out of her latitude and longitude. Without Katie it could not have been written. Very likely Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, in their bereavement, would somehow have been gratified by other openings and consolations to which their hearts would have listened even though their assent faltered. She alone could have written this Psychic Legacy, the Record. This volume of Narrative and Analysis, therefore, is devoted to such account as seemed practicable of this important and serious specimen of Katie's automatic writing. Enough is cited to give pause to those who glibly object that "spirit communications" are trivial or nonsensical. Much of our earthly lives is foolishly wasted, anyway. Read "Babbit"! However, it is just conceivable that there are persons who can come away from perusal of this Record preserving an unsympathetic attitude. Many things are possible and there are all sorts of men.

Since not a few readers lack information on the extent and nature of the spiritualist revival of the last century, it was quite necessary to say something about that. The historical part of this volume is all the more called for, since the career of Katie Fox as a medium was certainly the most typical, as it was the central feature of events which are to be held either light or weighty according to the interest which the reader takes, or is led to take, in metapsychic phenomena and to the importance which he attaches to them.

This volume, while offering the author an opportunity to pay an unworthy tribute to a veteran friend of his boyhood, Robert Dale Owen, invites further to a discussion of the prin-

ciples which should guide the public in its attitude toward mediums. He has ventured to point out the desirability of conforming in practice to a considerate treatment which, though pretty obvious, it seems extremely difficult for even friends of the metapsychic movement to adhere to; and he hopes that if he has reacted rather sharply from what seems to him ill-advised severity in an unexpected quarter, it will not be judged, on mature reflection, that his criticisms overshoot the mark.

Certainly the Record and explanatory volumes and exegesis are not the first books of their character to appear. The cause of the truth in matters metapsychic will be the better served by an abundant literature of the sort, if it only be well considered and deal with well authenticated events.

The practice is already consecrated of venturing, by aid of inference from occurrences which, for personal reasons, have especially excited the attention of an author-editor, to annex a more or less theoretical treatise in which are made to appear, with salience, those points worthy of assertion in a general form and suggested by the events under study.

Obviously, this book would not have been written did the author not hold the materials in the Record for facts of some sort. On the other hand, a brake must be put on credulity, a place for these facts must be found in an evolutionary series, and the fancy of an immediate millennium must be disciplined by the chilling hand of Science.

At the outset, are we to take the so-called superstition of the savage as a brutal ignorance which the hosts of light are to batter down, although, through the centuries, it will not down? Or rather are we to look on it as the beginning of an inquiry which is to blossom, with the ages, into the all-absorbing problem for men? The assumption of minor acolytes of science that everything is anathema which does not yield to tests of weight and measure previously set up,

will not stand close inspection. "New occurrences, new standards," were a better watchword.

The timely discussion revolves about two main axes or points of view: (a) the materio-psychic, (b) the nature of personality:

(a) The materio-psychic discussion is more than classic. Reduced to simplest terms, it is the master debate of history, and, to the point of near identity, lies next to the problem of immortality. In the absence of the testimony of the meta-psychic and paraphysical phenomena, the materio-psychic debate, in restricted scope, would be the only forward-looking quarrel which would enliven the rationalist desert.

Solution lies in the acquisition of a firm hold on a kinetic point of view, which imparts a sort of "logic of continuity." This logic is applicable in many cases where the usual "logic of contrasts" does not prove helpful. The common sense of refined minds notes innumerable cases where to raise the contrast, "either, or," serves no good purpose. The way out is to include both horns of the dilemma in one and the same class, and then to judge of the whole class from principles of logic which demand that one take a higher standpoint, from which the whole may be surveyed. This is the essence of the Platonic idea.

In a way, the illustration of war so portentous and significant today, affords a halting parallel. Pacifists comparing war with peace, and preferring the latter, condemn all war, without stopping to inquire whether there be any difference in the merits of the parties. The point of view is lofty but prematurely taken. Statesmen must confine themselves to practical morality: Who began the war? This is a lower point of view, but a necessary stadium under belligerent conditions. But philosophers may take a still higher stand than pacifists. They assert that war-peace constitutes a category of unavoidable interaction, and that the alternate play of the two is but one process.

Our churches, our laboratories, and our experts in politics, economics, sanitation, and other lines, do their best to abolish war, pestilence, revolution, strikes, crises, and famines. Good work! But without the grand, the terrible, the cataclysmic, our ideals would go a glimmering. Hifalutin propaganda of bourgeois utilities and smug moralities gives us pause. A world in perfect balance is dead.

In somewhat similar (but not identical) vein, we may entertain gladly the notion of matter-spirit. Of course, one of the alternatives wins in the long run, for it becomes a sort of goal—the good alternative. Thus, in the pair, war-peace, it is peace that we want to win out, perhaps only under more favorable conditions. And so, in the pair, matter-psyche, it is psyche that will get the upper hand, if only a more psychic home for man can be discovered.

But, in the meanwhile, we are in presence of a kinetic affair, a process which it is as unfair to call material as to call mental. The author is convinced that the crying need of the forward looking mind is to master the conception of progress as fundamentally materio-psychic,—a moving equilibrium in events presenting themselves to him now under the preconceived mental habit of the physical, now of the mental. Those preconceptions are utilized by a Higher Power as the levers of our progress. The necessity of the alternation would appear to be lodged chiefly in man's own psychology; it is subjective.

This is not to destroy, for every purpose, the contrast, matter vs. mind, quite the contrary, but to confine it to its proper place. Indeed, the useful consequence of this way of thinking is to extend the field of the contrast. Life we find ever exhibiting itself to us in this dual guise, and in an internecine struggle between subject and object. So that, interested as we should be in the special case of human immortality, we must conclude that life beyond death, if there

be life beyond death, is compact of the same contrasted elements—mind and matter—as before death.

Cogitations along this relativist line are calculated to put the reader in a receptive frame of mind toward the Rochester knockings, whose respectability is popularly enhanced if we are able to regard them as of the same class with revivals generally. The mediumship of Katie Fox, unobtrusive and unassuming, is also the most efficient and productive. It is the golden thread running through modern spiritualism.

(b) Of what is this our personality composed? Here we must speak only according to what we seem to know, or think we know, for the impossibility of definitive knowledge is but too manifest. The nearest approximation to a solvent is commonly offered by mysticism, including religion; but the explanation which the times demand must lie closer to the methods of science.

Our personality seems to be something specified or specialized out of life-tendencies that otherwise might flow carelessly on in a general way, and further to be infused with perception and consciousness, which we must take as a direct datum of the Divine. Scientific method is helpful chiefly in tracing the limits of tendencies and forces making for personality. The question is, how far does personality extend in this or that direction? What does immortality lend to man beyond the lengthening of his days?

The reader will accord to descriptions of abodes in other dimensions such assent as he chooses. Openings of this sort have also heretofore been vouchsafed and tend to gain in esteem as we trace them back to the dawn of history; but with all desire to accept them, the impossibility of describing what, from the change of basic circumstances, must, given our own imperfection, be indescribable and devoid of concreteness, detracts from their helpfulness.

However, a firm grasp on the amalgamated materio-psychic point of view is a result of the analysis of the necessary con-

ditions of immortality. The field for telepathic hypothesis is immeasurably widened. In an universe of forces and persons, the problem must ever be as to how far the forces are individual, how far impersonal. The dilemma of personal-impersonal is raised whenever the metapsychic and paraphysical phenomena are studied. The very occurrence of materializations illustrates it. Is telepathy accomplished by spirit messengers or by radio-messages? Are dreams, even, occasionally suggested by hovering, personal influences, or are they purely kaleidoscopic presentations to consciousness carried over out of chance experiences? And finally, is our personality a monad, or a growing and perhaps also a decaying thing?

When we shall be enabled to answer all these questions, we shall have pretty well defined ourselves. Every step in advance, however, will inevitably deeply affect and alter the framing of our questions. New knowledge supersedes old queries. The road is still a long one, but the answer will surely come to mankind, visible and invisible; and the education of the effort will transform our own personalities.

We shall move about more easily in this subject when we begin to perceive that the occurrences are not so strange as they seem. Physically, it is as strange to split wood with an ax as without one. And so, on the psychic side, it is as strange to write in the guise of an author of poetry or romance or history or science as it is to perform the so-called "automatic" writing. By diminishing the ascription of personality to the former classes and by increasing it for the last class—the automatic writing—we arrive at a very fair idea of the nature of the problem of personality and of the difficulties surrounding its solution.

Nothing lies further from the author's aim than propaganda. Books are written and published in response to a more or less felt demand from the public, in some of its groups; but each one decides, in the stillness of his heart,

what he does or does not need, in the way of written communings.

I should never have believed in spiritualism had it not been for the experiences of my family with Katie Fox which I have attempted to relate in Book II. Just how far the title "spiritualist" is in a given case, appropriate or the reverse, laudatory or opprobrious, the curious reader can satisfy himself from the following pages.

There must have been something cogent about those séances with Katie Fox to which I was occasionally invited. It is also true that I was caught young and suffered an inoculation several degrees stronger than those invented by Dr. Jenner. It follows that I can hardly blame others less privileged for not sharing my interest in them. But few have enjoyed such a rare opportunity. Nor do I expect that my feeble relations will impart to the reader the conviction which the original, complete séances enforced.

There is an important rule laid down for the investigation of any line of natural occurrences, that novel explanations are not to be adopted until old ones are exhausted. The superstitious explanation of the metapsychic phenomena is, indeed, extremely old, but we infer that is now ruled out, as it is precisely for that purpose that the rule was laid down. An acceptable explanation must be one of the causes already sanctioned by science, which are chiefly matters of more or less obvious touch, sight, weight, and measure. There is, then, a submerged term in the scientific mentality which assumes that none of the causes alleged by superstition can possibly stand the test of weight, measure, etc. The theoretical volume of this series is concerned with an estimation of the validity of this suppressed hypothesis.

The result of this scientific attitude taken altogether has been that the spiritualist explanation is not deemed worthy of attention, (1) because it is superstitious, belonging to the rejected prescientific era, or (2) because the phenomena may

be assumed to be imaginary and hence negligible. If any positive interest is aroused in the languid scientist, it runs on lines of a supposed, materialistic telepathy. But the basis of resistance to psychic onslaught is inertia springing from actual indifference to the whole subject. Our era has reacted radically from superstition to the point of producing quite a crop of materialist pastors added to a philosophic conception of spirituality known as "rationalism."

For when science arose, what was spirituality to do? It had theretofore masqueraded in superstition, often misnamed "religion." The new problem was to contrive how it might be travestied in science. The problem was solved (as all problems are solved—for the moment) by the invention of a system of thought or rather a state of mind which we make no mistake in identifying with rationalism.

The Church had credulously entertained the naïve notion of an immaterial heaven. Such a paradox was not surprising on the part of clerics absorbed in dogma, doctrine, and divinity. The new rationalism fell heir to the immateriality while it denounced the immortality. It claimed and still claims that spirituality is a vast something, as precious as impalpable, hovering over life, but so dependent upon our pretended mortality, so interwoven with matter, that it cannot permit that a part of itself—the particular spirituality of each man—should survive his earthly, visible career. The aim is to lay all weight on the importance of the spiritual in our lives, and yet to deny to the spiritual any existence that deserves the names of "positive" and "dominant." The beliefs we nourish in God, heaven, ruling Providence, abstract virtues, systems of rewards are merely useful self-deceptions.

In order to breast the full force of this doctrine, let us trace some of its ramifications.

According to this way of thinking, philosophy is a struggle to subject every last manifestation of our lives to science, so that it may conquer to the point of ruthlessness, and so that

the conception of the spiritual shall concede as little as possible to the spiritual, while preserving the obvious respectability and polite decency appertaining to the term (even science could not abolish that). We are assured that while, of course, there can be no immortality and no orthodox heaven, which would be a foolish place anyway, we may, if we only look on things and events sensibly and free from inherited fancies, find an adequate heaven about us. The natural scenery, the best impulses of the heart, the essential purposes of society are all right, conduct is perfectible, and everything may be for the best in the best of worlds, at least, for him who wishes to think so. This sort of inductive idealism rationalists still declare to fill the whole of the requirements of a rational soul.

Of course, these philosophers add, there are many things we cannot understand. Some persons are less lucky than others, and, in the absence of immortality, will never get another chance to restore their unbalanced state. But then, personality is a small, an unimportant thing in face of the vast forces of Nature, an accident caught in the crack of chance, and peculiarly liable to be blotted out. Without it the universe will wag on just the same.

This program never seemed satisfactory to me. But there was no ready answer to it. I could not but concede my unimportance; and that my feeling of rebellion was but a relic of simian superstition entirely disapproved by that severe Moloch, Science. One's spontaneous but feeble, self-accusing protest before this self-denying wisdom is precisely the same in quality as that before the orthodox religious doctrine of eternal punishment. In both cases, dogma having passed the bounds of finite reason, has had recourse to theoretical violence, mental brutality. But there has been no satisfactory answer to either position, except just that you cannot believe it.

Once, as I was journeying out of one of our national parks,

veritable paradises, I encountered two hay-rack loads of the underworld trekking in. I said to myself, "This is like hell." As a phylacteried rationalist, I should have thought, "This *is* hell, honest to goodness." I believe the rationalist is nearer right in his terrestrial location of hell than of heaven. And yet, I am not ready to guarantee that, in a further environment, there be not souls of the bad, souls of gross texture incapable of refinement. The rationalist, however, points with cogency to a base life as its own punishment. There is nothing absurd about the part of his doctrine which would banish sentimentalism. But can he also banish superstition?

The ideals of religion and morality, the rationalist declares, are merely ideas. They have no hold or place in nature, outside of the impalpable thoughts of men. This is precisely where he takes issue with Plato. The latter could not reconcile the complexity of the moral and spiritual realms with a merely inductive world; through him the nascent rationalism of Athens preserved so far its touch with primitive religion, mysticism, and superstition. The world waited long for Science to arise and carry the movement a step further.

Plato did not even deny the existence of the gods, and gave an amused consent to myths of Olympus. He even invented a few of his own to lend greater emphasis to his plea for an independent super-spirituality. He broadened the conception of a separate dwelling place for morals and religion into a complete, duplicate world, where influences are at work reaching, through the ideal route, our whole lives in all their details, influences which should be as potent in shaping our personalities and conduct, from one direction, as is the visible and tangible environment, from another.

To the rationalist, progress, in a racial sense, is a doubtful thing. It is a mere adaptation of our bodies to the geological and astronomical changes that science ascertains. There are, of course, also moral and mental adaptations. Progress con-

sists, in fact, in the succession of these morphological changes. It is debatable whether they will ever lead to a moral regeneration. There is nothing to prove that positively. Humanity and personality are but specks, anyway; the mental world is impalpable and hence can ask for no quarter in face of the needs of nature. The thin covering of vegetable mould upon the surface of the earth is a very curious thing, a mere accident in the countless ages and infinite spaces, where unavoidably, anything and everything are bound to occur, sooner or later. Man is, of course, quite a creature of the vegetable mould.

It would unduly delay the reader, were I further to extend the case for rationalism. In the absence of a spiritual science, there is no answer to rationalism, except the unwillingness of our acquiescence prompted by our lingering superstition. Condemnation without a hearing is as complete under rationalism as under Calvinism. Failure to create a satisfactory, moral system is as complete in the one case as in the other. Nevertheless, thanks to my taste for science, I should have been a dyed-in-the-wool rationalist had it not been for the positive assurances offered by our family séances with Katie Fox.

I should, doubtless, have contented myself with the naturalistic range of thought. And even after I had received the Fuchsian assurances, they became more or less dimmed and glossed over by more practical duties until, in the ripeness of time, I was able to reread the Psychic Legacy with some care. Then rushed over me with redoubled emphasis the fervor of the youthful conviction.

BOOK I

HISTORICAL

CHAPTER I

REVIVALS

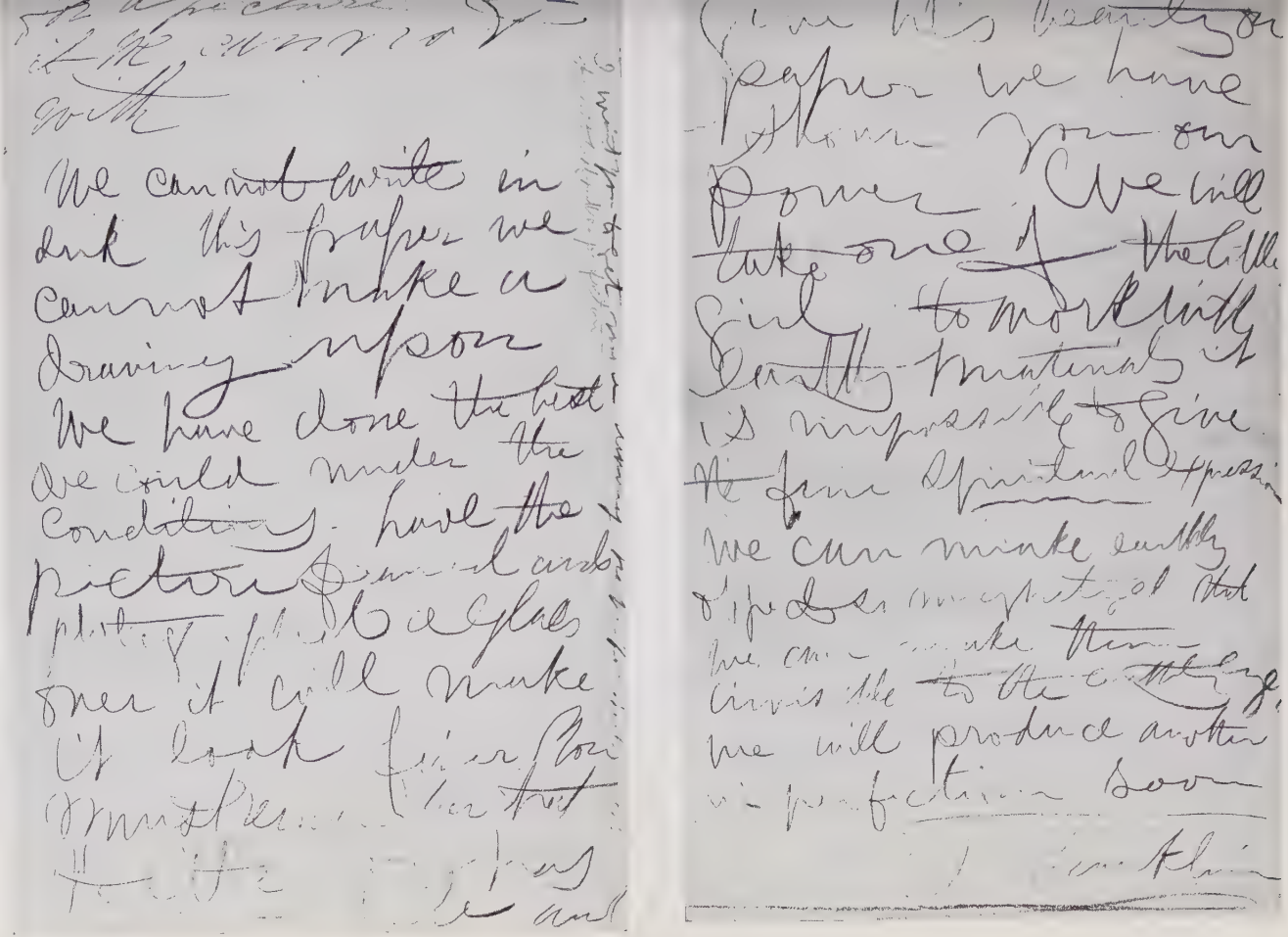
ANY revival proper sets in with some sort of metapsychic or near-miraculous occurrences, nor can it be said to be finished so long as such occurrences continue to repeat themselves. We must assume, at the same time, that no theory for the spiritualist revivals has been generally accepted; that is to say, they have not yet settled down to routine performance nor by sheer familiarity attained to theological or scientific respectability. The numerous religious revivals of the sects are ushered in by camp-meeting ecstasy, even with trances and "speaking with tongues," which constitute a prologue quite as objectionable as the tambourine playing at a modern spiritualist camp-meeting. It was no accident but rather a concord in the evolution of our racial psychology that the spiritual extravagances of one hundred and fifty years ago were destined to split up and specialize into scientific electro-magnetism and unscientific spiritualism. Both were excursions into the unseen and proved the mystery of the power of nature. This morning my neighbor with much labor shoveled the snow from his stretch of sidewalk; this afternoon the sun performed the same service for me.

In the first half of the nineteenth century, the minds of men in the western world had been greatly wrought up over mesmerism and magnetism. Galvani (1737-1798) had invented the electric battery: when certain metals were suspended in a bath of acid, the one was dissolved and deposited on the other and, incidentally, a wire connecting the two metal plates manifested electrical phenomena that had not previously been isolated for experiment but which, as in the experiments of Franklin, had been observed freely in nature.

If the wire was cut and a substance of resistant quality introduced, phenomena of light and heat occurred. If again, a series of batteries being used, the ends of the wire were taken in the hands, a thrill was experienced, which might amount to a dangerous shock. Similar effects were produced by rubbing a wheel of glass, turned as it pressed on a pad of woolen cloth.

Since the phenomena arose from a metal bath, it was assumed that the new force was a fluid. Subsequent discovery of the dynamic electricity evolved from the dry friction of glass on wool did not serve to change the forms of speech invoked to describe the experiments; nor did even the still later and quite modern invention of the dynamo, whereby the current is produced commercially by the mere revolving of a coil of wire, an armature, past a magnet, without any contact at all. The impression that there was a current agreed also with the idea of a fluid.

In all three cases, it would appear that the force expended by (a) the acid on the plates, by (b) the hand on the crank turning the glass disc, by (c) the steam engine on the dynamo had been found empirically to produce the same or a similar result: it generated a "current" of electricity. The phrase "electric fluid" became merely a screen for relative materialism to hide behind. Popular expression for what really takes place would be that all three of the very different modes of generation alluded to succeeded in sending out an independent, dissociated force which imparted a thrill to the touch, which, in nature, often covered the surfaces of ledges and mountains, and which had such an affinity for certain metals that it spread over them instantly. If they were drawn and shaped into a wire, it would without appreciable interval, follow the wire to the end, no matter how far that might be. Wonderful discovery! While the image of a fluid may aid the electrical engineer to correct conclusions as to force and resistance, it is not thereby proven to be itself



Facsimile of letter freely written, without mortal aid, in the usual ordering of the words, by the familiar *persona* of B. Franklin.

correct. The conclusion does not justify the term except as adopted for his purpose and for no other. So the atomic theory is useful in chemistry, apart from any assumed inference about the material objectivity of the atoms.

In some derangements, invigoration accrues to profit of the human organism intercalated into a suitable, mild current of electricity. The idea that this might be the case occurred to the Austrian, Friedrich Anton Mesmer (1733-1815) in 1788. Unfortunately, he seems to have confused intercalation, obstruction, and absorption with generation of the current. He thought his patients might benefit by acting as wet plates. They grasped rods immersed in a tub of water containing powdered glass and iron filings, or, getting a different contact with the metal, joined hands. Mesmer was denounced as a charlatan; but, as in most cases where clear ideas have not at first dissolved out and precipitated from a turmoil of guesses and hypotheses, many persons still believed there was "something in it"; and contemporary therapeutic use of electricity by physicians of the most orthodox tint puts Mesmer back onto the medical saints' calendar.

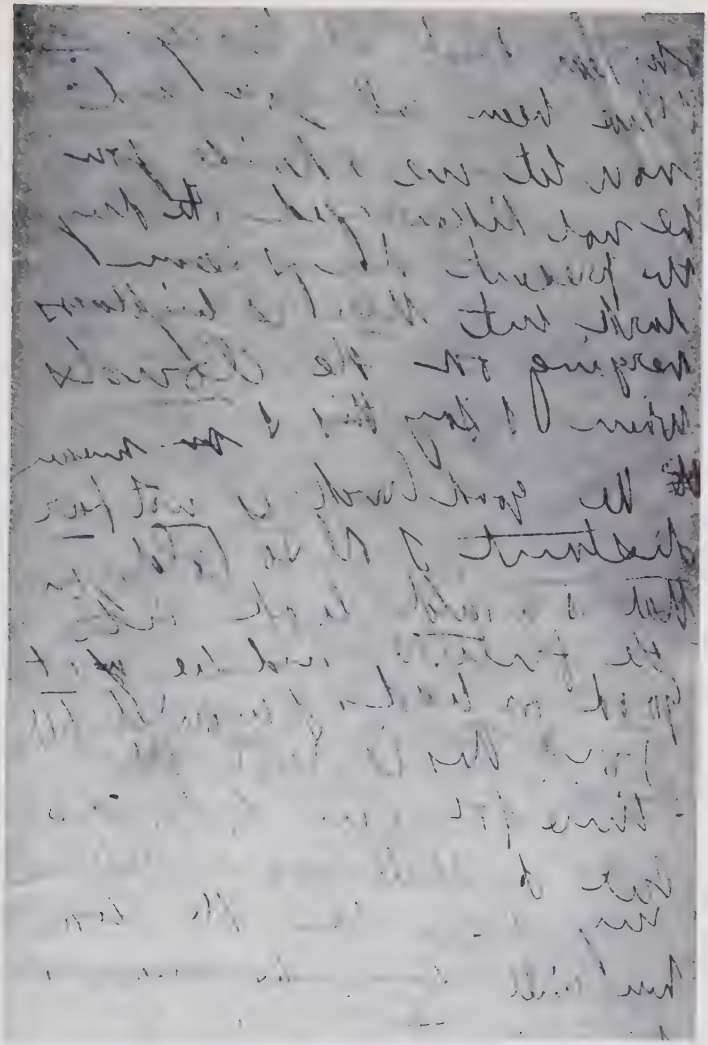
Next, the "drys" had their innings. For was it not plain that the electric fluid could be produced by friction as well as by immersion? The origin of the current was again located in the human body. Certain persons were magnetic machines and could impart magnetized or magneto electricity by mere laying on of hands, or by their mere presence. Hence the literary expression, "a magnetic man." Doubtless a man is an organism, and this fact means a large percentage of water, so that animal magnetism should belong, strictly speaking, to the wets. But the magnet itself is a dry piece of metal, and so is the armature. Electricity, therefore, is, in itself, neither wet nor a fluid. It is just a force in nature, often isolated through a wet process, organic or inorganic, animal or meteorological, chemical or physical; and further laboratory experiment has led to acceptance of the idea that

electricity is relatively basic; and that our world is largely or wholly sustained by or composed of it.

The amateur experiments of Franklin led, in fifty years, to the empirical inventions of Morse. These dissociations of force from matter became known to the world and aroused the greatest wonder. Men rightly suspected that a new era was at hand, and cudgeled their brains to form an idea of what it would be like. So that long before the rise of power plants and lighting plants, due to the genius of Faraday and Maxwell, and of the so-called commercial electricity, the western world was adapting its mentality to the new force which seemed to have the new quality of invisibility. Reflection, however, shows that mechanical force is identical in the matter of invisibility. An electrical generator is just as invisible or not as a steam engine.

Most persons, it must be admitted, are not highly qualified to make broad, scientific generalizations, especially as they severally obtain but a glimpse of the whole of a group of related phenomena. And when the negative quality—as it must seem—of invisibility is added, it is not to be wondered at that the popular mind was early divided between satanic and angelic imputations. The important point is that, on the whole, and perhaps for the first time during the march of the world, or at least of the Germanic world, into the realms of the invisible, the victory lay with the angels. Invisibility was robbed of maleficence. The revolution in man's view of his world was not unlike what the Christian era displayed. It was never again to be the same. And the revolution was due to Science! In our criticisms of Science, let us not forget that unwittingly it remade our world. Along the line of spirit, the scientific era was the next logical step in furtherance of the same plan as that of the Christian era.

Thought became distinctly psychologic. But not consciously such. Highly developed consciousness is a modern



Facsimile of letter in mirror writing or reversed order, signed by the *persona* of Olin. This is perhaps the only extant specimen of the mirror-writing of the days of the making of the Fox-Taylor Record.

affair. In the nineteenth century, however, electricity was but an understudy to steel and steam which did the world's work. Today, however, steam is largely superseded or complemented coöperatively by commercial electricity; and the earlier period, while commercially preparatory for electricity, was in thought already the age of electricity. That was the time during which men were adjusting their minds to electricity, and acquiring, unconsciously, the electrical viewpoint. It marked a distinct advance of intelligence into the unseen and a correspondingly constructive era for the human soul. The astral body acquired a firmer texture, our hitherto incomprehensible planet a most original and delicate instrument for its inspection and exploration.

Up to and for a long time previously to the forties, nothing had occurred to cast doubt upon the hoped for and expected sufficiency of the scientific explanation of life. And what Science had accomplished then was but a trifle compared with what it has since accomplished. That explanation, given a humanistic turn by rationalism, was already at grips with the religious explanation, and victory was, or would have been (had there been an impartial referee), assured. That the seeds of a spiritual reaction were already sprouting was all unsuspected. During the remainder of the nineteenth century, for those who concerned themselves with such *outré* speculations, the immanence of law in the biologic world was accepted without question as the sole channel for inflow from the unknown. Explanation of life was sought consciously only in the visible world, where alone, indeed, experiment was possible, for was it not the laboratory age?

Man had still enough to do to exploit the immanent and current hypothesis. And so, even in scientific circles, the subtle, impending psychic revolution was not sensed; for man may be said not to have sprouted and grown the requisite faculty. How far has he as yet succeeded? When a vision of new activity and thought has burst upon the cunning world,

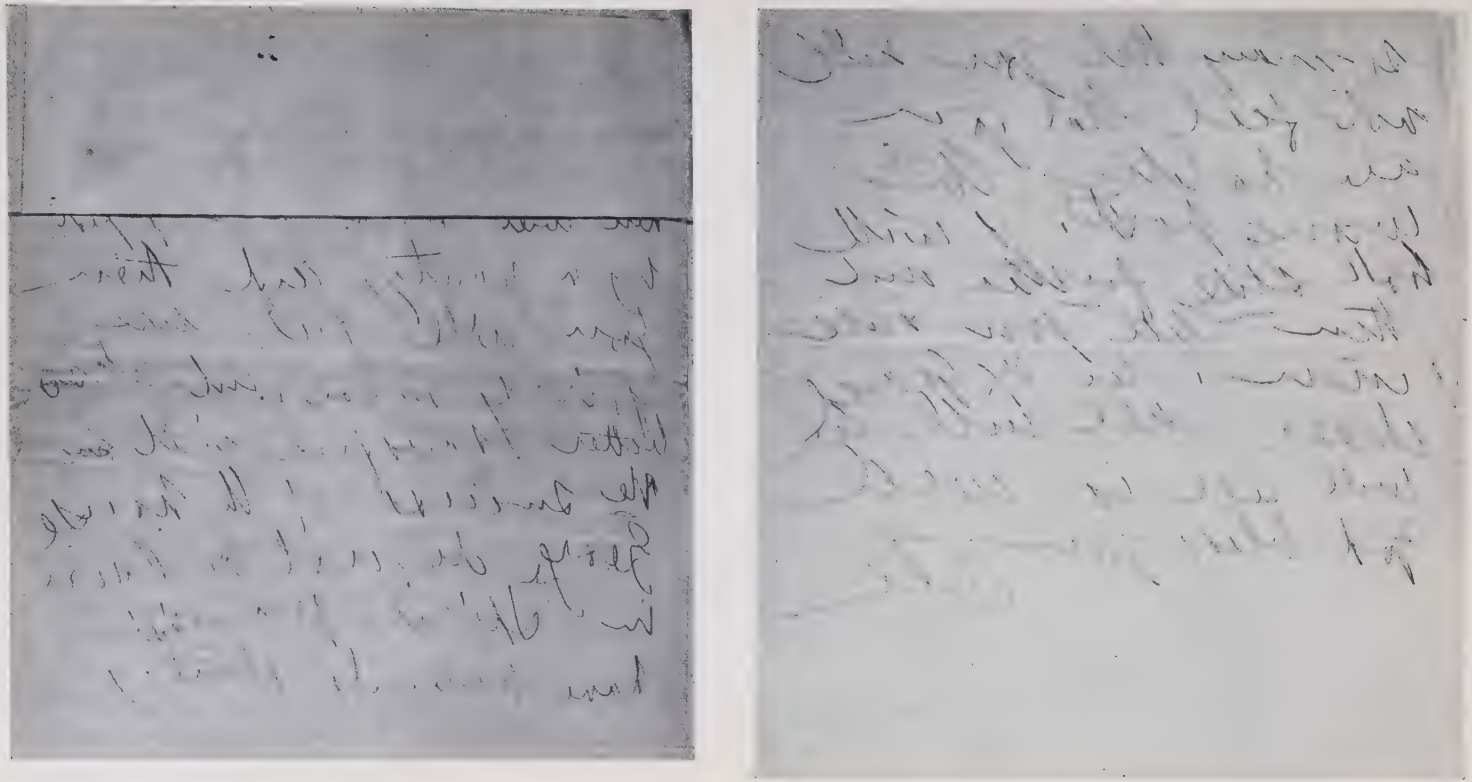
a method, a point of view, a definite road to travel must be established and accepted. Forthwith man is absorbed in the work cut out and ceases to weigh hypotheses. An hypothesis like the scientific, the most virile in mental history, covers all doubt as to its proper extent by the smoke screen of its legitimacy. Legitimate, therefore, sufficient, conclusive, definitive: so ran the subconscious syllogism.

A powerful upheaval in the world of thought was, manifestly to us looking from our modern vantage ground, indispensable in order to put the current scientific hypothesis in the barber's chair for a close shave. In the first place, it was requisite that Science should reach the stage of formulating, of its own free motion, the scientific hypothesis. And then, it was necessary that some wide, popular wave of emotional thought, or rather experience, should put the scientific world into a corner whence it could fight its way out only by a critical scanning of its favorite, basic assumption.

This was the work of the spiritualistic revival.

Whether spiritualism be a religion or not, at least it has succeeded where the consecrated religions have failed; for the latter had fought in the dark an enemy whose ranks and weapons they could only half discern. They threw out for discussion all sorts of tentative issues. Foremost came the endless quarrel about the existence of God, which was denied by their opponents, while they themselves could but insist that His existence transcended experimental science and was to be known by inner experience, an argument only convincing to those already convinced, and absolutely ineffectual against the "from Missouri" temper of Science.

Corollary to Divinity itself, was the dogmatic divinity of Christ. Here the Church ran afoul of the common sense objectivity which had permeated the bourgeoisie. The novators laughed at the immaculate conception and ransacked the obscurest manuscripts to discover a natural father for Jesus, even a pagan. The dogma of eternal punishment for the



THE OLIN MIRROR WRITING CONCLUDED

unelect, convincing as it may be in theological theory and to the logical but narrow minds of the Protestant reformers, finally aroused the wrath of that austere, justice-loving bourgeoisie, which was as logical and consistent in rejecting religion for science as its ancestors had been originally in adopting the articles of faith promulgated by Luther, Calvin, or Knox. The bourgeoisie that counts, in this matter, includes not only the large mass of Protestants but also the agnostic Catholics.

The doubts expressed about orthodoxy by parents behind closed doors were eagerly repeated in public by their *enfants terribles*, while the most popular pulpit orators, like Henry Ward Beecher, risked, and when not over powerful, fell victims to churching for their dissent from dogmas which the world had accepted for a thousand years.

And still the Church thrives amazingly. It carries on systematic propaganda in heathen lands, where it is more useful as a humanitarian, even a commercial agency, than as a disseminator of its incomprehensible dogmas. This vitality of the bearer of a discredited system of logic, the fact that the very acolytes of science do their homage to Church almost as regularly as ever, (this applies to the vast bourgeoisie who constitute the main clientèle of the Church) and pay to it their tithes, unconstrained by law, since legal sanction has been long since revoked, is due, in large measure, to the belief that the Church is the mainstay of a morality grounded upon a fundamental faith in immortality.

For immortality is to us the nearest touch of the vast unseen, which, on any reasonable view, infinitely transcends the seen, both quantitatively and qualitatively. If the Church is the supreme guarantor of things unseen, it must constitute immortality the keystone of the arch of faith. That is the personal bond with the unseen, without which the Church would cease to interest us. In the view of the Church, the personality of God permeates His universe and lends that

touch of comprehension, of appreciation to men which constitutes also their precious, if petty, personalities. The universe is theologically personal, and must be such in the unseen as well as in the more contracted, visible districts.

The invisible will always prime the visible. The advance of science only emphasizes this truth; it affords but momentary surcease of our longings and must ever renew its burden of exploration. To assign a terminus would be submissively to invite annihilation. To bound our search for truth by the fleeting visible of today would be at once to set up standards impossible of determination and to display gross ignorance. After all, it is Death that is the Great Revealer.

Human science today may be conceded to be man's best way to extract a significance from experience. Doubtless the utilities uncovered by biology or astronomy, by mathematics or physics are precious documents and preparations for apocalyptic insight; for the principles and forces at play are cosmic and future in the sense that they contain the future *in posse*. While science is our best avenue to learn the significance of things, it would appear to inhere in the very nature of things that the Thing Signified should remain unseen.

As we mount "from sphere to sphere" or "from plane to plane" (if we do), the forces and laws in play would appear to change. For each new dimension, a new set of laws. Accordingly, we are assured, in this third dimension, that the material principles of evolution are already of limited application. But when we have strenuously and meticulously examined and excogitated its life and conditions and entourage, then we are at last rewarded with an inspired perception of it all on grander scale, with wider import. Also so, by inspiration from without, in large measure, we are made ready for another life of higher usefulness. Immanent or ingerent, forces unseen have always ruled and they ever will.

A duality, or what seems such at first sight, will always encompass man. In the sense that mind acts on matter, since

the latter is ultimately resolvable into the former, there is no duality. But in the sense that life is both subjective and objective, there is one. If the object is created for the sake of affording a living to the subject, quite appropriately there must be a point in the course of creation when the necessary opposition arises. But this does not speak of a surrender of the subject to the object. On the contrary, the crying need for the subject now arises.

The Church is instituted (in due course) as perpetual reminder of this need. For one thing, it is a semaphore on the rocks of careless indulgence in the present glut of utilities. In some form and under some ritual, the Church will ever be needed. Our human sentiments are nowise the working of utilities. The other way about, it is the sentiments and feelings that originated the utilities. Our need to live gives point to the utilities of food and shelter and reproduction, our need to love also gives point to the same; anger, musical sense, even reason and every category called spiritual or mental are such in origin as well as in function: they come from the unseen and are in constant touch with it.

It is not surprising that the mass of the people, even those unlettered and incapable of letters or of sustained thought, at times draw gregariously close to the margin of the unseen and obtain from it such inspiration as they may. It is sad that inspiration is on occasion distorted even into the bloody religious wars, fanatical creeds, devastating persecution or superstitious credulity. History affords opportunity to straighten out fundamental misapprehensions. Stratified into classes, men obtain such help as they can. The history of the race—the real history of its mentality—has yet to be written. Neither a history of philosophy nor a philosophy of history fills the bill. A new reckoning from a new and spiritual point of view is due. The new history will convincingly demonstrate that human life is education for immortality.

CHAPTER II

THE REVIVAL OF THE FORTIES OF THE LAST CENTURY

HUMANLY speaking, seventy or eighty years back was a good while ago; but from the youth of the writer, when Katie was a familiar figure under the parental roof, that same date was not so very ancient. The Civil War had then been over only about five years, but had accomplished much to antiquate whatever had happened before it. Like the World War, it had stimulated interest in psychic and metapsychic phenomena, so that the infantile seeress of the forties survived as the still young and flourishing somnambule of the sixties and seventies.

But while the Fox family afforded the most sustained, long-lived, and unalloyed demonstration of mediumship that the United States or perhaps the world has seen, it cannot claim an unique, epoch-making originality. Everything goes to show that the epoch made the mediums, including the Foxes, rather than the other way about. Mrs. Leah Fox Underhill [1] believed that spirits of a high class have declared that, in view of prevailing materialism, it became necessary "to overpower the world with a new flood of irresistible demonstration of the truth and reality of the next life and of the immortality of the soul." And she claimed that the wave started from this country.

Emma Hardinge,[2] another seeress turned authoress, states of Cincinnati: "Amongst private families it is known that the manifestations had been rife before the rumor of the Rochester knockings reached Cincinnati." These were by the interested public generally coupled with the then pre-

[1] "The Missing Link," p. 404.
[2] "Modern American Spiritualism," p. 346.

vailing belief in magnetism. A young lady, magnetized by her father, instead of exhibiting the usual psychological submission to her operator's will, proceeded to delineate, in striking pantomimic action, the habits and peculiarities of several deceased persons, whom the family at once recognized. These singular conditions first appeared in this young lady's case as early as 1846. Mesmerism was turning into spiritualism.

Robert Dale Owen, in "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," has collected a large number of authentic ghost stories. Many of them are of occurrences just prior to the Rochester rappings, as the demonstrations in the presence of the Foxes have been alliteratively entitled. Perhaps the best attested and most interesting for the present purpose are the rather ancient disturbances in the Wesley Family (1716-1717) and the more recent apparitions and knockings due to a lady called the Seeress of Prevorst (1825-1826).

The former are described in forty-six pages of the "Memoirs of the Wesley Family" by Dr. Adam Clarke. They consisted in knocking at the door, groaning, whirling of a handmill, gobbling as of a turkey cock close to the bedside at night, knocking on shelves in the dairy, rustling as of invisible persons walking about, rattling of the iron casement, visible rattling of door latch, walking up and down stairs so heavily as to shake the house, drumming on doors, always on the opposite side, knocking on outside door, sound of cradle rocking in nursery where no cradle had been for years, violent knocking at the prayer for the king (the parents had been separated for a year because the mother would not say amen to the prayer for King William).

There would be knocking always in the room not occupied, as investigators went in and out of the nursery. And then a violent giving of Samuel Wesley's own private knock, when he came home. On the opening of doors, they were

thrust back violently. The daughters became accustomed to the knocking, which grew more familiar. A gentle tapping at the bed-head usually began between nine and ten at night. Then they commonly said to each other, "Jeffrey is coming, it is time to go to sleep." An oaken staff (apparently) was struck upon a chest, sound of a vessel full of silver (coins) poured upon Mrs. Wesley, sound of a bell thrown among bottles under the stairs, nothing broken. "Soon after our large mastiff dog came, and ran to shelter himself between them (Mr. and Mrs. Wesley. This was at night.) as they went about together." While the disturbances continued, he used at first to bark and leap, and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days, he used to tremble, and creep away before the noise began. And by this the family knew it was at hand, nor did the observation ever fail.

The Wesley case affords excellent illustration of the rule so often exemplified in the metapsychic occurrences, that poltergeist gradually shades off into habitual, intelligent communication. The unseen power or personality first grasps at crude, molar, boisterous methods of attracting attention and of habituating the mentality to the unusual. The unprepared mind is proof against direct, conscious intercourse. It is doubtless subject to subtle, unconscious effects through influencing of the more delicate organs of thought and even of sensation, in ways little suspected, and by the conscious but still not accepted and highly conventionalized images of dreams and of subjective hallucinations. This species of influence has doubtless been active ever since man was, so to speak, invented, so that a dim consciousness gradually, insensibly, taking possession of him, was diversely imaged by different races into their respective Olympuses and mythologies.

When the world has once settled down into contentment

with its imagery and with its childish picture books and myths, it relapses to its carnal pursuits of ambition, greed, homicide, lust, and rapine until a new Olympus appears in its skies. The worldlings must be shaken out of their spiritual lethargy. And, by a sort of individual recapitulation, the same thing occurs in personal experience. The day for renewed and conscious appeal comes to the soul of man. If he is to progress, it is perforce by hard knocks starting from the vegetative and working up to the conscious, that he may ultimately reach a divine self-consciousness.

Be this end-thought as it may, it is a simple idea that the conscious, unseen personality will endeavor to reach the kindred consciousness of a visible, living person, and that to this end he will recapitulate the effort of cosmic law, beginning with poltergeist and primitive manifestations of force, even as the thunder speaks of undiscriminating violence, and faring thence forth to a real touching of minds. It is not for us to question the why of this process, but only to record the facts of nature and to conform our conduct to them, any more than we protest the ripening of our food from richly mulched soil.

It is not astonishing that in that half fanatical age Emily Wesley was still doubtful whether the communicant were devil or angel. Since then, in this respect, times have changed; the devil is hard to find even in Sheol, while the discarnate drink cocktails in all respectability and even in defiance of the prohibition laws. While the devil is pretty well suppressed, he is always ready to bob up again.

The other case, that of the Seeress of Prevorst, was enacted in Württemberg, Germany, from which country we have imported the significant term, "Poltergeist." The life of Madame Frederick Hauffe was written by Dr. Justinus Korner,[3] who enjoyed a high reputation in his own country,

[3] The title of his book was "Die Seherin von Prevorst, Eröffnungen über das Innere Leben des Menschen, und über das Hereinragen einer Geisterwelt in die unsere." Notice the word, "Hereinragen," intrusion.

not only as a physician, but for his literary talents, and as a man of learning and of piety—a man whose sincerity and good faith cannot be doubted even by the most skeptical.[4]

Throughout the year 1825, while residing in the village of Oberstenfeld, not far from Loewenstein, in the northern portion of the Kingdom of Württemberg, Madame Hauffe was visited, or believed herself to be, by the appearance, usually in the evening, about seven o'clock, of a male figure of dark complexion, which, she alleged, constantly begged for her prayers. With the question of the reality of this appearance, nothing need here be said; but attention is invited to the attendant circumstances.

His coming was always announced by knockings and clappings in the air. Day and night steps were heard on the stairs. The same knockings were heard in the cellar and behind a cask, on whichever side one stood. The kitchen door was always open in the morning. Once, at eleven o'clock at night, the house was shaken so that the rafters moved. This commotion attracted the attention of passers-by. Glasses were taken from the table and set on the floor. When Madame Hauffe visited Loewenstein, the rappings followed her.

As we approach our own time, the records of such disturbances as we are here examining so increase in number that space fails to reproduce them. Passing over later English and French experiences also cited by Owen *in pari materie*, the most celebrated American case of poltergeist must be adduced before we take up the Hydesville noises, involving the Fox family, otherwise known as "Rochester Rappings," both because the Stratford poltergeist stood within the range of method of expression observed by the other disturbers, previously mentioned—the Wesley case and that of Madame Hauffe—and because the Hydesville case distinctly marked a further era in molar phenomena, verging

[4] "Footfalls," p. 251.

over into the molecular, anyhow, into human significance and personality.

Indeed, the Stratford, Connecticut, disturbances shared the novelty if not the intelligence of the rapping which, in principle, started at Hydesville. For we learn from Podmore that the raps purported to come from a Frenchman, who asserted that he had, when on earth, cheated Mrs. Phelps in drawing up a settlement.[5]

The Rev. Eliakim Phelps moved into a house he had purchased at Stratford, Connecticut, February 22, 1848, and the disturbances began March 10, 1850. There were four children, a daughter, sixteen years old, a son twelve, and a daughter six, these three by a former marriage of Mrs. Phelps, and a son of his own, aged three.

On returning from church, March 10, 1850, and unlocking the empty house, the family found that much disturbance had taken place. The next day Dr. Phelps saw an umbrella of its own accord leap from its place at the end of the hall, a distance of twenty-five feet.[6] A retired clergyman who tarried as guest at the Phelps home was convinced that neither the girl in the kitchen nor the children produced these effects.[7] It is true that after Anna and Harry went away for a sojourn the manifestations ceased, but a paper with some mysterious characters was dropped at the front door[8] before Harry returned. Dr. Phelps visited the Fox family in New York, became convinced that the phenomena were similar, with the result that he allowed Anna and Harry to act as public mediums for some time. The disturbances had ceased by December 15, 1851 and, in the spring of 1852, the family moved to New York.

The timid conservatism of Podmore in treating this case shines so characteristically, that the writer is tempted to give

[5] "Modern Spiritualism," Vol. I, p. 197.
[6] Capron, E. W., "Modern Spiritualism, Its Facts and Fanaticisms," p. 133.
[7] *Ibid.*, p. 138.
[8] *Ibid.*, 147.

him a little space. P. 198 of Vol. I, he says: "Not one of the marvels so far related is described by a person who professes to have been actually present; and Professor Austin Phelps' account was written nearly thirty years afterwards." After inventing a lot of phenomena which he declares did not occur, he relates the least remarkable of those which he admits did occur, such as broken panes of glass, movement of objects witnessed by Dr. Phelps, and the rapping. It is a tour of logistics to draw a distinction without a difference in the hope of discrediting an opponent in the eye of the hasty reader. At the beginning of Chapter II,[9] Podmore discloses the whole weight of his argument: "Since, as shown in a previous chapter, naughty little girls have for many generations amused themselves and mystified their elders by rapping on the foot of their wooden bedsteads and throwing about the less expensive crockery, and the world has gone on as before, we must look to something else. . . . The explanation is, of course, to be found in the conditions of the time," etc.

But nothing serious has been adduced by Podmore to prove that all the hubbub was created by the antics of little girls. The present writer agrees heartily with the formula that the explanation for the phenomena is to be found somewhere in the public or prevalent psychology of the forties; but where? Podmore assumes that everything is false if it is a manifestation of psychology, whereas the writer believes that our intelligence is evolved to the point of apprehending hitherto unappreciated truths about the unseen.

The vogue of logical and scientific current assumptions or rather prepossessions, perhaps, leans towards Podmore; but to those who have been favored with private tests of the supernormal, the facts justify the spiritistic belief in personal survival, at least as a working hypothesis. It is easy to make out an adverse case by emphasizing the conservative

[9] "Modern Spiritualism," Vol. I, Book II, Chap. II.

reaction to be noted in science and by giving the desired slant to the facts. But the truth will work its way to daylight. Podmore, in fact, was now a moth about the flame of spiritualism, and, at last, he fell in, or was badly scorched. To be convinced of this one needs only to turn over the leaves of "The Newer Spiritualism," 1911. On p. 8, he repeats the tale about naughty little girls, but at the end of "The Newer Spiritualism" bursts into the open with the manly concession that a real contribution to our scientific knowledge has been made by the (more or less blind) efforts of the spiritualists. I certainly could not ask another to go further, although personally I subscribe to the spiritistic hypothesis.

The present writer will have something more to say about the mischief theory. He simply wishes to call attention to the bridge over which Podmore is passing, taking the public into his confidence as he proceeds, and, in a way, like some eminent statesmen, acquiring his science by sheer attrition. Indeed, the present writer would neither be didactic, nor dogmatic, nor definitive. He agrees, to a certain extent, with some remarks to be found on the last page of "Newer Spiritualism": "Out of the long and tedious search, renewed generation after generation, for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, has come the wonder-working science of modern chemistry. The seekers in the present case may have been fooled by visionary gold, but at least they have been digging in a very fruitful vineyard." Further, on the same page, he intimates that telepathy (meaning non-spiritual telepathy) is probably the real gold. With this limitation I do not agree.

The bridge which has brought Podmore to the door of veridicity, if not to that of immortality, is that of the cross-correspondences. This means automatic scripts, written simultaneously, sometimes by prearrangement, as an experiment, but always unwittingly, at different parts of the

world, which either piece out each other, in order to make sense, or show some other necessary, logical connection. He thinks that these are in the main due to coincidence or "telepathy." Like some other philosophers, Podmore has made a god of chance, and also assumes that telepathy cannot involve spirit mediation or participation,—the very point to be proved. But in spite of the condemned evidence, he admits: *"The results add considerably to the strength of the case for supernormal faculty of some kind."* [10] "The evidence so far presented will not, it seems, admit of a positive conclusion. But even whilst the investigation is still incomplete, it is clear that the results so far attained are worth all the labor that has been spent upon them." He goes so far as to admit the possibility of spirit communication: "If a final verdict must be deferred until further investigation shall have enlightened our ignorance, and shall enable us to give a decisive answer to the question whether these dark sayings proceed *from the dead or the living,* we need not wait to recognize that even now there are other, if perhaps less momentous, issues involved which concern our immediate interests." [11]

To these words it is not necessary to take radical exception. Nothing in this world is fully and definitively proven. One may *believe* one way, another the other, and yet both agree that nothing is so fully proven that the case may not be reopened. When we know more about ourselves here and now, we shall know more about ourselves in the hereafter, and also the other way about. When we shall finally know just what we are, then will the riddle of immortality be definitively solved. Meanwhile, we act upon our up-to-date beliefs.

[10] "The Newer Spiritualism," p. 255.
[11] "Newer Spiritualism," p. 315.

CHAPTER III

HYDESVILLE AND ROCHESTER

Outside of the painstaking, if overcautious, narrative of Podmore, accounts of the Hydesville and Rochester happenings are not lacking, including those of E. W. Capron (1855), who soon appeared on the scene at Rochester and was doubtless intimately acquainted with many who had visited Hydesville, and must have been there himself. Some thirty or forty years later, Mrs. A. Leah Underhill, one of the three medium sisters, wrote her recollections, the sincerity of which is unquestioned. Another statement is to be found in R. D. Owen's "Footfalls," (1860), and another in "Modern American Spiritualism," by (Mrs.) Emma Hardinge (Britten) (1870).[1] These accounts will help us to render intelligible to the reader the career of Katie Fox and her relation to the automatic writing about which the present study centers.

In the spring of 1848, the Fox family were temporarily living in a very modest house belonging to a hamlet in the town of Newark, Wayne county, New York, known as Hydesville. They had previously resided in Rochester, where the oldest of the three Fox sisters, Leah Fox Fish, still remained as a music teacher. The father, John D. Fox, was building a home next to his son's, John S. Fox's, in Arcadia, some three miles from Hydesville, which the family proceeded to occupy later in the season, after most of the phenomena had happened. They had moved into the Hydesville cottage, December 11, 1847. The family in residence consisted of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Fox and their youngest children, Margaretta, aged twelve, and Katherine, aged nine.

[1] The original story appears to have been contained in a pamphlet published by E. E. Lewis, at Canandaigua, N. Y.

This is to adopt the ages given by Mr. Owen, who in later years became so well acquainted with the family that his statement is likely to be accurate. Katie's age has been variously reported at ten and seven[2] and Margaretta's always as three years older. Owen's account would put Katie's birth in the year 1839.[3]

The poltergeist manifestations began on March 28th. Before describing them, it should be said that there is abundant evidence that such disturbances had been noticed in the house previously; so that it can only be concluded, from their subsequent intensity, that the presence of the youthful mediums facilitated and furthered what had already been established in principle. So long before as 1844, strange noises were heard by Lucretia Pulver, who worked for the Bells, the tenants of that time. She deposed, in April, 1848, "I heard the knockings frequently, in the bedroom, under the foot of the bed. . . . One night I thought I heard a man walking in the buttery. . . . It sounded as if a person walked through the buttery down cellar (the cellar stairs led down from the buttery) and part way across the cellar bottom, and there the noise would cease."

The occupants previous to the Foxes were the Weekmans. Mrs. Hannah Weekman deposed as to knocking on the door, walking in the cellar, and her little girl saying, "that something had been moving about over her head and face—that it was cold." Mr. Michael Weekman, the father, deposed: "My hand was on the door, and the knocking appeared to be on the door. I could feel it jar with the raps. I instantly opened the door and sprang out; but there was no one in sight." On April 11th, Mrs. Margaret Fox deposed: "We first heard the noise about a fortnight ago." (i.e., March

[2] Hardinge, "American Spiritualism," p. 562.

[3] "A Transcript from the Records of Deaths Reported to the Department of Health of the City of New York" states that Katie Fox Jencken died July 2, 1892, aged 53 years, at 609 Columbus Avenue. This statement puts her birth in 1839, and we may assume it to be correct.

28th) . . . "It was on Friday night, March 31st, that we first called in the neighbors."

The succinct narrative in Owen's "Footfalls," p. 287, can hardly be improved: The day had been cold and stormy, with snow on the ground. . . . Wearied out by a succession of sleepless nights and of fruitless attempts to penetrate the mystery, the Fox family retired on that Friday evening very early to rest, hoping for a respite from the disturbances that harassed them. But they were doomed to disappointment.

The parents had had the children's beds removed into their bedroom, and strictly enjoined them not to talk of noises, even if they heard them. But scarcely had the mother seen them safely in bed and was retiring to rest herself, when the children cried out, "Here they are again." The mother chid them and lay down. Thereupon the noises became louder and more startling. The children sat up in bed. Mrs. Fox called in her husband. The night being windy, it suggested itself to him that it might be the rattling of the sashes. He tried several, shaking them to see if they were loose. Kate, the youngest girl, happened to remark that as often as her father shook a window-sash the noises seemed to reply. Being a lively child, and in a measure accustomed to what was going on, she turned to where the noise was, snapped her fingers, and called out, "Here, Old Splitfoot, do as I do!" *The knocking instantly responded.*[4]

"It is not meant that it was Kate Fox who thus, half in childish jest, first discovered that these mysterious sounds seemed instinct with intelligence. Mr. Mompesson two hundred years ago (1661-1663) had already observed a similar phenomenon. Glanvil had verified it. So had Wesley and his children. So had others. But in all these cases the matter rested there, and the observation was no further prosecuted. As, previous to the invention of the steam-engine, sundry observers had trodden the very threshold of the discovery

[4] Capron says it was Margaretta who snapped her fingers.

and there stopped, little thinking what lay close before them, so in this case, where the Royal Chaplain, disciple though he was of inductive philosophy, and where the founder of Methodism, admitting though he did the probabilities of ultramundane interference, were both at fault, a Yankee girl, but nine years old, following up more in sport than earnest, a chance observation, became the instigator of a movement which, whatever its true character, has had its influence throughout the civilized world. The spark had several times been ignited—once, at least, two centuries ago; but it had died out each time without effect. It kindled no flame till the middle of the nineteenth century."

Kate Fox tried, by silently bringing together her thumb and forefinger, whether she could still obtain a response. Yes! It could see then, as well as hear! She called to her mother. "Only look, Mother!" she said, bringing together her finger and thumb, as before. And as often as she repeated the noiseless motion, just so often responded the raps.

This at once arrested her mother's attention. "Count ten," she said, addressing the noise. Ten strokes, distinctly given! "How old is my daughter, Margaret?" Twelve strokes! "And Kate?" Nine! "What can all this mean?" was Mrs. Fox's thought. Who was answering her? Was it only some mysterious echo of her own thought? But the next question which she put seemed to refute that idea. "How many children have I?" she asked, aloud. Seven strokes. "Ah!" she thought, "it can blunder sometimes." And then, aloud, "Try again!" Still the number of raps was seven. Of a sudden a thought crossed Mrs. Fox's mind. "Are they all alive?" she asked. Silence, for answer. "How many are living?" Six strokes. "How many dead?" A single stroke.

Then she asked, "Are you a man?" No answer. "Are you a spirit?" It rapped. "May my neighbors hear, if I call them?" It rapped again.

Seventy or eighty persons gathered. The Force answered

all the tests to the crowd that it had to the little family, and, by the mere process of yes or no, gave the details of a murder alleged to have occurred in the house, four or five years before.

Excavation in the cellar was at first frustrated by high water of the neighboring creek, but Mrs. Underhill states that later, in the summer, when the creek had subsided, her brother John and others found charcoal, lime, and a few pieces of bone under the point in the cellar indicated by the raps. As no further legal evidence could be obtained of the existence of the alleged murdered peddler, no legal steps could be taken, and the verdict of *ignoramus* was properly entered by the public and the authorities.

Owen pertinently remarks: "The Hydesville narrative, however, as one of unexplained disturbances, like those at Cidesville, at Slowensik, at Epworth, and at Tedworth, rests for verification on the reality of the phenomena themselves, not on the accuracy of the extrinsic information alleged to be thereby supplied."

Through the æons, "effort" has been the keynote of nature, —effort to produce, first, inanimate, gaseous, fluid, crystalline nature, then, effort to produce sensitive, animate nature, effort to produce conscious nature, and finally effort to produce self-conscious nature. While progress may be taken as continuous and linear, there is here an apparent cycle, not of repetition but of the original Force-thought doubling back upon itself until, in self-consciousness, it acquires a knowledge of a small but homogeneous part of itself, through the window afforded by the very limited and finite animal, *homo erectus,* who had developed a capacity for personal and racial progress.

Self-consciousness invites study of the duality of nature, of the phenomenal world, and of the First Cause operating also through the unseen world. Specifically, this trend has sought formulation and significance through miracles, the

supernatural, mysticism, and fanaticism. To dismiss these phenomena with the wave of the hand as "superstition" or "merely imagination" is entirely beside the mark. Whatever exists has its utility, even the apparent disutilities have their utility. Disutility is essentially finite and illusory. In the long run and from the airplane of higher dimensions, there is no disutility.

Affecting this higher viewpoint, it becomes unscientific for us to deny a purpose or at least a system to these phenomena. And if they be purposive, their regular recurrence with increasing definiteness, running the gamut of nonsense and culminating in a high order of sense, as the reader will be able to certify, must throw a headlight upon the problem of personality. For they bear all the marks of personality, and yet they emerge apparently from a preparatory stage of the impersonal; and this appears so whether we take the history of the phenomena in the gross, or merely observe its recapitulation in the development of the concrete, spiritualistic séance.

In the case of any occurrences of whatsoever sort, it is for the man to decide whether they interest him or not. If he declares that they are worthy of his study, then all talk of foolishness or imagination or superstition is out of place. The next step of inquiry is to ascertain the precise viewpoint, I may say, "dimensional" aspect, under which the occurrences are to be considered. That is the real question. One can understand the rejection of a study because the adopted standard is too advanced for present purposes or for present tools; but not because it is unreal or imaginary, for that were to beg the question. The alternative, yes or no, true or false, is very exciting and dramatic; but the more important question is, "What is it all about?" To answer that we must go higher.

Let us return to the narrative. Familiarity with the strange visitors only increased the wonder, curiosity, and en-

thusiasm of the Fox family and their neighbors and friends. They found that almost any sound called for was returned by the echoes.[5] Before long it came out that the youngest daughter, Katherine, was preferred by the spirits, or, to put it more coldly, was most conducive to the communications.[6] Clairvoyance had been known in former generations of the Fox family. The remarkable thing about the new manifestations was the intelligence displayed. The Foxes themselves were average persons, in education, station, and occupation. Another distinguishing feature of their mediumship was its enduring and sustained activity, as was later evidenced in the sisters' whole lives.

In April, Mrs. Fish (later Underhill) took her youngest sister, Katie, to her house in Prospect Street, Rochester, N. Y., not a long journey from Hydesville. In her previously occupied house in Mechanics Square, Mrs. Fish, who was a music teacher, had been treated to a regular minstrel show by way of poltergeist. But description fails of what took place in the Prospect Street house. There the leading representations were of all the sounds produced in a carpenter's shop. Apparently a coffin was first made and then shoved about the room. But deeds followed the aural pantomime. The throwing of "pickets from the discarded lots in the cemetery, an entire distance of two hundred feet" was a real, material performance. The Foxes communicated these troubles to the Post, Bush, and Granger families. The Fish (Fox) family was much opposed to the disturbances, and prayed for them to stop. Pins were stuck into them as they prayed. "My little sister, Katie, would sometimes say, 'I can't pray; I feel more like swearing.'" [7]

The brother, David S. Fox, is to be credited with the first use of the alphabet, at Hydesville, for systematic com-

[5] "Capron," p. 51.
[6] A. Leah (Fox) Underhill, "The Missing Link in Modern Spiritualism," p. 32.
[7] "The Missing Link," p. 45.

munication. At Rochester, Isaac Post suggested that the same procedure be followed. This was exactly what "the spirits" wanted, and almost the first communication by "raps" or "echoes" was the following comparatively long one: "Dear friends, you must proclaim these truths to the world. This is the dawning of a new era; and you must not try to conceal it any longer. When you do your duty, God will protect you; and good Spirits will watch over you." [8]

"God's telegraph antedated that of Samuel F. B. Morse." [9]

On account of the poltergeist noises, Mrs. Fish was ejected from the Prospect Street house, but secured one in Troup Street, to which she moved, September 1, 1849. No fees for sittings were accepted for two years after the Hydesville incident.[10] The unpopularity of spiritualism (outside of its numerous adherents) made it more and more difficult for our somnambules to gain a living, so that the novel career of professional mediumship was the resource indicated by circumstances.

Meanwhile, the Foxes desiring privacy, the rapping Force called for publicity. In another circle, the voice of Benjamin Franklin was heard, in raps. A sign was asked as proof that the communicator was really Benjamin Franklin. The medium was a member of the family where the test occurred. After a silence of one or two minutes, a violent shock of her person induced one hastily to say, "What is the matter? Are you waking up?" A. "No, you wanted a signal, and I told him, if it was Dr. Franklin, he might electrize me, and he did it." Q. "Has it injured you?" A. "No, I feel better; my head is clearer—I can see plainer."

Mr. Capron lived in Auburn; but in Rochester the first circle was formed of a compact body of convinced, intelligent persons. They decided that the desire of the newly revealed, deceased personalities must be followed. There ensued a

[8] "Missing Link," p. 48.
[9] *Ibid.*, p. 49.
[10] To be precise: Nov. 28, 1849, M. L., 103.

series of three public meetings, in Corinthian Hall, Rochester. The results were mainly negative; only a few raps under the very adverse circumstances; but positive in the sense that all the three committees were unable to prove or even allege fraud, although a crowd of rowdies, at the last meeting, created a rough-house, but were finally subdued by the prompt action of the Chief of Police. In New York City, a couple of years later, the Chief of Police again vindicated his title to keeper of the peace, even as the Roman soldiers had guarded a Greater One in the garden of Gethsemane. Leah and Maggie were the mediums at the Corinthian Hall meetings. Katie was, meanwhile, at the home of Mr. Capron, in Auburn, where her mediumistic faculties were freely exercised.

From the day the public investigation ended, the excitement increased. It spread, by the press, from one end of the Union to the other, and was soon reëchoed from the other side of the Atlantic.

The first meeting at Corinthian Hall was on November 14, 1848.[11] The next meeting heard the reports of the committee appointed at the first meeting; the third, the report of the second. A committee was appointed at the third meeting, but had no report to make, as there were no phenomena. They thereupon adjourned to a hotel for dinner, and were joking the mediums, whom they invited to the dinner, when the heavy dining table was lifted above their heads by unseen power.[12]

If Katie had been present at the Corinthian Hall meetings, perhaps the manifestations would have been stronger, especially those before the committees, in separate session. But of course, it cannot be believed that her presence could have overcome the general prejudice. The manifestations before the Harvard professors when Katie was present, subsequently,

[11] "Capron," p. 98.
[12] "Missing Link," p. 67.

were also weak; but in each case sufficient to furnish material of a contentious nature.

The visit of Katie and her mother to Mr. Capron's at Auburn, during the Corinthian Hall meetings, resulted in a tremendous, unregulated craze in the town which the press stimulated by printing the most outrageous lies about the genuine manifestations. Through a Mrs. Benedict, as medium, directions were given to James L. Scott, a Seventh Day Baptist clergyman of Brooklyn, New York, to repair to Auburn, where he and the Rev. T. L. Harris, of New York City, started the Apostolic movement, which was continued as a colony at Mountain Cove, Virginia. It was quite in line with the vogue of those days to attempt to carry out social reform in Utopian style by means of a colony or community: witness, Brook Farms, the Shakers, New Harmony, financed by Robert Owen, father of Robert Dale Owen, and many other community movements. Perhaps the Mormons may be put in that series, on a large scale. Anyhow, a sporadic, unsuccessful attempt was made to impute sex aberration to Spiritualists, on the Mormon precedent. The Mountain Cove community was a wretched failure; its leaders were unbalanced enthusiasts. The present writer remembers the Rev. Mr. Scott as a patient of his father's for the morphine habit. His eye had an abnormal glitter; he never uttered a word. His prophecies and communings with the Almighty were at last locked in his own breast. That was probably in the late sixties.

If Katie was the innocent crystallization point of prevalent near insanity for which she was in nowise responsible and with which she, a child of nine, could be charged with no possible solidarity, the rapid spread of a rational spiritualism is undoubtedly to be put especially to the credit of her spontaneous mediumship. Leah never suspected that she herself was a medium until after the Hydesville disturbances; but she possessed a latent faculty through which

she soon came to her sisters' aid. Maggie was also a strong medium, but perhaps her will was more obtrusive. At any rate, Katie was generally agreed to be the best medium in that family where the metapsychic power first took on a decisive, definite, and permanent personality. The fame of her familiarity with a world that had heretofore been ghostly and hypothetical, and since the authoritative cessation of miracles, theoretical, had permeated American society and penetrated other lands.

The claim was later made that the Spiritualists in the United States numbered ten millions, say a quarter or more of the population. Extravagant as this may seem, and it was undoubtedly an exaggeration, it must be remembered that effective Spiritualists are today to be found in all the Protestant churches, as well as outside of them, who do not admit that they are Spiritualists. They do not wish to be classed with avowed Spiritualists, nor to share the certain opprobrium to which a belief is peculiarly exposed which invites infinite degrees of credulity, and submits to scientific test about the results of which science has not been able to give definite answers nor set up definite standards.

Mrs. Fish (Underhill) says: "Mother thought the former (Katie) to be the one most followed by the sounds." [13] The voice of B. Franklin says: "There is but one Katie. We cannot work with another." [14] This on the eve of Katie's departure for Europe, 1872. Any one knowing Katie, at this time, as did the writer, would ridicule the idea that advertising ever entered her head. If she believed in a future life, if she lived apparently in the body, but always ready to step out of it, she was the last person in the world to be concerned about her economic and worldly future. Care did not enter her thoughts. To the end, she subsisted on manna brought by the birds.

[13] "Missing Link," p. 32. See Capron's opinion about Katie's power above.

[14] *Cf.* "Record," III, 273.

The business brains of the family belonged to Mrs. Fish (Underhill). It was she who decided what ought to be done, and who kept the mother and two gifted little sisters continually by her side until the latter were too old for tutelage.[15] Capron says, "If ever this (spiritualism) proves a real and permanent blessing to mankind, the name of Ann Leah Brown [16] should stand conspicuous as one of the heroines of history, who fought the battle against a world of opposition, while her younger sisters were the only media, and after she became so herself." [17]

The Fox family thus suddenly found themselves monopolists of a commodity for which the phrase of "Coin," Harvey, "an unlimited demand," is not inappropriate. There was really nothing left for them to do but to put this ware upon the market. They were become very unwillingly so famous that no one would have thought of them in any other association of ideas than the metapsychic. Practically, all other avenues of gainful living were closed to them. Added to all this was the consciousness of their own unprejudiced impartiality and freedom from superstition, and the consequent deep conviction that something of value to mankind lay behind all the miraculous pother.

The Foxes, chaperoned by their mother, journeyed to New York in June, 1850, where, on the 4th of the month, they put up at Barnum's Hotel, at the corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane. They decided to hold séances daily, in the parlor of the hotel, to which the public was admitted at the

[15] Tylor fails to make the distinction between the hierophant and the founder. "The system of working an alphabet by counted raps is a device familiar to prison cells. . . . Thus, when, in 1847, the celebrated rappings began to trouble the town of Arcadia in the State of New York, the Fox family of Rochester, founders of the modern spiritual movement, had, on the one hand, only to revive the ancient, prevalent belief in spirit-rappings, which had almost fallen into the limbo of discredited superstitions, while, on the other hand, the system of communication with the spirits was ready made to their hand." "Primitive Culture," Vol. I, p. 146.

[16] Leah married Calvin Brown, Sept. 10, 1851. He died in New York City, May, 1853.

[17] "Modern Spiritualism," p. 194.

uniform charge of one dollar. The visitors were assembled in the same room with the mediums, and while each one was given separate attention, all were privy to whatever occurred. Horace Greeley was the first caller, and never, to the end of his life, failed to testify to the sincerity of the little mediums, and to maintain a fatherly attitude toward them. There arose an intimacy between the families; and the Foxes at times occupied the Greeley home in New York City or at Chappaqua.

Greeley interested himself particularly that Katie's schooling, sadly interrupted, should not be neglected. Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, was the one to send Maggie to school, only his motives were less disinterested than Greeley's.

Mr. Ripley, of the New York *Tribune*, gave impartial accounts of the first séances, and the *Tribune* never varied from its attitude of fairness. Horace Greeley himself wrote the following editorial, which it would be well for our latter-day editors to take to heart:

. . . "And it would be the basest cowardice not to say that we are convinced beyond a doubt of their (the Foxes') perfect integrity and good faith in the premises. Whatever may be the cause or the origin of the 'rappings,' the ladies in whose presence they occur do not make them. . . . We believe that fully three-fourths are convinced, as we are, that these singular sounds and seeming manifestations are not produced by Mrs. Fox and her daughters nor by any human being connected with them. H. G." [18]

"Mr. Greeley often said, on the strength of her childish letters: 'Katie, I expect to see you develop into another Margaret Fuller some day, if you will only give your attention to study.' " [19]

On the return of the (Fox) family from New York to their home in Rochester, it was thronged and they found it utterly impossible to fulfill their intention of remaining at home

[18] "Capron," p. 180.
[19] "Missing Link," p. 220.

and retiring from all public observation. The only way left for them seemed to be to make themselves servants of the public, and allow the strange matter to be fully investigated by all who wished, the same public who used their time paying them for it, so that they might obtain the means of living. Many of their friends advised this course, as did also their invisible attendants.

A tour was arranged, including Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. The mass of mankind loves to put its own, offhand interpretation on visible events. It does this without premeditation, but retreats from a position so fortuitously gained, with reluctance and obstinacy born of mental inadaptability, which even prolonged education and much exercise of the faculty of thought sometimes fail to correct. To repeat all the wild theories and insane ravings that accompanied the spiritualistic wave would turn us from our course.[20] The Fox tour was calculated, on the one hand, to bring back the *energumènes* of psychologic enthusiasm into the paths of moderation and, on the other hand, to confirm the rational minded who suspected that there was some fire behind all the smoke.

The episode of the Buffalo doctors,[21] however, brought the Foxes face to face with unscientific science in a right disagreeable form. In Buffalo, a self-appointed committee of three doctors, all professors in the Buffalo medical school, assumed the benevolent purpose of stemming the popular craze, as did certain eminent Harvard professors not many years afterward. Dr. Austin Flint was one of America's first surgeons. With him were associated Drs. Lee and Coventry. Mrs. (Fish) Underhill writes that their report, charging the mediums with making the noises by cracking their knee joints, was written before any investigation had been made. This report has done infinite harm, in that it

[20] The reader is referred especially to the Hardinge book, "Modern American Spiritualism," 1870.

[21] Leah and Maggie left Rochester for Buffalo, Dec. 16, 1850.

lulled the minds of the busy burghers into the easy conclusion that the imposition had been discovered and the humbug exposed. Today, misinformation on this subject is still prevalent. The country was soon supplied with itinerant "lecturers" who demonstrated that the sounds could be produced, according to some by the toes, according to others by the knees, or by the shoulders, or by the jaw bone,[22] or by the knuckles. The discrepancies of the kneeologists and toeologists helped to justify the mediums.

Leah pluckily wrote a letter about the report of the doctors to the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser,* of March 14, 1851: "As professional men, whose reputation is dear to them, I would like to have them tell your readers, what condition our poor joints would be in by this time, after three years' constant service in this almost ceaseless operation. I will not call this 'quackery,' but will leave it to the public to pass judgment on their professional erudition."

Mrs. Patchen was the instance cited by the doctors to prove the possibility of cracking the knee joint, "But it was with great effort and very painful to herself, and the consequences of her having exhibited it to a committee at our rooms was that she was confined for about a week." [23] If Molière had only been a spiritualist!

The New York *Tribune* suggested, "that as the Buffalo doctors had confessedly prejudged the case before they had tried it and determined that the Rochester ladies were 'humbugging females,' before they saw them, it might have been as well to have entrusted the trial to somewhat more impartial judges. . . . Whilst any raps that were heard in parts of the room removed from the mediums, the learned doctors undertook to affirm were not heard there, only appeared to be so heard," etc.[24]

[22] Rev. Dr. Coons, on visit of Foxes to St. Louis, on this same tour. "Hardinge," p. 154.
[23] "Leah," p. 177.
[24] "Hardinge," p. 154.

From Buffalo Leah took her sisters to Cleveland and to Cincinnati. In both cities their séances were crowded, and great enthusiasm for the new spiritualism prevailed. John W. Gray, editor of the Cleveland *Plaindealer,* proved as stanch a friend as Horace Greeley. A medal was presented to Leah at Cleveland, and at Cincinnati a medal to Maggie and a watch to Katie, with the following inscription: "Miss Katherine Fox: The individuals whose names are hereunto attached, having faith in your integrity, as a testimonial of their regard for you personally," etc. There were eleven signers.[25]

In Cleveland, a remarkable communication was obtained from the voice of B. Franklin.[26] Since Katie was but twelve years old, and her school days had been seriously interrupted by her mediumship, we may safely conclude that the following thoughts are not to be credited to her childish philosophy. The so-called "telepathic" theory teaches that they must have come from some of the sitters. While this sort of explanation was and is more or less current and receives some color, perhaps, from garbled passages of the Record, it is open to the reader to weigh the probability of the sitters' training and preparation spontaneously to summon and arrange for expression, consciously or unconsciously, thought of the following order:

"Spirit is the great positive element of being; matter the great negative. There is an elemental difference between matter and spirit. Electricity and magnetism are intimately connected with matter and belong to it. There is a dividing link between matter and mind, compounded of electricity and magnetism, yet finer than either, called vitality or life. There are various degrees of refinement in magnetism. Chemical affinities, cohesion, and gravitation [27] are properties of elec-

[25] *Ibid.,* p. 226.
[26] *Ibid.,* pp. 248, 249; "Hardinge," p. 296.
[27] Remarkably confirmed fifty-five years later by the work of Einstein. B. F. speaks as of a spiritual commonplace.

tricity and magnetism. Repulsion is caused by stronger attraction. The ascension of a balloon from earth is an illustration of this principle.

"Everything in the universe takes (its appropriate) place by virtue of its elemental affinities, and can occupy no other place without changing the relation of itself and every other atom (body) in existence. The earth and every other body in space moves in its orbit by the united action of every other body (and cannot be made to come in contact with other bodies), the combining influence of all and each, separately and conjointly, acting upon each other (mark out separate paths for each). Thought is mental motion and is converged from one mind to another by an intermediate medium, which is put into action by the mind. This medium (in its refinement from the nervous fluid to spirit) is the element of vitality or life. Clairvoyance consists in insulating the mind of the subject, and in proportion as the mind is brought into clear contact with higher refinements of this medium, will the subject become clear-sighted. 'Biology,' as used by Burr and others, is an improper term. 'Psychology' would be a better word. The word 'biology' was used to make the subject a humbug. The phenomena attending psychological (biological) experiments belong to the lower class of mesmeric influences—and pass from them through every degree to perfect clear-sightedness." [28] Nature was to be a closed circuit without elasticity.

About this time, the rigorous school of physicists, instance Dubois Raymond, was in ascendancy. "Telepathic" theory would ascribe to itself a part of this script, while spiritualistic hypothesis would reverse the nexus, and ascribe the current stage of physical philosophy, including the universal casuality of Dubois, to the same ingenerence that assumed the voice of Franklin. No countenance is volunteered, however, to the

[28] "Hardinge," p. 296. Additions in parenthesis from Leah Underhill, "The Missing Link," p. 249.

theory that telepathy is accomplished through personal (spirit) messengers.

The ascribing of atomic determination to electrical action would seem to be in anticipation of comparatively recent, physical, inferential reasoning, while the principle enounced of bringing the mind of the medium by insulation into contact with higher and higher fields of spiritual action recalls to us not only the dogma of theosophy but also the recent speculations upon relativity.

The next development of the phenomena, automatic writing, appears to have taken place in Cincinnati. Hence, the Franklin text just above presented, as at Cleveland, would have been communicated by raps. It illustrates the facility which the Foxes had attained to in this clumsy method of communication. As Leah writes, there was little or no fatigue connected with it. The medium half-sensed what was coming. The present writer has often remarked how Katie would finish a message of echoes before it was audibly half done. But, for longer impartings, the method by echoes was not only laborious to the medium, but also so tedious to the sitter as to be forbidding, so that the abiding usefulness of the spiritualistic oracle demanded the more certain and definite method through writing.

As the communications "are now generally made, the mediums are being spiritually magnetized and becoming obedient to spiritual direction in writing or point out letters on a large alphabet; or, as is more frequently the case, after half an hour's quiet sitting in a circle of eight or a dozen persons, who form a battery by uniting their hands, the medium is magnetized, and, it is affirmed, taken possession of by the spirits, who use her organs of speech in talking to the company." [29]

The order of development of psychic phenomena observed by Capron was as follows:

[29] "Hardinge," p. 351.

(1) Moving of furniture without touching it, as in the Prospect Street house, Rochester,
(2) Four years after, table moving by placing hands on it,
(3) Pointing out letters on a card,
(4) Writing, speaking, drawing, painting.

In writing and speaking, it is particularly hard "to detect which is spiritual and which an emanation from the mind of the medium." [30] The Fox sisters, especially Katie, afford a standard by which to gauge the general evolution. Doubtless Capron had them in mind.

Twelve hundred mediums were recognized in Cincinnati. There were fifty-nine organized circles. After the "Fox girls visited Cincinnati, men and women became insane, but that, instead of allaying the excitement, had quite the contrary effect." [31] The prediction was made that mediums would soon talk and write.[32] It would appear that automatic writing was ushered in by the practice of employing an artificial hand which, in the grasp of the medium, pointed out printed letters, thus obviating the necessity of calling the letters of the alphabet.[33]

The next steps in the economy of communication would be possession and automatic writing. For the latter Katie soon became a past master. Editors and voluminous authors are eminent for their concentration and intensity. If Katie produced an even greater volume of authorship but with the precisely antipodal, personal attitude of perfect nonchalance and detachment, is it not a fair inference that the personal relation involved was somehow reversed? If she was talking and laughing while her left hand was doing backward some very serious mirror-writing, is it not fair to infer that, for the time being, she had loaned the use of her hand and the dependent ganglia to some one else? The writer has so often

[30] "Capron," p. 381.
[31] "Hardinge," p. 306.
[32] *Ibid.*, p. 307.
[33] *Ibid.*, p. 308.

watched Katie at work, and talked with her when her left hand was adding to the miles of sheets of mirror-writing that she made for his family, that common fairness of mind and decent logic make it impossible for him to doubt the spiritistic hypothesis, with the maturer reservation that we must be careful not to accept an ingenuous conception of what personality may be.

That is a subject for further reflection. Admitting inability adequately to analyze personality, whatever it may be, we know that it was not Katie's personality that did the writing. Doubtless, close scrutiny of the phenomena may lead us to conclude that personality is not the absolute datum which the men of the sixties assumed it to be. It may be, for instance, that there is really no personality, in the old sense, but that a man is compact of personalities, in the plural, or of abstract qualities, in a new sense. Very well. It still holds that it was not the same degree of personality, specifically speaking, which wrote the manuscripts of Katie or of Andrew Jackson Davis, and the novels of Scott or the philosophy of Kant.

While we are in the West of the fifties, let us take occasion to relate briefly one extraordinary case of poltergeist which occurred two or three years afterwards, and continued some time. In Athens Co., Ohio,[34] a drive of seventeen miles from Columbus, one farmer named Koons and another named Tippie, living a few miles apart, had each hyperphysical experiences which induced them, probably cognizant of the prevailing wave of spiritualistic occurrences and hysteria, to advance their openings of unusual happenings to the stage of systematic regularity.

Not, apparently, with any design of emolument but simply filled with true revivalist ardor, they each built a little house of one room dedicated to poltergeist phenomena, which did not fail to present themselves in extraordinary amplitude.

[34] Dover Village, Millfield Township.

Not solos but whole orchestras of music (or, anyhow, instrumentation) greeted the ears of the few who were admitted to the sittings, while materializations of hands and arms were a regular part of the performance. There were also communications stating that these exercises were in due course of a revival in the world of spiritual life.[85]

Nothing is easier than to mistake one's own convictions, especially those reached under a revival that bordered on ecstasy, for inspiration or, at least, for something so self-evident that the unconvinced world is looked upon as erring or sinful, willfully obstinate or maliciously obstructive to truth. The reaction of this attitude on the shocked majority of those days led to a view on their part placing the spiritualists on a level with free-lovers, revolutionists, and criminals. The lack of balance appeared to be the same and also the social danger. The revelations, said the conservative press and clergy, "teach the overthrow of existing church organizations, and say that vital changes must be made in the social and commercial world. The belief in the spiritual agency of these teachings being quite general, and becoming more so every day, the effect will be, as we previously stated, to form a great radical party, which will develop itself erelong, and astonish the world by its strength." [86]

The radical, Republican party, of those days, in a way answered to this description, and spiritualism was quite a radical move in itself. But the Fox sisters, and especially Katie, were immune to all bad influences of revivalism. Katie was as ignorant as a vegetable of the social tendencies which surrounded her mediumship. No social theory of any kind either progressive or alarmist ever entered her head. She knew that her life work was cut out for her by the spontaneous functioning of her mediumship, and in that she was content to live and die.

[85] "Hardinge," p. 103.
[86] *Ibid.*, p. 308.

CHAPTER IV

NEW YORK

New York became Katie's permanent home. The only important subsequent change of residence was registered by the years of married life spent in London.

In 1851, the Cleveland *Plaindealer* contained the item: "It is well known that Catherine Fox, a child of some dozen summers, is at present and has been for some time stopping in the family of Horace Greeley in New York." It goes on to relate that Jenny Lind called on her there and obtained communications through her, in Miss Lind's native tongue.

In January, 1852, Mrs. Leah Fox Brown, as she was then called, moved from Rochester to New York. Her sisters, Maggie and Katie, naturally looked to her home as theirs, although they did not permanently live with her, being independently supported by their fees as mediums. Leah's first house was in West 26th Street, where she lived for two years. She then lived for a year in 15th Street, near Irving Place, and then for four years at No. 1 Ludlow Place. This chronology brought her to the year 1858, when she married Wm. Underhill. Their home, when my parents knew them, was in West 37th Street, while ours was in the next street. As I recall, there was no great intimacy between the two families. Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Sr., also came to New York and occupied the house of Horace Greeley, who made his home with them when he was in the city.

Leading citizens, in those days, were more prompt to acknowledge their belief in spiritualism than are those of today. The times are different. It was not precisely that men were more outspoken, although it is true that they were a little closer to the period of heresy and inquisition, when

men seemed possessed to brave a martyr's death, on the most hair-splitting, logical distinctions. It was, perhaps, rather that men believed they had not fully committed themselves, and that the way was open gracefully to renounce the new creed, if faith failed. While the opposition was bitter, it had the weakness of anger and invited the scorn of the *élite* of those who took an open stand for spiritualism.

Today, the lines are more narrowly drawn, so that neither party feels so absolutely cocksure as formerly. The telepathists seem to have things their own way, up to a certain point. Their assumption errs by excess of simplicity of assertion and complexity, not to say impossibility, of demonstration and by overdemand upon our credulity, in one, set direction. A narrow field is acknowledged for veridicity. The Hudsonian telepathist is not constrained to deny the fact of *all* the metapsychic phenomena; but he can positively argue only for the molecular, and fails to score an explanation when molar phenomena are adduced. On the other hand, the spiritualists must often pause to doubt whether phenomena purporting to arise from a disembodied or invisible spirit be not really a product of the silent workings of their own personality or of a personality included within their own or somehow attached to it. The riddle of personality was not to be solved by one stroke at the Gordian Knot, as men then hoped.

The class of men and women who stood at the forefront of the early spiritualist movement has not been surpassed in any socioreligious movement, anywhere. It is the same class which today has, in many countries, shifted over into "psychical research," a term which better expresses what that group has always stood for and what the present times call for: men whose beliefs are subordinated to their knowledge; and whose knowledge is in a cautious state of "moving equilibrium." The names of the Advisory Scientific Council of The American Society of Psychical Research, printed in-

side the cover of their Journal, are a sufficient guaranty that what made much noise in the fifties is now receiving the patient study which all phenomena of personality and many phenomena of psychology deserve. One notices a dozen college professors and a number of physicians, clergymen, and literary men, twenty in all. Patient research is the watchword.

In those days, it was the same class of up-to-date citizens who were called upon to break the ground. We are told that Mrs. Fish, and the two younger sisters, met, in the spring of 1850, at the chambers of the Rev. Dr. Griswold, in Broadway, J. Fenimore Cooper, Geo. Bancroft, Rev. Dr. Hawks, Dr. J. W. Francis, Dr. Marcy, Mr. N. P. Willis, William Cullen Bryant, Mr. Bigelow, of the *Evening Post,* Richard B. Kimball, H. T. Tuckermann, Gen. Lyman.[1]

Some of these men were of national reputation, and all very influential in New York City.[2] Mr. George Ripley, one of the editors of the New York *Tribune,* reported the meeting in that paper: "We were present on Thursday evening at a party of gentlemen who had been invited to the chambers of the Rev. Dr. Griswold in Broadway, to meet the Rochester ladies, whose connection with the mysterious knockings has called forth such a general curiosity. The party had been arranged by Dr. Griswold who has been incredulous from the first with regard to any preternatural character in the manifestations. . . .

". . . The raps were loud and distinct, and various members of the party conversed by means of the alphabet." The account closes: "The manners and bearing of the ladies are such as to create a prepossession in their favor. They have no theories to offer in explanation of the acts of their mysterious attendants, and apparently have no control of their incomings and outgoings." The author Cooper and N. P.

[1] "Hardinge," p. 63.

[2] N. P. Willis stated, in the *Home Journal,* in 1853, that there were 40,000 spiritualists in New York City and three hundred circles.

Willis later became spiritualists.[3] The last statement does not imply that the others were not convinced, but only that they did not join the militant party.

Of the militant spiritualists perhaps the foremost were Charles Partridge and Judge J. W. Edmonds. Mr. Partridge was a merchant. He subventioned a newspaper, the *Spiritual Telegraph,* May 8, 1852, with help of Rev. S. B. Britain. The name was significant of the recent invention of the telegraph. The previous February, Mr. Britain had begun to preach at Hope Chapel, Brooklyn. Spiritualism was already a sect, a religion. Mr. Partridge was active (1854) in founding the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge.[4] The Society engaged Miss Kate Fox, "at a liberal salary, to hold daily séances through rapping, writing, and the phases of mediumship peculiar to her, at which the public were admitted each morning from ten to one." Katie was but fifteen years old. Miss Emma Hardinge, a recent arrival from England and actress at the Broadway Theatre, had become a medium, and assisted as such at the séances. A few years later, free circles were held in New York, by Laura Edmonds,[5] J. B. Conklin, Kate Fox, and Emma Hardinge,[6] supported by Mr. Partridge and the Society.

Perhaps a still more outstanding figure than Mr. Partridge was that of Judge J. W. Edmonds, the father of Laura Edmonds. He began his investigation in January, 1851. He was an eminent, large-minded man. He had been a member of the New York State Senate, had served as judge of the New York Court for the Correction of Errors, as Justice of the New York Supreme Court, and as judge of the Court of Appeals. "A gentleman of finished classical education. . . . A man of unimpeachable integrity."[7] Judge Edmonds was

[3] "Hardinge," p. 65.
[4] *Ibid.,* p. 133.
[5] The writer recalls the agreeable, quiet presence of Miss Edmonds in later years at the Madison Avenue home.
[6] *Ibid.,* p. 149.
[7] "Hardinge," p. 89.

bitterly attacked by the *National Intelligencer* of Washington and, on account of the insinuations in that article, if not elsewhere, that his belief in spiritualism was unfavorable to his poise and impartiality as a judge, he resigned his seat on the Court of Appeals in order to throw his whole influence into the scales for the spiritualistic faith. Probably not only his other investigations but also the first hand experience with his own daughter, were decisive with him.

The newspapers, the *Evening Mirror* and the New York *Courier,* noticed his resignation with kind remarks eulogistic of his personal character and public services. In September, 1853, appeared a volume, *Spiritualism,* by Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter, and a second volume, the following year. Judge Edmonds was, perhaps, the chief mouthpiece of spiritualism. October 19, 1867, he delivered the first of a course of twenty-eight lectures on spiritualism at Music Hall, Boston, where the late Theodore Parker had preached. Born in 1799, he died in 1874.

Another prominent national character in spiritualism was Governor N. P. Tallmadge of Wisconsin. In a letter to Hon. Jas. F. Simmons, Gov. Tallmadge pays a high tribute to the character of Judge Edmonds.

In February, 1853, Mrs. Fox, Margaret and Katherine visited Washington, where already, the previous year, much interest in their faculty of spirit communication had been manifested. Hon. A. P. Hascall of LeRoy, New York, who had been on one of the first investigating committees at Corinthian Hall and had seemed satisfied with the veridicity of the phenomena, had made a speech entirely contradicting his previously expressed views.

From the Collamore House, New York City, April 30, 1853, Governor Tallmadge, influenced by his attendance on the séances of the Foxes, wrote his answer: "If there ever was a monomania on any subject it is on the part of those who have, without knowledge or investigation, denounced so

madly these 'spiritual manifestations.' I find no fault with those who do not believe in them; but I cannot withhold an expression of my surprise that intelligent minds can be found to denounce those who do investigate them." [8] Governor Tallmadge went on to explain the odic force of Reichenbach and to refute the charge that persons went insane over spiritualism. The refutation was partly by avoidance, as the lawyers say: that is, by claiming that as many go insane over religion.[9] He quotes further, a communication from the spirit of John C. Calhoun (1782-1850): " 'We, by our united will, acting upon spirits clothed in flesh, influence them to perform duties which benefit mankind.' " [10]

There is a quasi-materialist theory, which is one of the bridges that cautious men of science are crossing and which leads to spiritualism, to the effect that telepathic influences are constantly sweeping about the surface of earth and influencing directly our mentality, doubtless through appropriate organs, and that these influences are somehow resultants or composites of the mental action of groups of individuals or of all the individuals, let us say, that count. Does the Calhoun script mean this? Evidently not precisely, for it expressly refers to the combined wills of *spirits*.

It is, moreover, just conceivable that, as spirits may be supposed, provisionally and very theoretically, to receive their impressions from, by, or through the same *Dinge an sich* as we, only by a different route, so they may believe that our thoughts are their thoughts, and thus that they are influencing what we are doing. Another still more materialist hypothesis would be that the medium is really inspired by quite human and telepathic effluvia, only (as in this case) attaching them to the name of the recently deceased statesman.

However, to those of us who think the straight, spiritistic

[8] "Capron," p. 330.
[9] "Capron," p. 345.
[10] "Capron," p. 346.

theory simpler, the thought will occur that the conditions of the fourth dimension are far more favorable to generalization than are those prevailing here. The ideas that seem the height of generalization here, present themselves to the other-worldlings as quite specific; but the latter are, in turn, privy to concepts of a still higher degree of generality. Relatively metapsychic attribution for the origin of general concepts is the plausible one.

How, then, does it stand with the personality of the deceased? Looking at the matter from what light we have, it would appear that, in the fourth dimension, the personality would tend to be absorbed or rather merged, to a degree, into a higher inclusive personality, a great flow of will and conviction headed in a given direction, but still, perhaps, concerned in that vortex of Being, the Earth. But this merger would not be continuous nor would it ever be complete. There is abundant indication in the Record to support such an hypothesis. The ecstasy of the mystic would anticipate the voluntary merger. The frequent injunction, "Call us not back," or, "We have our duties which we must obey," or, "We have received commands which we cannot disobey," speaks of more than mortal obligation, of that which is instinct, rather, with self-surrender.

Following this train of thought to a further inference, we discover this difference between personality in the third and that in the fourth-dimension: in the fourth-dimension, "personality" defines a power still residing in the spirit to detach itself, under appropriate circumstances, and dissociate itself from the spiritual block; whereas terrestrial society results from a power of the spirit to fuse itself into the whole, where all spirits are casually amalgamated, say, in order to set social standards or even to carry on a war.

In a letter to Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman of Providence, R. I., dated April 12, 1853, Governor Tallmadge states that, in the presence of the Fox sisters, he received an autoscript

of Calhoun's "I'm with you still." It is further stated that the use of the abbreviation, "I'm" was habitual with Calhoun.

The interest at Washington reached such a pitch, that ill-advised enthusiasm believed that government sanction could be won through the instituting of a congressional investigation. Nothing could be more outside of the competence of Congress or more foreign to the spirit of our constitution. This was not the last time to throw it to the winds. It is surprising that Governor Tallmadge lent his name to the idea; but quite natural that Senator Shields should not find any good reason for refusing to present a petition bearing 13,000 signatures and asking for the appointment of a scientific commission. If, indeed, the matter could have been entertained by the politicians with the cold eye of science, the request would not have been so unreasonable. But psychology and bio-physics were not then so advanced as today, although it must be admitted that men like Edmonds, Tallmadge, and Capron did not allow themselves to be carried away by sentimentalism.

It is not, then, to be wondered at that the Hon. James Shields seized the occasion to play politics by delivering a comic oration, not unlike in tone to that famous one of Hon. Mr. Breckenridge, on the granting of a subsidy to a railroad to Superior City, Wisconsin. Briefly, Shields put the whole movement on a par with the alchemists and magicians, mentioning Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, Dr. Dee, the Rosicrucians, and Cagliostro. He had superficially documented himself. The comparisons were not so bad, had they only been infused with the spirit of evolution and of construction in place of trifling, ridicule, and obstruction.

After humorous motions to refer the petition to the committees on foreign relations, on military affairs, or on post-roads, it was laid on the table. But Governor Tallmadge was not the man to drop the affair at that point and accept the snub. A spirited exchange of letters with Senator Shields

appeared in the *National Intelligencer,* upon whom Tallmadge came back in this fashion: "The memoralists and those whom they represent, are not only entitled to respect, but they will command it, etc." [11]

Other spiritualists either eminent as citizens or distinguished for their faith and character, were Geo. Willetts, one of the first to test Katie's powers in Rochester, Robert Hare (1781-1858) chemist, inventor of the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, who arranged apparatus to record the echoes, and was reproved by Professor Henry when he invited scientific men, at their conference in Washington, to attend a lecture by Rev. T. L. Harris. Hare's voice returned to earth in the Fox-Taylor Record. Alvin Adams (1804-1877), founder of the Adams Express Company, William Lloyd Garrison (1805-1879), president of the American Anti-Slavery Society, who, 1867, was convinced through Leah, conversing with the voice of Isaac T. Hopper (1771-1852), the Quaker philanthropist, another member of the Fox-Taylor band, and with Jesse Hutchinson; Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Boston; Major G. Washington Rains, of Newburgh; Rev. Allen Putnam, of Boston; Dr. Gardner, of Springfield, Mass.; Stephen Albro, of Buffalo, who founded *The Age of Progress,* after the Foxes visited that city, 1851; Hon. Warren Chase, of Newburyport, Mass.

The episode of the Harvard Professors deserves mention, not only because Katie was one of the mediums investigated, but also because it may serve as a document under the heading, "How new knowledge is welcomed in academic halls," or, as discussed in the Chapter of the Essay: "How revivalism is related to science." The business of science is to weigh, measure, standardize, and fix mentally things manifested, of all sorts. But when once a newly entertained group is thus scientifically fixed, it is very hard to unscramble, and harder

[11] "Capron," pp. 374, 379. The power of spiritualism to unify our systems of thought will some day be better appreciated.

still is the task of inducing science to condescend to interest itself in still another and novel group.

There is the stage of denial, during which science disbelieves in all relations and reports; then the stage of violent anger, when science is constrained to admit that something has happened which it finds hard to force into the existing pigeon-holes. The chief trouble for science is to regalvanize the plasticity and resiliency of its brain; and this is a truly purgatorial agony; but it makes for progress. This stage comports sundry, subordinate stadia, such as recognition of good faith and veridicity, remaking of terminology, such as "psychology," wrestling with problems of mind vs. matter, admitting the various classes of phenomena to the scientific aristocracy, one at a time, denying and then acceding to some relation between them, creating a working hypothesis which shall shock as little as possible already accepted hypotheses in most divergent lines, and so forth.

Now, in all this tension of brains, perhaps the hardest struggle comes at the point where Science has to part company with Vogue. For, at first blush, Science views the phenomena not through the eyes of Revival but of Vogue, that is to say, of that part of the community conservative enough or dumb enough, anyhow, cautious enough, to refuse to be carried along in the mad rush of sentiment. Indeed, most of society remains inert simply because it has not come in contact with the phenomena. But the attitude of this portion, being that which affords stability, is quite decisive with Science, which has generally seen too much of instability, already.

The first impulse, therefore, of your dyed-in-the-wool man of science is to warn the public to be cautious, and to seek to stem the tide of apparently heedless revivalism. Only thus can science hold its position of preëminent respectability. Were standards lost, the world of thought and of mind-building would rapidly become disordered and lapse

into gibbering chaos. At the height of psychologic crises, science throws knowledge and research to the winds. It flatly refuses to inquire further. It warns the dear public of the danger of attempting to wander where Science has not yet staked out the trail. The conservative, however, must be radical on some subject.

And were Science completely successful with its danger signals, Truth wrings the confession that Science would lie down for a beauty sleep. It is lucky, therefore, that society often harbors some convinced persons who, at such periods of reaction, insist upon action, and more action. That these comeouters are not, peradventure, recruited from the ranks of science does not exactly *per se* convict them of inferior understanding. Many of these convinced ones are far from being the brainless enthusiasts often represented, but men who in calmness amid turmoil and banality, have thought out a satisfactory system. Such were Hare, Capron, Edmonds, Tallmadge, Owen, not to mention others equally deserving.

In the hallowed precincts of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the incident of the professors was preluded by the expulsion from the Harvard Divinity School of the student, Frederick Willis. In the fall of 1855, Mr. Willis had manifested mediumistic faculty. His presence favored many of the more difficult physico-psychic phenomena, especially the independent playing on musical instruments. He submitted to very exacting and painful tests. Professor Eustis was present on one occasion, and declared the whole proceeding fraudulent, but never condescended to go into details. Willis continued to give séances.

The Divinity Faculty declined to discuss his case, but thought to teach a good Christian lesson by summarily expelling Mr. Willis. Indeed, it is hard to believe that a person whose vitality was mortgaged to physical manifestations could be a very sedulous and successful searcher in

biblical exegesis. Perhaps, in these more matter of fact later days, should the Harvard Divinity School by chance corral a youth of the kidney of Mr. Willis, they would count themselves in luck and cling to him as a rare specimen in the fauna of psychic research. But the ghostly worm had not yet turned to show its belly labeled, "psychic research." Willis was defended before the faculty of the Divinity School by Rev. T. F. Harrington, and in the columns of the Boston *Traveller*, by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson (1823-1911). The men of action were at the breach. The defense was sworn to at Worcester, Massachusetts, April 15, 1857. The men of 1857 took their law seriously.

Thereupon the Boston *Courier* offered a reward or prize of five hundred dollars if the spiritualists could make out a case of supernormal manifestation. As such offers have been and are being made, thus testifying to the continued activity of the metapsychic influence, a word as to their helpfulness towards the truth were not amiss. Discoveries, standards, working formulæ have not often been attained by previous offer of rewards or prizes. The protective system, in its large and Benthamian sense, has done little or nothing to advance civilization. It is the pure action of the scientific mind, stimulated by phenomena of nature or of society, which secures progress. Perhaps this argument favors bolshevism. The truth does no harm. Bolshevism can be counted on as the most determined enemy of the psychic, in all its forms, as yet encountered.

The most obvious objection to the utility of prizes and competitions is that the subject to be treated or contended about must be formulated in advance. It cannot be treated as provisional. It must be seriously and literally accepted or rejected. It is "either, or." The trial is to be a legal one in which no opportunity is admitted to amend the pleadings. But in the course of scientific research the pleadings always are amended. The results are never what it was

set out to find. Columbus did not reach the coast of Asia, for America lay between; and it is doubtful if he ever appreciated what he really had found. And so of explorations into molecular nature. It is not predictable what will be the resultant of a combination of two reagents not hitherto brought into a chemical relation. Prizes will remain *ad captanduns* with the commonalty.

The offerers of prizes on a wager of the kind envisaged by the *Courier* are all the safer in their risk of loss, that the opposed party is also wedded to an interpretation that will not stand an exact definition, even after much familiarity. The writer of this book is endeavoring to narrow the confines of his own ignorance on the metapsychic phenomena. He believes, indeed, that the communications speak loudly of personalities, but he is much at sea as to what a personality really is. His state of mind might, therefore, conceivably even be stretched to cover a formula which denied the fact of the communications, on the ground that they do not emanate from a source corresponding to a *preconceived* status of personality.

It is highly improbable, no matter how valuable the tests obtained, that the referees in such a contest would ever decide to award the sum offered. They would say to themselves: "But suppose it should turn out that we were deceived, after all!" So the *Courier* made its perfectly safe offer of five hundred dollars to the spiritualist society if the referees should decide that the "raps" were genuine. The challenge assumes the possibility of a final, definitive statement of truth. The challengers themselves are probably so naïve as to think a final formula within the bounds of possibility. Perhaps they never reflected that their whole mental life is one of working assumptions, I may say, of compromises. Pragmatism destroys dogmatism. A prize offered to prove a principle is conclusive of but one thing: the *naïveté* of the offerer. Perhaps, in the long run, by a subconscious logic, or

innate sense of fairness, the public senses the hollowness of the whole proceeding.

If the offeree were not equally naïve, the challenge would not be accepted. The spiritualists, however, at least took the precaution of stipulating that the members of the committee were to remain in the circle and that the spiritualists, through Dr. Gardner, were to exercise "the determination of all the accessory circumstances." The committee consisted of Professors Benjamin Peirce (1809-1880), Louis Agassiz (1807-1873), and E. N. Horsford (1818-1893), with whom were associated Dr. N. B. Gould of the Albany Observatory, and an editor of the *Courier*. The Spiritualists invited Alvin Adams, of Adams Express Company, Rev. Allen Putnam, and Major Rains of Newburgh, New York, and also, "an editor of the Boston *Traveller*," and Dr. Bell, lately superintendent of the MacLean Lunatic Asylum. The mediums engaged were Mrs. Brown (Leah Fox), her sister, Catherine Fox, Mr. J. C. Mansfield, Mrs. Kendrick, Mr. George Redman, and the Davenport brothers. The séances were held at the Albion Buildings, Tremont Street, and occupied a portion of three successive days, June 25, 26, 27, 1857.

The manifestations were practically nil. The scientific committee took the occasion to read a moral lesson, which, indeed, may have been wholesome for the gaping-mouthed element of the spiritualist faith, not yet ten years in the running: "It is the opinion of the committee, derived from observation, that any connection with spiritualistic circles, so-called, corrupts the morals and degrades the intellect. They therefore deem it their solemn duty to warn the community against this contaminating influence, which surely tends to lessen the truth of man and the purity of woman.

"The committee will publish a report of their proceedings, together with the result of additional investigations and other evidence, independent of the special case submitted to

them, but bearing upon the subject of this stupendous delusion."

BENJAMIN PEIRCE, *Chairman.*
L. S. AGASSIZ.
B. A. GOULD, JR.
E. N. HORSFORD.

Cambridge, June 29, 1857.

The promised final report was never made. The above names are those of the foremost men of science of their time. And yet it would be absurd to call their report a scientific report. They felt that some expression should be given to their consciousness of departure from the scientific rôle; but they never fulfilled their promise of it, and for the most obvious reason.

Leah, the real fighting editor of the Fox, associated, heavenly press, perceived the weakness of their position and attacked them in the following fashion:

"When the annals of science can produce recorded proofs that new discoveries generally result from the associative action of schools, colleges, and lyceums . . . we may find a fair excuse for the abject and unreasoning submission with which the great mass of mankind bow down before the dicta of scientific bodies. . . ." [12] Nor had the sting worn off some thirty years later:

"But I am quite sure, from the experience I have had, that a great majority of those highly conceited professors, many of whom were of quite ordinary talent, had, to some extent overcome the deficiencies of nature by turning their attention in one direction of specific study only.

"On all other subjects they are ordinary, often very ordinary, men." [13]

Evidently, Leah was not reckoning on converting the priests of the temple of Knowledge. She was out for a re-

[12] "Hardinge," p. 185.
[13] "Leah," *op. cit.,* p. 303.

vival, not exactly among the broad masses, but among those acute business heads who had been estranged by the solecisms current in the vulgar theology and were on the watch for a religion that would appeal to their *argumentum-ad-hominem* view of the General Plan. More or less of spiritualism has ever since hung on the hems of this very respectable level of burghers, although they have been parceled among Unitarians, Campbellites, Christian Science, New Thought, Theosophy, and still other innovating, theological color-tones and points of view.

It was not to be expected that Leah should dwell on the dangers of premature or over-rapid propaganda. The revivalist is anything but a philosopher or even a lawyer, whose first duty is carefully to con the case of his adversary. However, it appears that the referees did not abide by the rules of the adopted code. The last echoes of the challenge and investigation died out in reciprocal recriminations. Among other charges made by the spiritualists was that of the Rev. Allen Putnam that the committee interfered with the phenomena "by ejecting certain forces from their own minds and eyes."

The seat of thought was anciently located in the stomach. Equally naïve, the spiritualists of the fifties had, apparently, a theory that manifestations can be inhibited by unfriendly glances. Be that as it may, there seems to be ample ground for belief that manifestations are much more difficult in the presence of persons violently prejudiced against them. The telepathic machinery awaits exact ascertainment, but the peculiar properties of rigidity and elasticity and yet of imponderableness and permeability attributed to ether, open the way to discovery of media of fantastic virtues, which put themselves at the service of the will in transmiting messages of sympathy or of dislike, of encouragement or of the opposite. If Michaelson and Morley have discountenanced the ether, then call it something else. Lodge stands by it.

Modern theories of physics were hardly yet in the making, but an impetus to them was given by the other worldly atmosphere spread by the spiritualist movement. In 1900, Professor N. S. Shaler could write: "We know of this ether or infinite space-filler of the visible universe little more than that it seems to be in a way, material as it in certain ways transmits impulses, and in a way not material in any sense of matter known to us, in that it in no measurable way resists the movement of the heavenly bodies." [14]

The attitude of Agassiz almost seemed to justify Leah's reprobation. He acknowledged to her privately: "Mrs. Brown, I have seen the day I could do everything you do." Again: "My physical condition is much changed now." [15] He had been a mesmeric subject of Rev. Chauncey Hare Townshend, in 1839, at Neuchâtel. This clairvoyant faculty of Agassiz was no idle boast, for the manner of his scientific discoveries was in line with it, if we are to credit the tradition of the sketch of the fossil fish on the unopened box containing it. Why, then, should he set himself to frustrating manifestations at the *Courier* tournament? Doubtless he shared the Church's conviction that the truth was not to be prematurely vulgarized,—not without scientific editing. But was there not added a dash of that psychopathic weakness of his own mediumship of which further mention will be made in discussing the "recantation" of Katie?

In view of the present stage of speculation in matters metapsychic, Agassiz' astonishing insight in taxonomy is to be credited to his higher nature, to his mind, rather than to his brain. Outside of this insight, he appears to have been ultraconservative, if we may judge from his attitude at the *Courier* prize contest and from his position on the subject of Darwinism, for he held out for the theory of

[14] "The Individual," p. 13.
[15] "Leah," p. 303.

separate creations of new species, which, be it added, seems to be obtaining a new vogue. Many inconsistencies in human conduct point to a dual constitution, adapted to two worlds.

The plain citizen who does not scrutinize popular tendencies, accepts or rejects as the humor strikes him, but the academic man, committed to caution, is aroused to anger by phenomena which he cannot classify. The first avenue of escape from an unwelcome mental intrusion is to deny the objective existence of the occurrences. And so, writes Leah, Professor C. C. Felton of Harvard "burned with angry zeal against spiritualism." [16] Felton, just made president of Harvard, published a letter on this subject, in April, 1860, to which Robert Dale Owen, just back from Europe, replied on November 12th, substantially agreeing that some evidence convincing to the common mind is necessary for the metapsychic phenomena: "Even if the phenomena, wisely followed up, may elevate morality and fortify religion, yet if these marvels are permitted to spread among us without chart or compass whereby to steer our course through an unexplored ocean of mystery, we may find ourselves at the mercy of very sinister influences." [17]

The Underhills (Leah was Mrs. Underhill) invited President Felton to spend a fortnight at their house, 232 West Thirty-seventh Street, but he declined.[18] They had hoped to convince him of the veridicity of the phenomena.

At a much later date, Professor Nathaniel Southgate Shaler of Harvard, in his admirable book on "The Individual," speaks of the degrading associations of the spiritualistic séance. He seems to have inherited the early prejudice that the joining of hands in the dark was a temptation towards unspiritual impulses.[19] The practice was probably an inheritance from the battery theory of Mesmer. The French

[16] "Leah," pp. 324-325.
[17] *Ibid.*, p. 334.
[18] "Leah," p. 338.
[19] "The Individual," p. 212.

National Astronomer, Camille Flammarion, gayly concedes that marriages have resulted from acquaintanceship at séances. As in dancing, demoralization depends on motives. Anyhow, experience has shown that, in most cases, the joining of hands is of no advantage to the odic force, except that joining which is the holding of the hands and feet of the medium by way of certifying and policing the manifestations when they are in the dark or do not exact that she use her hands, as in automatic writing in the light.

Control of the medium is important in case anything happens interesting to record. In the same way, the speed of a horse does not constitute a record unless ascertained at a standardized trial. Again, the altitude record of an airplane is accepted only if the barometer had been officially sealed. In the case, for instance, of autograph writing in the dark, it is important that the medium's hands be held, although the writing often takes place far out of her reach. Even then the holding makes surer that she does not leave her place. Further on in his book, however, Professor Shaler expresses a real interest in metapsychic phenomena and even entertains the possibility of their veridicity. Our leading university put the conservative brakes on the movement so long as it could, and while it was undoubtedly bound thus to hold back, it is to be regretted that the duty was not performed more *suaviter modo* and that its distinguished professors lent their names to an *ex cathedra* pronouncement.

The final position of Shaler certainly evidences structural work on the bridge leading from conservatism, assumed for the public good, to enthusiasm for psychic research and for its acceptance into the family of sciences. It is contained in the following extracts: "But no well-trained observer who has carefully remembered his experiences with phenomena is likely to affirm that he finds in those of death anything that can fitly be termed proof that the mind does not sur-

vive." [20] . . . "We have the evidence from the transmission of the potential qualities of man over the frail molecular bridge of the egg that the spirit may safely be given into the keeping of other forms of matter than the brain affords. This raises the presumption that *matter in certain forms far simpler than the nervous system can contain the germs of an individualized intelligence.*[21] Next we have the series of facts going to show that the presumption is altogether in favour of an intelligence of some kind, presumably akin to our own, which abides in or dominates over phenomena." [22]

. . . "the scientific student should be ready to acknowledge the value of a belief in a hereafter as an asset in human life. In the presence of so many mysteries which have been unveiled, in the presence of so many yet unsolved, he cannot be dogmatic and deny the possibility of a future state." [23] . . .

The high water mark of Katie's powers as a medium for materializations was undoubtedly the unparalleled series of hundreds of séances held for Mr. C. F. Livermore, in New York City, 1861-1866. Spirit portraits and automatic writing on an equally grand scale occupied her, at periods sometimes widely separated, with the G. H. Taylor circle in the same city, 1869-1892, as hereinafter related. It is fortunate that the records of both of these successive groups of metapsychic experiences were kept with scrupulous care. The former will be found summarized by Mr. Owen,[24] while the latter is more extensively, but still most inadequately, analyzed in the following pages.[25] Since some of the Livermore sessions were held at Mrs. Fox' home, it is to be pre-

[20] "The Individual," p. 303.
[21] My italics.
[22] "The Individual," p. 318.
[23] William Osler, "Science and Immortality," p. 39.
[24] "The Debatable Land," p. 483, seq.
[25] "The Unabridged Record of the Fox-Taylor Sittings," 1869-1892, is published separately, four volumes in one, 418 pages, Tribune-Great West Printing Co., Minneapolis, Minn., or G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th st., N. Y.

sumed that Katie lived with her parents till their death in 1865,[26] so that but three years intervened till she came to live with the Taylors. In that interval, she enjoyed, as ever after, the comfort and advice of Leah, the brains of the mediumistic family.

In 1861, Mr. Livermore lost his first wife, as the present writer understands, whom Mr. Owen presents under the name of "Estelle." Dr. John F. Gray, already mentioned as one of the early, open-minded New Yorkers on the subject of spirit communication, having always been her physician, suggested to Mr. Livermore the possibility of repairing the personal bond broken by death. After the usual evolution of phenomena, recapitulating creation (another and analogous generation), "at last, on the twenty-fourth sitting, March 14th, the dim outline of a figure, moving about. Three days afterward, there came this message: 'I know that I can make myself visible to you. Meet tomorrow night. Secure the doors and windows, for I wish the test to be beyond all doubt, for your good and the good of others.'" Even the brief account of the Livermore materializations given by Mr. Owen must be here further abridged.

It would be well to quote a note of Mr. Owen's with regard to the medium: "I here remark that all communications obtained through Kate Fox were either—Spelled out, letter after letter, by the raps; Or else written, sometimes by Kate's right hand, sometimes by the left; but the writing *always executed inversely;* so that it could only be read by holding it against a mirror. Occasionally she writes two communications at once; both hands moving at the same time, each on a separate sheet. And I have myself witnessed the following: while her hand was writing, there was, by raps, a call for the alphabet; whereupon Kate called over the letters

[26] J. D. Fox died January 10th; and his wife, Margaretta, August 30th that year. "Leah," p. 95.

and took down the message, letter by letter, *without for a moment discontinuing her writing.* Mr. L. has often witnessed all the above phases of communication.[27]

"In addition to this, the internal evidence of many of the messages is, especially to those who know Miss Fox well, conclusive evidence that these originate entirely outside of her will and of her intelligence." [28]

After a number of sittings of increasing interest, No. 43, April 18, 1861, occurred, which Owen copies verbatim from the Livermore record, and which follows:

"Wind south-west. Weather fair. Having absolutely secured doors and windows, we sat in perfect quiet for half an hour, my faith becoming weak. Then we were startled by a tremendous rap on the heavy mahogany centre-table which, at the same time, rose and fell. The door was violently shaken, the windows opened and shut: in fact, everything movable in the room seemed in motion. Questions were answered by loud knocks on the doors, on the glass of the windows, on the ceiling—everywhere.

"Then an illuminated substance like gauze rose from the floor behind us, moved about the room and finally came in front of us. Vigorous electrical sounds were heard. The gauze-like substance assumed the form of a human head,[29] covered, the covering drawn close around the neck. It touched me; then receded and again approached. I recognized an oblong substance, concave on the side that was presented to us, and in this cavity the light was brilliant. Into this I looked intently for a face, but none appeared. Again it receded and again approached: this time I perceived an eye. A third time it moved backward, accompanied by electrical sounds, and when, a third time, it came close to me the

[27] The versatility of the mediumship of Katie Fox is also recorded by Camille Flammarion, "Les Forces Naturelles Inconnues," Tome II, p. 583. On the psychology of the automatic writing, *cf. id. ibid.*, p. 49.

[28] "Debatable Land," p. 486.

[29] See Madame Bisson, "Les Phenomènes dits de Matérialisation," *passim.*

light had brightened, the gauze had changed in form; a female hand grasped it, concealing the lower part of a face; but the upper part was revealed; it was that of Estelle—eyes, forehead, and expression in perfection. The moment the emotion of recognition passed into my mind, it was acknowledged by a succession of quick raps from all parts of the room, as though an unseen audience expressed its applause.

"The figure reappeared several times, the recognition becoming each time more nearly perfect. Afterward, the head was laid upon mine, the hair falling over my face.

"Miss Fox (whose hands I had secured during all this time) and I sat about ten feet from the wall of the room which faced us. The light moved to a point about midway between us and the wall; the electrical cracklings increased; the wall was illuminated and brought out an entire female figure facing that side of the room, the light apparently in one of her hands. The form remained in sight *fully half an hour* and each movement was distinctly visible. Then came the message:

" 'Now see me rise.'

"And immediately, in full brightness, the figure rose to the ceiling, remained there a few moments suspended; then, gently descending, disappeared.

"Afterwards she showed herself between us and a mirror. *The reflection of the figure in the glass was distinctly visible,* the light being so bright as to show the veins in a marble slab beneath.

"Here a heavy shower of rain fell, and there was spelled out: 'The atmosphere has changed. I cannot remain in form': whereupon both light and figure finally disappeared."

At subsequent sittings the head and face of Estelle were shown in completeness, "every feature and lineament in perfection, spiritualized in shadowy beauty." [30] The head of the

[30] This improvement on the earthly original corresponds to a dream I had of my father some time after his death. The intellectual refinement and

spirit was rested on the shoulder of the still living husband, who was allowed to play with the hair, which, at first perfectly normal, soon melted away in his fingers.

It is worth remarking in connection with Mr. Livermore's "glimpse of heaven," that it does, indeed, repeat the experience of the mystics, who seek for immediate revelation of truth,—a craving which Professor James considers basic in religion, but that it also goes further. We are not to be put aside by the cant psychology that all was imagination. If the rest of the sitting was not imaginary, so was not this glimpse of heaven. And if Estelle occupied space, so was the view in question a view into space. But what space? Hereon perhaps the dimensional speculators would hang a tale. However, the sittings briefly indicated were followed by three hundred more. The cult continued for years. Finally, Mr. Livermore remarried, the burden of continuous performance of these rites and of faithful watching of the vestal flame passed over, after an interval, to the Taylor family, until Katie went abroad and tended with her cruet the lamps of strange penates.

The mention of the Livermore sittings, however, cannot be cut short by neglecting the apparition of the archpsychorevivalist, Benjamin Franklin. This is the account of one of the sittings:

"The raps requested that a chair be placed for Dr. Franklin on the side of the table opposite to where we sat. But the idea of such a *vis-à-vis* made Miss Fox so nervous that I did not insist. After a time she became quiet, and we heard the chair moved to the desired spot.

"At this time the lights were dim; but I perceived a dark figure standing near me. Very soon it moved round the table, a rustling was heard, the light brightened, and we saw what seemed the old philosopher himself seated in the chair; his

the spirituality of his face, the nobility of his bearing so far transcended those of recollection that I believed they represented his new estate and I still so believe. The conviction and memory are ever vivid.

entire form and dress in perfection. So vivid was the light, and so palpable (as it would seem) the form before us, *that its shadow was thrown upon the wall,* precisely as if it had been a mortal seated there. The position was easy and dignified, one arm and hand on the table. Once he bent forward, as if bowing to us, and I observed that his gray locks swayed with the movement. He sat opposite to us *more than an hour.* Finally I asked him if he would draw nearer; whereupon figure and chair moved toward us, and our silent neighbor was in close proximity. Before he disappeared he rose from his chair, both face and form distinctly visible."

No. 175. Franklin showed himself by striking matches. "The third time my hat was on his head, worn as by a living person; and then it was removed from his head to mine." (The doors had been "locked and sealed.") The last time he appeared, the figure of Estelle showed itself, leaning on his shoulder: but Miss Fox became nervous and her exclamations (apparently) caused the final disappearance of both figures. Then there came the following:

"This is what we have long labored to accomplish. You can now say that you have seen me by the light of earth. I will come again, in further proof."

"B. F."

No. 179. A lantern had been provided. . . . "Then the lantern again rose, remaining suspended about five feet from the floor, between the bureau and the mirror; and, by its light, we discerned the figure of Franklin seated in my armchair by the window, in front of a dark curtain. For fully ten minutes at a time, the light from the suspended lantern rested on his face and figure, so that we had ample time to examine both. At first the face seemed as if of actual flesh, the hair real, the eyes bright and so distinct that I clearly saw the whites. But I noticed that gradually the whole appearance, including the eyes, was deadened by the earthly light (of the lantern) and ceased to wear the aspect of life

with which the forms I had seen by spiritual light were replete.

"Several times I was requested to adjust the valve, so as to allow more or less light; and this I did while the lantern remained suspended, or held by invisible power.

"At the close of this sitting we found written on a card:

"My son, it is for the benefit of the world. I have worked for this."

"B. F."

The ghost in Hamlet was exceptional. As a rule ghosts do not speak, but communicate by the accepted séance methods. The investigations recently published by Mme. Juliette Alexandre-Bisson demonstrate that the ghost is a sort of auto-plastic figure, an artist's manikin, created by the will of entities who dispose of exceptional materials, extremely sensitive to the will. Biological history stands to prove that evolution more and more puts the environment at the disposition of the will. It is but natural, therefore, that this molding of the environment should, in the fourth dimension, have reached the stage of forming one's own exterior, at least for the purpose of exhibition in the third dimension. The Bisson séances are in course of retrial, new proving, and confirming, in many places and countries.

The pervasiveness and gradual unfolding and increasing domination of the auto-plastic principle form an important chapter in metapsychic theory. The lower animals and especially the prehistoric animals seem to enjoy little power over their surroundings. The best they can do is to seek the places of the earth most favorable to their personal well-being; and they themselves have sprung into life equipped with reference to the media in which they find themselves,—land, air, water, —plant life included.

Passing over the home-building animals and insects, we remark how man has succeeded in affecting his environment by transportation, by manufacturing machinery, by tele-

graph, kinetograph, and the like. The last item creates an almost perfect illusion of reality (and what more could we ask?) But, after all, the way in which man has always sought to produce a favorable climate by the enclosing of a section of the atmosphere in a box called a house, which protects from wind and rain, and in which he is able to generate an artificial, enveloping warmth, is the most remarkable part of the will and wish development alluded to.

However, the evolution of the human will may be carried beyond shelter and dress to the features of the human face. The animals wear a mask which admits of expression almost exclusively through the eye and the flexible edges of the nose and mouth. But the face of man is far more expressive; the restricted flexibility in the animal mask spreads over the whole face of man, even the forehead can be wrinkled and the eyebrows contracted or expanded, and the nose pinched and serrated, while the smile irradiates the whole countenance. That "God grants our desires" is even banal.

In another connection, when speaking of the use of tools by man, I remarked that the only way animals have of creating a tool is to grow one, attached to the body, and that through endless ages of effort; but that man has abandoned this dilatory process of corporeal engineering, and cuts out "false maneuvers" by frankly building the machine separately and apart. This idea of the detached arm or tentacle starts with raw materials and persists up to finished product, be it the house warmed with steam or with hot water or hot air, or the needle, the watch, the compass, the opera glass.

But it occurs to one that man has not wholly abandoned a personal, physiological, autoplasticity. Just as the brain has refined with the growth of ideas, and as we must suppose a soul, a higher, responsible, etherealized body in and about the visible body, to handle this marvelously multiplied universe of thought and feeling within man, so has he cultivated not only speech (the organs of speech were

prepared, according to some authorities, before they were put to use), but has supplemented his powers of communication with facial modulation, gestures, postures, and dancing. Animals do all of these things, but in a very primitive and imperfect way. The point here to retain is that man does these things by special cultivation and application of the original, tool-growing, animal function, having abandoned all further, organic, tool-growing attempts.

The fourth dimension we agree to be a locality where the general concepts, as we view them, become very matter of fact, routine, and thus concrete or, as we often say, particular and special. It is to be expected that the will should, under such conditions, enjoy a broader play. What we on earth understand as capitalism, or the application of tools organized for long-time completion of goods, is the only method we have of affecting our living conditions, in a large, effective, quasi-permanent way. The fourth dimension offers less obstruction to free play of the will. The detached, extension, tool method will there be radically restricted or defined, for capitalistic methods will hardly come so much into play. The permanence in the idea of capitalism will transfer itself to consumption and consumption goods, which will be created very largely at will. Man's capitalism will be centered in soul-building.

The so-called materializations are not the souls, themselves, but a sort of mask or covering or armor which the souls assume in order to become visible. They would seem, on general principles and also on authority of the Cleveland script signed "Franklin," and on others, to be composed of materials partly proper to the fourth, partly to the third dimensions—an alloy, as it were, which retains much of the unobstructed obedience to the will which belongs to the fourth dimensional "matter." But the communications, at a séance of materialization, continue by means of the raps or echoes which, perhaps, can be as well exploded when

the soul is in one place as when in another, inside its diving-bell as outside of it.

A spiritual light lends to these appearances much of their reality, and atones for imperfections in the sculpture. It is the whole of the causes or processes which together constitute the reality which we think we perceive wholly outwardly. This principle, that we cannot know or at least perceive the thing by itself, is as old in statement as Kant, who also held that we cannot know anything at all in the absence of a *Ding an sich.* Doubtless it is a duplicity of effects which spirits lay hold of as a means of hallucination: they may offer a *Ding an sich,* relatively speaking; but simultaneously they are able favorably to affect our inner perceptions, so that the combination of the outer and the inner is the reality as near as any reality we can know.

Evidently, the formation of a complete duplicate of the spirit for purpose of exhibition in the third dimension is quite difficult. And yet talking ghosts are not outside of experience. So that the ghost in Hamlet is no error in Shakespeare. Only, by and large, we may venture to affirm that parsimony of speaking itself speaks for the genuineness of the genus ghost. Their silence is persuasive of their sincerity.

Returning at length to our narrative from the excursion into which "B. F." has led us, we should add that Dr. Gray was present at ten of the Livermore sittings for materialization, and Mr. Groute, Mr. L's brother-in-law, at eight. "During the fourth sitting there was a message to the effect that a piece of the spirit's garment might be cut off with scissors and examined. Both Dr. Gray and Mr. Livermore availed themselves of this permission. For a time, the texture was strong, so that it might be pulled without coming apart. They had both time to examine it critically before it melted away." [81] . . .

[81] "Debatable Land," p. 496.

"I have known Kate Fox for years," says Owen. "She is one of the most simple-minded and strictly impulsive young persons I have ever met: as incapable of framing, or carrying on, any deliberate scheme of imposition as a ten-year-old child is of administering a government. Dr. Gray, who has been intimate with her from her early infancy, writing to a friend in England with regard to Mr. Livermore's experiments, under date of January, 1867, says: 'Miss Fox, the medium, deported herself with patient integrity of conduct; evidently doing all in her power, at all times, to promote a fair trial and just decision of each phenomenon as it occurred.' " [32]

[32] "Debatable Land," p. 498.

CHAPTER V

SCIENCE VS. YELLOW JOURNALISM

THE words of Owen about Katie, quoted at the end of the last chapter, characterize her exactly as he and I knew her. I never heard her utter a cross word or an expression of recrimination or of personal criticism, much less of scandal. The hasty, ill-advised persons who have attributed to her deep schemes and deft, cunning tricks were speaking from their prejudices, not from observation. Her weakness for liquor she never completely shook off, but she bravely mastered it for some very considerable periods. I cannot give a date for the first appearance of the craving; but it was believed by my mother to be attributable to wealthy sitters at private séances who themselves were accustomed to spirituous liquors, and who pressed them upon Katie. The appetite was the price she paid for the privilege, as it was the duty, of perpetual mediumship. Released to normal life, she would no longer have needed alcohol. It was related that her parents were separated for some ten years, on account of the inebriety of Mr. J. D. Fox, the father. He reformed, the parents were reunited, and Maggie and Katie were born. The older children, the children of his weakness, turned out sober, but the children of his better days turned out—mediums.

It is to the delicate, nervous organism of the younger daughters that we must attribute a craving for stimulants, which the older brother and sisters, more normal, better buffered with muscles, and less encumbered with a high-powered, wireless outfit, could repress with small effort or gratify with moderation. I remember Mrs. Underhill as a stout, comfortable, well-favored lady. Maggie and Katie

were slighter. Katie's weight I should estimate at perhaps one hundred and twenty pounds, a sympathetic little person, without education, excepting what she imbibed from the excellent company with whom she was usually thrown, and with a mind wholly devoid of curiosity for learning. I fancy that her chief schooling was received at the country and city public schools of Arcadia, and Rochester, before she was nine years old. The benevolent design of Greeley to fill the void in her intellectual equipment and to make of her a second Margaret Fuller did not carry very far. As a large part of her career was occupied in spelling out the raps, she necessarily became a good speller, although the vocabulary of that sort of telegraph is neither large nor varied. Katie was a perfectly normal medium. But the part costs.

When for a time under the influence of drink (there were reform periods when she was quite trustworthy in this matter) she was hustled off to her room by my mother, so that I saw uniformly the smiling, cheerful, patient Katie, and always welcomed her appearance. To my childish imagination, it announced something mysteriously interesting. "The degrading associations of the séance," on which those dwelt whose trust in human nature had traveled so far as the Declaration of Independence but stopped short at sorcery, witchcraft, mysticism, and mesmerism, were unknown to me and never in word or act implicated in the presence or personality of this trim, little figure. Undoubtedly she was a typical seeress; her dreamy eyes and a certain languor of enunciation and of gesture and carriage were in keeping with the part. She was, however, most keenly interested in the phenomena which everywhere accompanied her, giving to her advice in the privacy of her chamber, as well as counsel and revelation to others, in the séance. I have seen, on the stage, actresses who succeeded in closely reproducing the manner and looks of Katie; but she never de-

scended to their simulation, tricks, and duplicity, their invidious mimicry.

Most instructive is the fact that she was often the most surprised and even frightened of all persons in attendance at physical phenomena and materializations, at their noise, their vividness, at the uncertainty and uncanniness of things that are done in the dark. No one, indeed, could be more broken into the metapsychic occurrences than she was. At nine years of age, she had snapped her fingers, curious whether the peddler's ghost would reply, and was childishly delighted at a response that would have terribly frightened other children. In the jargon of the spiritualists, she was thoroughly and permanently "magnetized." But her career as a medium was not on an uninterrupted level of wont and use. On the contrary, the period was one in which the apparent and the invisible worlds were testing out their common ground with thoroughness, and Katie was herself a pretty large lot in the surveyed plat.

The fact that her form had crossed the ocean in nowise affected her self-consciousness or simple, modest, I almost said, "lowly" bearing. The project of a trip to England, however, was most natural, both on account of the demand there for the presence of the great, American medium, and because Katie had earned a change of scene; rest, in the sense of cessation of phenomena, was not to be hers. There have been many temporary or occasional mediums. Katie was perpetual. Her very dreams were swaddled in raps.

And so, on October 7, 1871, Katie took ship for Europe. The circumstances of the departure are described by my mother in a citation included in a subsequent chapter. The details of her residence in England, at 53 Brompton Crescent, Brompton,[1] where, as the wife of Mr. H. D. Jencken, Barrister at law, Katie was largely occupied by domestic cares, need not concern us. The hypothesis lies at hand that,

[1] "Leah," p. 92.

perchance, Mr. Jencken had courted the possibility that his children might prove greater mediums than their mother. The desire for superior progeny is universal; to it is to be attributed the improvements in domestic animals and plants; why not in *homo sapiens?*

The older of Mrs. Jencken's two sons was Ferdinand Diedrich Loewenstein Jencken, born September 19, 1873. On the 18th of February, 1874, at H. D. Jencken's rooms at Brighton, England, a pencil being put into Ferdie's hands, he wrote in the Greek language and characters:

ὅτις εἰς ἔμε πιστεύει ζώσει.

"He who trusts in Me shall live." [2]

And on the 11th of March following, he similarly was able to write the message, "I love this little boy. God bless his mamma. J. D. F. I am happy." Hence, when he finally came to America with his mother, in August, 1888, he was fifteen years old. I never learned that he ever used intoxicants. When his mother died in 1892, he was employed as a traveling news agent on the Delaware and Lackawanna. One day, when on his run out of New York, he obeyed an impulse to return to his mother by leaving his outgoing train and boarding an incoming one at a station. It was her last illness. I remember him as an erect, intelligent youth. He adopted the profession of a medium, but died at the early age of 35. The obituary in the press dispatch reads: "New York, April 22 (1908)—Fifty members of the First Spiritualist society of New York gathered last evening to attend the funeral services of Ferdinand Fox Jencken, who died Sunday.

"Mr. Jencken, who was 38 years old, died of consumption. (Error in age?) He was the last surviving member of the Fox family, who founded spiritualism in Rochester about sixty years ago.

[2] "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." (Under the circumstances, the abridgment is quite pardonable.) John 11, 25.

"Mr. Jencken was the son of Kate Fox, a famous medium in her day. When his mother was a little girl living at Rochester, uncanny rappings were heard about the Fox house, which attracted the attention of the entire country. Kate, then a child, said that she was able to get answers from spirits, and became medium and clairvoyant. Her sisters, Leah and Margaret, followed her example, but she was the most successful of the three." Ferdie had abbreviated his name to suit the American practice in the matter of names.

Not only does the press dispatch testify that the virtuosity of Katie has passed into legend, but it further, by its vague perfunctoriness, suggests the idea of the need for further metapsychic revival.

A second son, Henry, was born at Mrs. Underhill's in New York, in 1875. He was more delicate than Ferdinand. My impression is that he died before his mother.

It was well that Katie went to England, for she there not only founded a family of her own but she offered the opportunity to Sir William Crookes to investigate spiritualism. It was no chance that the two greatest mediums, D. D. Home and Katie Fox, were brought into contact with the greatest living physicist.[3]

"Like a traveler exploring some distant country, the wonders of which have hitherto been known only through reports and rumours of a vague or distorted character, so for four years have I been occupied in pushing an enquiry into a territory of natural knowledge which offers almost virgin soil to a scientific man." [4] . . . Mr. Crookes writes of being compelled to suspend investigations because D. D. Home is not in good health and "Miss Kate Fox (now Mrs. Jencken) is not free from domestic and maternal occupa-

[3] "Notes of an Enquiry into the phenomena Called Spiritual," *Quarterly Journal of Science*, edited by William Crookes, F.R.S., January, 1874 (Vol. iV, New Series 77).

[4] "Crookes," p. 77.

tions." [5] . . . He writes of the difficulty of obtaining the services of a good medium: "Spiritualism, among its more devout followers, is a religion. The mediums, in many cases young members of the family, are guarded with a seclusion and a jealousy which an outsider can penetrate with difficulty." [6] . . . "These sounds are noticed with almost every medium, each having a special peculiarity; they are more varied with Mr. Home, but for power and certainty I have met with no one who at all approached Miss Kate Fox. For several months I enjoyed almost unlimited opportunity of testing the various phenomena occurring in the presence of this lady, and I especially examined the phenomena of these sounds. With mediums generally it is necessary to sit for a formal *séance* before anything is heard; but in the case of Miss Fox, it seems only necessary for her to place her hand on any substance for loud thuds to be heard in it, like a triple pulsation, something loud enough to be heard several rooms off. . . . I have heard these sounds proceeding from the floor, walls, etc., when the medium's hands and feet were held—when she was standing on a chair —when she was enclosed in a wire cage—and when she had fallen fainting on a sofa. I have heard them on a glass harmonicon—I have felt them on my own shoulder and under my own hands. I have heard them on a piece of paper, held between the fingers by a piece of thread passed through one corner. With a full knowledge of the numerous theories which have been started, chiefly in America, to explain these sounds, I have tested them in every way that I could devise, until there has been no escape from the conviction that they were true, objective occurrences not produced by trickery or mechanical means." [7] . . . "Under the strictest test conditions, I have more than once had a solid, self-luminous, crystalline body placed in my hand by

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 78.
[6] *Ibid.*, p. 79.
[7] *Ibid.*, p. 83.

a hand which did not belong to anyone in the room. *In the light,* I have seen a luminous cloud hover over a heliotrope on a side table, break a sprig off, and carry the sprig to a lady; and on some occasions I have seen a similar, luminous cloud visibly condense to the form of a hand and carry small objects about." [8] . . .

"I have more than once seen, first one object move, then a luminous cloud appear to form about it, and, lastly, the cloud condense into shape and become a perfectly formed hand. At this stage, the hand is visible to all present. It is not always a mere form, but sometimes appears perfectly lifelike and graceful, the fingers moving and the flesh apparently as human as any in the room. At the wrist or arm it becomes hazy, and fades off into a luminous cloud." . . . "The nebulous cloud" is not equally visible to all present.

"To the touch the hand sometimes appears icy cold and dead, at other times warm and life-like, grasping my own with the firm pressure of an old friend.

"I have retained one of these hands in my own, firmly resolved not to let it escape. There was no struggle or effort made to get loose, but it gradually seemed to resolve itself into vapour, and faded in that manner from my grasp." [9]

Miss Fox was the medium. "A luminous hand came down from the upper part of the room," wrote, "and then rose up over our heads, gradually fading into darkness." [10]

. . . "I have been with Miss Fox when she has been writing a message automatically to one person present, whilst a message to another person on another subject was being given alphabetically by means of 'raps,' and the whole time she was conversing freely with a third person on a subject totally different from either." [11]

. . . "Be it remembered that an explanation to be of any

[8] "Crookes," p. 87.
[9] *Ibid.,* p. 88.
[10] *Ibid.,* p. 89.
[11] *Ibid.,* p. 91.

value must satisfy *all* the conditions of the problem. It is not enough for a person, who has perhaps seen only a few of the inferior phenomena, to say 'I suspect it was all cheating,' or 'I saw how some of the tricks could be done.' "[12]

The belief reached by Crookes, after four years of study of metapsychic phenomena, did not grow dim with time. Indeed, the scientific mind never loses and seldom relaxes its grasp on a problem once visualized. The work-a-day man has a weak hold on fundamental truth, which is banished by the humdrum of wont and use. He is unable to objectify his thoughts sufficiently to construct an extended argument, or to hold firmly a theoretical point of view, or to distinguish between hypothesis and experience so as to reach a valid conclusion. Being unable to visualize ideas as such, except those of a rudimentary or merely, one might say, pugnacious sort, he is unable to draw those fine distinctions which, the more we entertain them, grow until they acquire a solid importance. Instance the difficulty of abstracting the "positive" from the "material" in thought. And so of most abstract adjectives.

But a Crookes kept with him the problem of immortality some thirty years longer, and then, as President of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, than which no more weighty an organization of men of science is to be found, he was able to and took occasion firmly to declare, in his inaugural speech, that he in no whit relaxed his belief in the veridicity of the metapsychic phenomena and that he held by his conclusions of 1874.

Of course many eminent men of science, besides the "Harvard Professors," have fulminated against spiritualism. Instance Faraday and Haeckel. But few after investigation. Scientific men like to cast off the restraints of science, once in a while. It rests their brains to relapse frankly into the field of prejudice. Psychic research, however, has pretty

[12] *Ibid.*, p. 95.

well corraled them. They generally admit that something new has been found for investigation. What further could one ask? To demand that they arrive at your or my conclusion were but an avowal of your or my own prejudices. All human conclusions partake of the temporal and provisional. And yet it is possible, consistently with this admission, to take a positive attitude. Let us avow that there is such a thing as personality, and that the metapsychic phenomena are, at least, documents in the case, and we shall have advanced far enough to suit the requirements of progress as well as of a most human, social, and ethical imagination.

The narrative now reaches a trivial episode which would better be omitted were it not that it has exerted so unfavorable an impression about Katie Fox, in high quarters. It is the "nigger in the woodpile" who must be unmasked if the Fox sisters are to rest in the odor of sanctity which is their due. It is the fashion for biographers to present the rosy view of the lives they profess truthfully to record; and it is certainly their duty to say all the good they can. A bad life would not be worth recording, except, perhaps, briefly and quite objectively, as a study in the social sciences. But when so good, sweet, and innocent a seeress as was our Katie is accused of fraud and claimed to have condemned herself, on her own admission, it is the duty of her friends to register a protest in no uncertain tones.

Professor J. H. Hyslop, Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, in his book, "Contact with the Other World," p. 28, wrote as follows:

"It was the confession of Margaret Fox that deprived the movement of both its scientific and religious interest. She confessed to making raps with her toe joints. It mattered not that there were other and mental phenomena which were well attested, and that there was testimony that raps had occurred in localities where action of the toe joints could not

be effective. The confession of fraud sufficed to rob the case forever of scientific interest. . . .

"The spiritualists who endeavored to defend their protégés only weakened their cause and brought it into deserved contempt. There can be no doubt in the mind of the present writer that the phenomena of the Fox sisters never received their deserved recognition, but" . . . etc., etc.

There is here an unconscious attempt by the Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research to insist upon a rigid, antagonistic aggressiveness at the same time that he cannot repress his convictions as a spiritualist. It is a throwing of a sop to the scientific Cerberus, and the sop is the poor "Fox sisters." He does not mention by name a third sister, Leah, Mrs. Underhill, but she is of course included in the dragnet.

There are three, legal assumptions in the indictment: (1) all scientific interest about all phenomena of a medium ceases with the discovery of fraud in any case. Are we to believe this version of the author's dogma, or the contradictory one to be found, p. 58, of the same volume? "Honesty has no importance in determining the nature of the phenomena. Only tests to exclude normal knowledge and sensation can decide whether the facts are super-normal or not. For this reason the scientist does not care whether he is dealing with frauds or not, if only he can determine the conditions under which the phenomena are produced."

Why then did not Professor Hyslop accord to the "Fox sisters" at least the concession of a fair trial under severe tests, which he permitted to other mediums? The only explanation I can imagine is that an atmosphere inimical to all the Fox family had spread over the headquarters of the S.P.R., which the distinguished Secretary was unable to pierce or clear away, with the result of the foregoing inconsistency. The cause of this unfavorable atmosphere we shall proceed to consider, directly.

(2) The responsibility of a medium for what she utters is

not on a par with that of an average or normal person, but is to be judged by far stricter standards.

(3) Those who insist that the case of Maggie (not to speak of Katie, who only verbally assented to Maggie's "confession") should not be given the privilege of thorough discussion are injuring the cause of psychic research more than the Secretary who goes out of his way to throw stones at the humble mediums who have furnished more material for scientific investigation than any others and whose early manifestations were, it is little exaggeration to say, the very basis of the whole metapsychic revival in the world, and the chief *raison d'être* for the societies for psychic research.

For the writer, reared in the gentle atmosphere of a pure family cult (and civilized religion is the offspring of ancestor-worship), this attack on the revered seeress of his youth comes as nothing less than monstrous. It is time to speak. In one paragraph the Secretary writes (1) that any fraud throws out the medium from investigation, no matter what her faculty and (2) that the "Fox sisters" committed frauds; but, in the next paragraph, he concedes (3) that nevertheless their "case" deserves investigation.

The cloud upon the memory of the Fox sisters and the vacillating attitude of the honest Secretary are, perhaps, to be traced to an incident that occurred upon the landing of Maggie and Katie upon their return, in October, 1888, from Europe. Katie was accompanied by her two sons, "Ferdie" and "Henny." Since Dr. Taylor had seen Katie in New York in the spring of 1887, it would appear that she had made a trip to England in the intervening period.

The present writer's surmises as to the gathering point of the cloud alluded to above are founded on a booklet published in 1888,[18] which contains the following machiavellian "dope":

[18] "The Death Blow to Spiritualism": being the true story of the Fox Sisters as revealed by authority of Margaret Fox Kane and Catherine Fox

"We hereby approve of Mr. Reuben B. Davenport's design to write a true account of the origin of Spiritualism and of our connection therewith and we authorize him to make proper use of all data and material that we furnish him. New York, 15 October 1888. (Signed) Margaret Fox Kane, Catherine Fox Jencken." This document, reproduced at the beginning of the booklet, is no confession of "fraud." Perhaps that is to be found here,—a letter of Margaret's from London, May 14, 1888: "Spiritualism is a curse. Fanatics like Mr. Luther R. Marsh, Mr. John L. O'Sullivan, ex-minister to Portugal, and hundreds equally as learned, ignore the 'rappings' (which is the only part of the phenomena that is worthy of notice) and rush madly after the glaring humbugs that flood New York. But a harmless message that is given through the 'rappings' is of little account to them; they want the spirit to come in full form, to walk before them, talk to them, embrace them, and what is the result? Like old Judge Edmonds, and Mr. Seybert of Philadelphia, they become crazed and at the direction of fraud 'mediums' they are induced to part with all their worldly possessions as well as their common-sense," etc., etc.

In all this there is no word of recantation, only a finding fault with those who prefer materializations to communications, and at most a note of jealousy of other mediums, coupled with a very proper warning against humbugs. In fact, the reaffirmation of the veridicity of the phenomena is positive; only that one kind is preferred to another.

In an interview which appeared in the New York *Herald,* October 11, 1888, the day after Katie's arrival on the *Persian Monarch,* she was reported as saying: "I care nothing for Spiritualism. So far as I am concerned, I am done with it. I will say this. I regard it as one of the very greatest curses that the world has ever known. . . . The proposition (that

Jencken. By Reuben Briggs Davenport, New York, G. W. Dillingham, publisher, 1888.

Katie throw herself upon the sympathy of the Spiritualists) she emphatically rejected and declared that she had done forever with Spiritualism and Spiritualists. She firmly believes that leading men and women among the latter, particularly her eldest sister, Leah, are her secret persecutors, and that it was due to their animus that she was arrested last spring and deprived of her two boys, to whom she is immeasurably devoted," etc.

This is about all there is to the "confession." Davenport goes on to make up a book out of the well-known Hydesville occurrences and so forth, giving to them all a liberal twist in the cause of the fraud theory. His grand argument is that the "raps" were entirely produced by the toe-joint. He therefore enters the lists energetically against the various other knee-, hip-, elbow-, jaw-, and other joint theorists. It is so curious that this apparently simple, physiological puzzle could not be authoritatively solved by all the committees at Corinthian Hall, nor by the Buffalo doctors, nor by the Seybert Commission, nor by any of the thousands of investigators. And yet Davenport is so credulous as to believe that the Fox sisters had kept for forty years the secret of the rap by the big toe, which they had at last divulged to him.[14]

But if the jaw-hip-kneeologists are all wrong, why are not also the toeologists? Because Maggie let the secret out of the bag that it was the toeologists who were right, says Davenport. Conclusive as the case seems to him, one is constrained to look further for explanation of all these exaggerations and perversions. In order to make his accusation seem probable, he attempts to make out that Maggie is the one, white, ewe lamb in the dark, Fox kennel.

As it is impossible, at this late date, to become four-square with all the circumstances surrounding this suspicious and evidently artificial and inconsequential "confession," let us draw a little upon our imaginations, a proceeding not un-

[14] *Ibid.*, p. 92.

known to professional exposers of spiritualism. They will, of course, not deny to us a privilege of which they so freely avail themselves.

The explanation of the "talk" of Maggie (Katie seems to have chimed in, at times) lies in the well-known psychology of the medium; and that this psychology is not on all hands allowed for only proves how reluctant men are to apply sound theory. Let us suppose that Maggie and Katie arrive together from England on the *Persian Monarch.* There has been much interest in them, on the passage, séances perhaps have been held in the dining hall of the ship, and fellow passengers have ordered wine. City reporters, scenting a scoop, have met the steamer at Quarantine, more wine is ordered, and Katie is asked about some affair of the Gerry Society (and what was the animus of that?) touching on the custody of her boys. The thought of this interference angers her, she loses her head, and makes accusations right and left.

At the same time, Maggie is asked what she thinks of Leah? Maggie accuses Leah of exploiting her for profit in the tours and sittings of her girlhood, and becomes also very angry, and Katie sympathizes with this sister. The reporters instinctively know or maliciously feel out these weak points. They are past masters in suggestion. Maggie and Katie are among the best subjects for suggestion known to history. The result is inevitable that the two women denounce spiritualism,—anything to get the best of that hated Leah, who was really their best friend and second mother.

Add to the suggestibility of the mediums the fact that they are probably in straitened financial circumstances, it is no wonder that the reporters and others are able to persuade the two sisters to attend a public meeting at the Academy of Music, where Maggie advances on the stage and puts her foot on a stool, *à la* Trilby, whereupon the great hall resounds with "raps" coming from all parts! Such is the power of little Maggie's toe-joint! While Katie sits approvingly in a

box, and the dear public is highly edified,—at so much *per.*

Maggie and Katie were simply irresponsibles who had escaped from their guardians and fallen among wolves. It is astonishing that a person acquainted with the medium tribe as is the Secretary of the S.P.R., should take any other view of the case, or hesitate over it for a moment, or consider that it, in any way, affected the standing of the medium *qua* medium; and all this in flat contradiction to his own theory of mediumship! In fact, a combative medium, steeled against suggestion like a cautious trader on the "market," is a rare bird. I know of none.

If one only considers the prevalence of this weakness of abnormal suggestibility in everyday experience, he cannot wonder at it in a medium. Consider how legislatures pass laws to protect the farmer against the skilled marketer of blue sky. Consider how stocks are sold in enterprises the object of which is to be announced later on, after the money is paid. Consider, gentle reader, the worthless salt, silver, lumber, potash, cattle, railroad stocks and titles that have been purchased by yourself and your relatives!

The writer had a near relative, A, who brought suit against one, B, for infringement of a patent. The master decided in favor of A, and the question of damages was further referred for assessment. When A's counsel asked him how much the damage was, A became confused; he was not a financial man, had not been properly coached, probably felt very uncomfortable in the presence of the counsel for B, and answered that he had suffered no damage! His counsel thereupon threw up the case and sent in a good, round bill for fees!

The whole course of human contest, survival, evolution turns upon the power of admitting or shutting out suggestion. Evidently mediums, whose business it is *always to admit suggestions,* are not fitted to fight the battle of life, nor is truth to be obtained *from* their own personalities, but only *through* their persons. Considering the probable circumstances, as I

have imagined them from perusal of the Davenport book and from intimate acquaintance with Katie, it is surprising that she did so well. The normal life vibrates between combat and information.

This was probably the one occasion in her life when she was wholly without some protecting arm about her; and the keen scent of the scandal-hound for its quarry led him straight to her and he pounced upon her, for was not that his living? This is a situation which the student of psychic research must, from the start, thoroughly comprehend. Like many truths which have been more formally received into the social sciences, it has not occurred to men to apply it in their daily living. Notice, in corroboration, how scant recognition professorial economists pay to the principles of finance or of international trade, when they are preoccupied with practical finance or trade. And the politicians! The "confession" was no milestone in Katie's career. She remained the medium she had always been. Otherwise much of Book IV of the Fox-Taylor Psychic Record would not have been written.

In the year 1888, it was the New York *Herald* which appropriated the delicious morsel of the "recantation" of the Fox sisters. In 1922, the same newspaper featured the propaganda of a Sir Conan Doyle as it had done, a year or two previously, that of a Sir Oliver Lodge. Can you beat it! The newspapers, by and large, are the best barometers of public opinion. They know what tone pays. Verily, *tempora mutantur!*

CHAPTER VI

ROBERT DALE OWEN

(November 7, 1801-June 24, 1877)

MANY an evening, after the meal, a youth, I have paced up and down the corridors of the Hotel Branting with Robert Dale Owen. Although he had the advantage of me by fifty-eight years, he seemed to love to tell me about his life as American Ambassador in Naples or to recount the wonderful deeds of the Admirable Crichton. These evenings gave me great joy and I hastened to join my very human and warmly expansive elder when I espied him at his constitutional exercise. But I could not then understand, as I do better now, the services which he had performed both to his adopted country and to psychic science. I did appreciate, however, that he was a most charming and exceptional man, who possessed an unusual faculty of keeping his interlocutor entertained.

Podmore says (Life of Robert Owen, I, 328): "In 1853 he (Robert Dale Owen) was appointed U. S. Minister at Naples. Whilst there he became converted to spiritualism, and his two books, *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World,* and *The Debatable Land between this World and the Next,* remain two of the best books ever written on the subject. That pernicious heresy never found a nobler or more persuasive advocate." This citation, which the present writer has discovered subsequently to the writing of Chapter IV, *supra,* not only confirms, as of the year 1906, the bias of Podmore's earlier work, but also enables us to measure the distance he was to travel up to 1911, when he grudgingly admitted the evidential value of the "cross-correspondences." And why does he write these long histories of spiritualism, if, at bot-

tom, he does not nourish a real acceptance? Otherwise they were valuable only as studies of "popular psychology."

Not only had Owen represented this country at the court of King "Bomba" (1853) but he had been continuously a public man throughout the active period of his life. He had been a member of the Indiana Legislature (1835), a member of Congress from Indiana (1843), a member of a committee of Congress to ascertain the condition of the colored population upon the promulgation of the emancipation proclamation, and, again, a commissioner to pass upon war claims against the government on Ordnance and Ordnance Stores.[1] Both the preliminary and final reports of the American Freedmen's Inquiry Commission were prepared by Mr. Owen, who was chairman.[2] The war claims commission sifted out some seventeen millions of dollars of claims which the Government would otherwise have had to pay. As member of Congress, Owen brought in the bill founding the Smithsonian Institution, but confided to me that he was not proud of his work, as he did not approve of the policy of its management. I do not recall the reason for his dissatisfaction. The fortune that Robert Owen, the father, sank in the ill-starred community of New Harmony was not wasted if it served to stimulate the popularity and helped to advance the political fortunes of the son.

Robert Dale Owen's great-great-grandfather on the mother's side was John Campbell of Glenarchy, first Earl of Breadalbane. In 1771, the first cotton mill was built. In 1782, Owen's grandfather, David Dale, who had married a granddaughter of the Earl, entered into partnership with Arkwright to build and carry on the new business of making cotton cloth by machinery. By 1784, the mills were finished. In that year the partnership was dissolved, Dale remaining the sole proprietor.

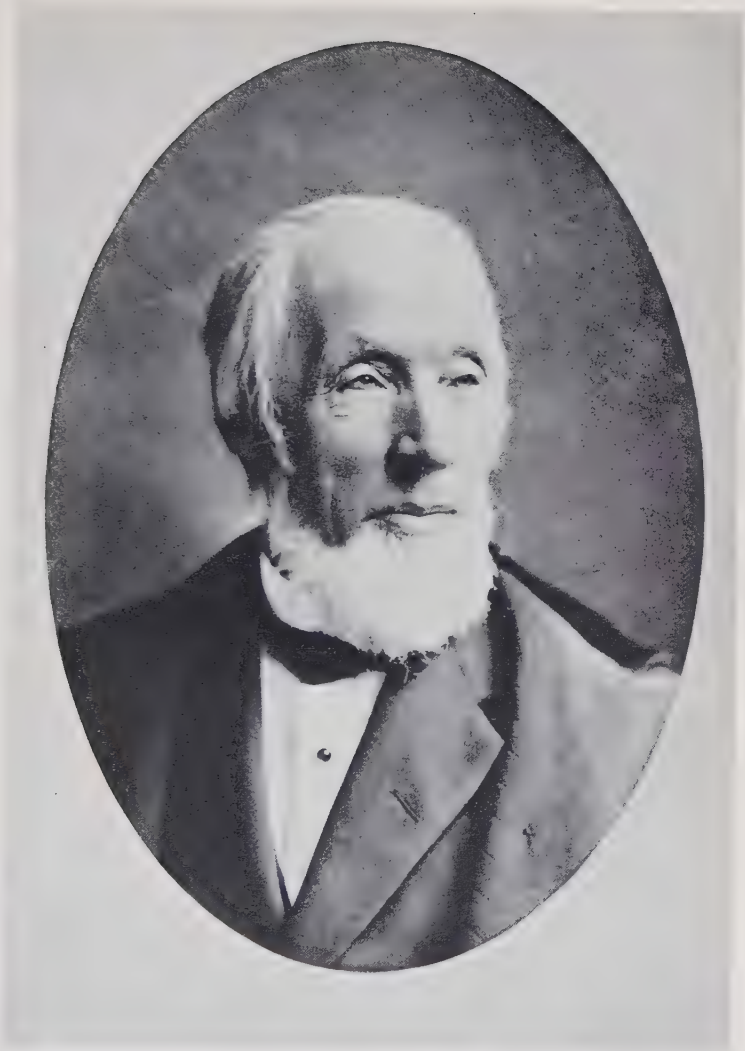
[1] *Cf.* "Debatable Land," p. 472 n.
[2] R. D. Owen, "The Wrong of Slavery," 1864, pp. 9, 106 n.

David Dale was a lover of his fellowman and his first duty and care were the welfare of the factory operatives. This auspicious beginning of great industry has not always maintained itself in the sequel. But the dream of New Lanark lasted a while, for Dale's daughter, Ann Caroline, married Robert Owen, a leading English cotton mill manager, September 30, 1799, who had already (with his partners) bought out Dale and who became active manager of New Lanark, "about the first of January, 1800," [3] and, what is more to the point, blossomed into the greatest philanthropist of his time. It is no wonder that their eldest son, Robert Dale Owen, born November 7, 1801, was a man of energy, sincerity, intelligence, and deep conviction, nor that he rose to eminence in his adopted country by his own native qualities, after the father had dissipated a fortune in more or less wisely planned benefactions.

A word only as to Robert Dale Owen's education need detain us, but that word is rendered necessary by the clear logic and excellent style and language of his writings, which undoubtedly promoted the wide circulation which they enjoyed. The beginnings of the nineteenth century were rife with new and utopian schemes which, founded on other worldly principles and often disappointed, have fortunately, in some cases, manifested recurrent vitality until they have captured the decisive moments of legislation or of popularity. Temperance reform is an illustration of this trend of opinion that will naturally occur to one. Another would be that of self-government in schools and colleges, and also among the youth when collected for any reason, as in the George Jr. Republic; or among prisoners, as in the Sing Sing prison.

In 1818, Owen and his brother William, a year younger, were sent to the school of Emmanuel von Fellenberg, at his estate Hofwyl, two leagues from Berne. Here they remained

[3] "Threading My Way," an Autobiography by Robert Dale Owen, Paper I. Originally appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.



ROBERT DALE OWEN

Gutekunst, Phila.

From the Taylor family album

three years. This institution comprised a primary school, a college, an industrial school, and workshops for improved, agricultural instruments.[4] Here Robert Dale Owen became really an educated man. He did not go to any other college, but in the three years at Hofwyl acquired not only a good general education but a first class command of the German and French languages. If one wonders at the clear logic and good, sustained style of his writings, knowing that these accomplishments are not acquired without labor, one can only look for the foundation to the discipline of Fellenberg at Hofwyl.

"To an excellent friend and former colleague, the Viscount St. Amaro, Brazilian Minister at Naples, I shall ever remain debtor for having first won my serious attention to phenomena of a magneto-psychological character and to the study of analogous subjects. It was in his apartments, on the 4th of March, 1856, and in presence of himself and his lady, together with a member of the royal family of Naples, that I witnessed for the first time, with mingled feelings of surprise and incredulity, certain physical movements apparently without material agency. Three weeks later, during an evening at the Russian Minister's, an incident occurred, as we say, fortuitously, which after the strictest scrutiny, I found myself unable to explain without referring it to some intelligent agency foreign to the spectators present,—not one of whom, it may be added, knew or had practiced anything connected with what is called spiritualism or mediumship. From that day I determined to test the matter thoroughly. My public duties left me, in winter, few leisure hours, but many during the summer and autumn months; and that leisure, throughout more than two years, I devoted to an investigation (conducted partly by personal observations made in privacy, partly by means of books) of the great question whether agencies from another phase of existence ever inter-

[4] *Idem, ibid.*, p. 147.

vene here, and operate, for good or evil, on mankind." [5]

The visible result of this activity was "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," published January 1, 1860. The psychic studies were interrupted by the Civil War and by political activities, and by a book on the slavery question.[6] The war ended, Owen resumed the thread of his metapsychic studies, or, as he called it, studies in "magneto-psychology or pneumatology," and his other large book on this subject, "The Debatable Land between this World and the Next," appeared in 1872. A novel, "Beyond the Breakers," is also to be placed to his credit.

On the topic that engages us, Owen's work was epoch-making. Psychology having entered as a new, working viewpoint into the use and wont of the circle that guarantees a literature and the expenditure of printer's ink, it was directly in order of the most psychological of phenomena, the recurrent spasms of revivalism and of mysticism in its large and quite religious sense, to claim their share in systematic, ordered, and objective thinking.

But everything occurs through a process, and this time the immediate and appropriate process was to convince the world of the veridicity of the phenomena. If the phenomena themselves are a sign of something, so also must preliminary signs of that sign be given their credit. What is learning but a seeking for signs? And what is knowledge but the systems of signs which really work? The veridicity of the phenomena once established, "spiritualism" is converted into "psychic research," and the lines of inquiry melt away into the mass of learning which enlivens the science of life, call it psychology, metaphysics, biology, or what you will.

The temperament, education, and gentlemanly life work of Owen conspired to make his writings on this subject the most important that appeared during the period of the verid-

[5] Preface to "Footfalls."
[6] "The Wrong of Slavery and the Right of Emancipation," 1864.

icity campaign,—at least, up to his time. Of course, the work of the societies for psychical research has been weightier, dealing, as it does, with current, contemporaneous phenomena, and leading on to the philosophical writings of Meyer, Hyslop, Lodge, and others.

Today we hear no more of Owen. That is to be regretted. Twenty thousand copies of the earlier book were sold in the United States and England,[7] and Charles Dickens, in *All the Year Round* (September, 1860), "after dissenting from many of its conclusions," said: "I rise from the perusal of this book with a high regard for Mr. Owen personally. He is a gentleman of a sweet temper, and expresses himself as a gentleman should. He is a good writer and has an admirable power of telling a story. That one of his stories which is called 'The Rescue,' is by far the best of its kind to be found. Excellent throughout, it is told with a singular propriety, modesty, clearness, and force." [8]

The writings of Capron, Edmonds, Hardinge and others suffered from the surprise caused by the revival and from an unwarranted assumption that the manifestations were quite *sui generis*. Owen, with his continental education, took a more cosmopolite point of view. His reading in French and German authors on this topic put the phenomena in order in his mind, so that the earlier work, "Footfalls," is noteworthy for its system and for the wide field of observation. In it, at the outset, he seeks, in essence, to prepare the reader by general observations on the limitations of knowledge, although that rubric had not, *eo nomine*, occurred to him. And he further refines the subject under the very appropriate headings of "the impossible," "the miraculous," and "the improbable," categories which go as far as possible to analyze a mass of nearly intractable material.

In Book II, he takes up the obviously familiar and yet

[7] "Debatable Land," p. 148.
[8] "Debatable Land," book notice.

intensely refractory subject of sleep and dreams. While it cannot be said that he adds anything to knowledge on that topic, that method of approaching the psychic life is reasonable. The limitations of Owen's treatment are here manifest, for he neglects the analysis of personality, to which this field invites.

The third book treats of hauntings. It is possible to look on hauntings, by a popular psychology, as the next-door-neighbors of dreams. That view is a concession to the pseudo-scientific prejudice that hauntings, like dreams, are "all imagination." Also, if, with the Greeks, we are to believe that peradventure foreign personalities present themselves *propriis personis* in our dreams, the appropriateness of the topical arrangement still stands. With hauntings he cannot but associate poltergeist, which is apparently of the earth, earthy. However, the classification is perhaps as good as possible to one who renounces metapsychic and paraphysical speculation. Indeed, the speculation up to Owen's time had been chiefly physical, and that before the age of chemo- and radio-physics. Owen would have had to content himself with vague references to mesmerism, galvanism, magnetism and the like, and he showed strong prescience in leaving alone a topic still in the dough but in which enormous progress has been made since his time.

In the fourth book, he easily passes over into apparitions in general, a subject which first calls for a discussion of what may be hallucination, and then divides itself into the heads, universally adopted by subsequent writers, of apparitions of the living and apparitions of the dead. In the next book, the very interesting field is entered upon of interferences, warnings, punishments; while the last book is upon the nature of death and upon the reasonableness of the belief in the future life.

After all, the success of "Footfalls" lay in what Dickens was so quick to observe, the excellent gift of the author for story telling. He had ransacked the literature of the subject,

in several languages, and had selected those relations which were the most authentic, the best corroborated. He spared no pains to chase down clews, to interview surviving witnesses, to compare accounts. Of course, the critics declared that these stories were a mass of unsupported superstition, and it was in order to meet this objection and to furnish severer control, that the societies for psychic research were founded. But now that the veridicity of the phenomena has been established by contemporaneous research and accepted openly by wide circles and tacitly still more generally, men will turn back to Owen's books for delightful entertainment and instruction.

The blood of the Calvinist, however, was strong in Owen's veins. Beneath his gentle and sympathetic, if rugged, exterior, lay a willingness to battle and to die for a cause. "Footfalls" was too ingratiating to suit our canny Scotchman. He must have a whack at the dogmatists, and the irrepressible conflict broke out again in the next book, "The Debatable Land," published January 1, 1872.

Owen admits that he had longed to frame a special address to the Protestant clergy; the opportunity come, he embraced it with eagerness. Through one hundred and fifty-nine pages of lofty logic and purest English, his argument rolls on like a polished, glistening, and mighty ground-wave, from the errors of the Reformation to the necessity of a new infusion of spiritual truth and to a marvelously well-balanced and sincere statement of spiritualist doctrine. The present writer has ventured a variant formulation of doctrine from the more psychological, personal, coupled with near-cosmic point of view of the present book; but a re-reading of Owen's statement convinces him that it cannot, on general principles and for a wide publicity, be equaled, not to say surpassed.

"Modern belief in the Unseen urgently needs freshening and additional support"; here we have one formulation of the viewpoint of spiritualism. It was, therefore, in Owen's

mind. But in the sense of a special adaptation to spiritualism, it received scant attention in the Address. The times were not ripe for the dwelling upon it. The Unseen was at the theological stadium, so far as popular presentation goes, and theologically it must be treated. Religion also must be treated theologically. Men were shooting parsons, not sparrows; whereas, in our day, the old debates are pretty well talked out, like free silver or greenbacks, and men take their religion more simply or, anyhow, more directly, or else not at all. That may be an advance. And yet it were a distinct loss to one's needed sum of experience to omit the schoolman's discussions in their bearings on the metapsychic phenomena.

Today we are enabled to proclaim a department, psychical research, likely to absorb psychology in its quest for the essentials of spirituality, be it personal or cosmic. In those days, it was a victory to convince men of the veridicity of the phenomena. In Owen, therefore, as the man of the hour, we are to look for a last and most brilliant attack on the schoolman's basis.

His line of argument was calculated to prove to the open mind of sixty years ago the necessity for some spiritual movement such as that of spiritualism. The present writer has sought to work over this position into a spiritual theory. "In every department of material and intellectual science, the advance has been from conquest to conquest. But in pneumatology, says Owen, is the end already reached? Has an investigator of religion no longer a legitimate vocation? Shall we say of its doctrines, as a Scottish philosopher did of the learned foundations of Europe, that they are not without their lesson for the historian of the human mind?" [9]

St. Augustine had recognized as a fact that human progress is sustained and vivified by a system of natural infiltration of spirituality from outside the visible world. The Church

[9] "Debatable Land," p. 46.

had narrowed and materialized the grand conception of the mission of Christ and of all moral teachers (albeit of the others in minor degree) by the selfish and contentious doctrine of a Church monopoly in spiritual gifts; straight out, the Church was and was to be the sole channel of this ingerence. The abuses of this monopoly, necessary though it perhaps was among a populace which assuredly needed discipline in the letter of the law moral, were manifested in the sale of indulgences, and perpetuated in the doctrine of infallibility, a modern challenge to the good sense of the upper strata enlightenment. Still worse were the early, not to say, premature, official closing of what one might call the "open season for miracles" and the declaration that all future miracles also were to be exclusive, Church prerogative.

The Church, therefore, at a very early date, entered frankly into the struggle process and thereby into the contention for power rather than for light. If this direction given to its endeavors had been more perspicacious, it would have been excusable, even laudable. Its bloody persecutions are only too eloquent witnesses that it had fallen a victim to a cunning grammatology and to the claptrap and choplogic of cloister debating-clubs and of their fanatical purblindness.

Nor did the Reformation remedy entirely the despiritualizing attitude. It gave the Bible to the masses, but it denied to them freedom of interpretation: they must read minded to receive the orthodox (if reformed) interpretation. The thought that persecution was wrong or did not pay entered the heads of only a few reformers; doubtless many Catholics also believed it to be a mistake. Most of the old, standardized, labeled, and branded doctrines were retained by the Reformers, especially those relating to election and damnation, which originated in the fevered brain of St. Paul, working mechanically overtime, when his mighty soul was sorely taxed.

Moreover, on the large, moral field of salvation, Luther

and Calvin, who denied altogether the efficacy of good works, registered a distinct retrogression from the standard doctrine of the Church. They found themselves confronted with a condition, the indulgences of a Tetzel; not with a theory, but with the abuse of a theory. To this they made front by an uncalled for denial of the doctrine of works and put their church for all time in flat contradiction with commonsense and experience.[10]

However, no part of the Church's temporalizing of religion counts for more and is more out of date than its advertised monopoly of miracles, and its doctrine that miracles are special exercises of a direct volition of deity. The reformers, however, took, on this point, a different tack. They, by and large, represented those elements of western civilization more obnoxious to the habit of mind which arose with Roger Bacon and Descartes, with Newton and Galileo, known as "scientific," or the mentality of those who pay severe attention to the inferences arising from systematic observation. Precisely, miracles are those occurrences which elude a comparatively primitive, consciously systematic observation; and hence the conviction of early scientists lay at hand that they did not occur at all, or were, at most, trivial matters of imagination. The Reformers thus not only denied the, in this matter, abusive monopoly of the Church, but they fell into the gross reaction of denying also the truth at the bottom, which the Church had abused.

St. Augustine, who was bishop of Hippo, A.D. 395, wrote: "They ask me, 'Why do the miracles not occur today?' " And his reply was: "At this very day a multitude of miracles do occur; the same God who caused the signs and wonders which we read of, works similar prodigies still by such powers as He sees fit to select." [11]

[10] Compare the recent compulsory retirement in Nebraska of Pastor Buckner from active service in the Methodist church, for denying the divine sanction for acts approved in certain fables in the Bible.

[11] "Debatable Land," p. 166.

Science but took one step further than Protestantism, and by that token science constituted itself also a sort of religion *à rebours*, for Protestantism could not deny the Christian miracles and remain Protestantism. It, accordingly, concluded to deny all miracles subsequent to the days of the Apostles or shortly afterwards. Protestantism has been swept too far from the psychic course. How long will the Christian dispensation hold valid? It is idle to pretend that the doings of the Christian era will by mere iteration of tradition and unshakable formalism of dogmatism perpctually enthrall men. As those crucial days recede, more and more become the records but records, but phrase, unless revivified and rerealized. This need is recognized by the clergy, by and large, but they have discovered no adequate means to this end.

The true means, is, says Owen, to make a science of religion and to study the phenomena of pneumatology.[12] Unitarians and others have essayed to make a science of religion, but a little observation convinces one that they need supplementary support from outside.

Probably the address to the Protestant clergy records the high watermark of Owen's literary effort. But he did not stop with that remarkable study of dogma. With undiminished enthusiasm, he further explored our relations and contacts with the Unseen. After examining, in Book I, claims to human infallibility, he treats of the notable burstings forth or mere bubblings up of spiritual insight which history records or familiar experience suggests, not omitting an excellent treatise on demonology. Belief in the Devil is put in its right place of imperfect acquaintance with the phenomena and of consequent fear and imputation of evil to them. This subject leads over to that of inspiration, which is ascribed to lower or higher powers according to the pre-

[12] The foregoing sketch of the Address to the Protestant Clergy is to be taken as an adaptation as well as an abridgment.

possessions of men. The inspiration of Christ is treated with vigor and after mature reflection, and states only what must be the spiritualist stand: It is possible that the conception of Christ was unusual; the power of faith is enormous. Christ was not infallible and made some minor errors of statement. His inspiration cannot be overestimated and is not yet realized in its fullness. His miracles are in agreement with little known laws of intermundane exertions of will-power.

Then follows a new collection of authentic phenomena, classified, not on a scale of materiality, as in "Footfalls," but under a clever system well calculated to fortify the foregoing arguments by showing: the variety of the contacts with another world (Book II), the power of the physical manifestations (Book III), the identity of personalities, sometimes ancient (Book IV), the special appearance of apparitions to relieve the grief or reassure the doubts of surviving mortals (Book V), cures and prophecies (Book VI). The whole work concludes with a most explicit and logical statement of the respective errors of Catholic and Protestant churches on the subjects of miracles, infallibility, and immortality.

The best ghost-story is the account of the experiences and dreams of the musician, N. C. Bach, concerning a spinet of Henri III, which he had purchased at an antiquary's. In this episode, Baltazzarini, the King's master of entertainments, plays the rôle of *revenant*.

Interesting, also, is the appearance to Mr. Owen, at a séance in Boston, Mass., in 1867, of the spirit of a very dear friend whom he calls "Violet" and who had died some thirty years before (p. 474). We are betraying no secret if we are so bold as to identify her with Jessie, the youthful passion of Owen, to whom he had almost, but not quite, proposed marriage.[13]

[13] *Cf.* "Threading My Way," p. 230.

CHAPTER VII

THE PRESENT STATE OF OUR PSYCHIC KNOWLEDGE

We are told that the sciences are the lineal descendants of primitive religion, or, frankly, of superstition. Religion furnished the start at accounting for things. Primitive man was enough of a communist to consider that the world owed him a good time and that interference with a good time was abominable and the work of devils incarnate. If after long and appropriate tests he could not discover the offender, then the latter must be a spirit, an unseen man. Religion was directed wholly towards appeasement, sacrifice, even of human victims. When real, psychic manifestations occurred, there were thus doctrinal spirits ready to perform them; but then the spirits answered to what we call "devils."

With the advent of civilization, state religion gradually abolished or outgrew human sacrifice, the devils were complemented and finally almost effaced by those grandiose but selfish beings who populated Olympus; and the inner clique of philosophers arose who not taking essential existence for granted founded a positive knowledge upon exact observation and necessitated, as part of state policy, a thorough system of education. Savages had educated their children in the bow and arrow and in expiatory rites. The newly cultured educated theirs in reading and writing.

A distinct, conscious mental life thus arose, *which was benign.* It opposed a beneficent God to the stultifying Devil, it offered one human sacrifice for all the race and for all time. But the special psychic phenomena still occurred, the same openings from the invisible (although refined *pari passu* with the nascent culture). Even savages had cultivated them in restricted circles, in their ceremonial tepees, hogans, or

kivas. It was not until the period of modern democracy that the ghostly rites could be thrown open to all the world. This does not mean that they are today without a survival of ancient hierarchical exclusiveness. Democracy is individualistic—it leaves to the individual his choice of religion and of rite and of spiritual circle. He will not choose a communion where he is not wanted or where the communicants are uncongenial, or where he is frowned upon.

The world had at last substituted Ormuzd for Ahriman. But just as generation occurs by fission, so culture marches on scission and even schism. If the gods were beneficent then ought not man to be content with his lot? Or, on the other hand, should he not believe in a better, more perfect, transliminal, additional existence? It is evident that the invention of a God of goodness had not solved the problem of survival. Nor can the devil worshipers who are still numerous, help out the solution by consigning every one to hell. Their solution is very uninteresting; the good solution offers enough difficulties, which have always been glossed over, never settled once for all, by either religion or science.

The choice offered by Ormuzd—I mean the choice of heaven on earth or heaven in heaven (heaven at any rate) is an unavoidable problem in ambiguity. It is forced upon us (1) by our push toward perfectibility and (2) by the doctrine of evolution. Evolution teaches that each species is adapted to live in its definite environment. Remove it to another, it dies out. Environments are general or special. In other words, some are inclusive or differ more than others. If the evolutionary doctrine be taken materialistically, it is a doctrine of limitations and may be invoked to confine heaven to earth. It may, however, be accepted spiritually and then is adapted to drive further the expanding views of science concerning what is material; nor does it need to locate the frontier of heaven where science may happen to draw the line of the material, for science is obviously not

interested in proving immortality; while psychic research has a perfect right to put the frontier where good sense and the psychic phenomena indicate it ought to lie.

The psychic phenomena have been alluded to as coeval with the race. If man is the laughing animal, or the conceptual animal, or the straight walking biped, he is also the superstitious animal, the ghost seeing animal. That other animals also see ghosts only goes to stress the preëminence of man in this talent. Modern criticism has at length accepted the veridicity of the phenomena. The battle was a long one: it may be said to have lasted a hundred years, from the Rochester Rappings of 1848 nearly down to the present day. But that battle is won, thanks to Wallace and Crookes and Lodge, to Owen and Edmonds and Hare. I am sorry that the American names do not press upon one so readily as the English and continental. The next task, the one which now imposes itself, is that of interpreting the phenomena: the one before me today is that of the interpretation of the automatic writing, and, in the first place, the automatic writing known as the Fox-Taylor Record.

To us who take this text seriously, the first impulse is to apply the same criteria as those applied to ancient biblical or other inspired writings, the test of discovering their significance as allegories:

Are they to be interpreted as allegories pointing to an earthly heaven or as allegories pointing to a heavenly heaven? Mentalities participating in the scientific movement and taking their cue from it will strive to explain the psychic phenomena so as to draw from them support for it; while those researchers who are of a religious—metaphysical-poetic turn of mind will endeavor to show the inconsistency of some, at any rate, of the manifestations with any hypothesis of utopianism.

Inhabiting a general terrestrial environment as definite as may be, we adapt our habits of speech to it and adopt the

presumption of literalness only when words manifestly apply to it. In short, there are no other words at our command. Often, therefore, the application of such words in a way meant to describe another environment may be mistaken as describing the literal environment. This error is a form of materialism. This perversion of the tropical back to the tangible, back to the commonsense environment, to the visible earth, is circular reasoning, is a linguistic seduction calculated to prove that no multiplicity of environments exists, through simply refusing to make the application of analogy originally intended. It is no proof that nothing lies beyond. It is hard to establish a sweeping negative. The natural presumption runs counter to it.

On the other hand, if we start from a prejudice in favor of multiple environments, mathematical physics are a fulcrum or lever further in that same direction; for the calculations of science, starting from the assumption of the existing familiar material, soon transcend material, but keep up the scientific pace quite scornful of the old tests of weight and measure. Mathematical physics has proved a help to the idea of extra environments, because they are self-created by the formulæ themselves. The calculator is relieved of responsibility for the seeing, feeling, or appreciating of them (for which his profession quite unfits him) otherwise than in and through the formulæ. It is true that geometricians endeavor to lend graphic form to the algebraic formulæ, but with indifferent success. The language of the algebraic equation is thus more forth-putting and far-reaching than that of scroll and parchment, although generally restricted to the apparently minute objective of a general formula for the location of any point of the given system.

Thus science has outstepped its tests of weight and measure in favor of the heavenly heaven.

As men are hampered, for lack of words, from free discourse about the future life, so are the communicating "dis-

embodied spirits" hobbled in all their efforts to explain or give satisfactory pen-pictures of their habitat, occupations, polity, even of their own persons, sustenance, influence, and place in a natural order. It is precisely in the view of overcoming this disadvantage that the sustained, continuous (if suffering long breaks) enterprise of the Fox-Taylor Record was undertaken and we may say, carried to a successful termination. It was a great work. But that is not all: the remarkable, supernormal portraits were done, of Frankie, Leila, Grandma and Leila, Olin and Leila. The originals are colored with crayons in the most delicate way, and I hope that reasonably good colored prints can be made of them. The photographs and half-tones, at any rate, reproduce the incredibly fine line work.

One must decline to believe that the intention of these supernormal works of art was to present a stunt of what spirits can do when they want to show off to mortals. On the contrary, the purpose was, by pictorial art, to complement the consistent, long-sustained (if impossible) textual *exposé* of the other world, this their gazetteer of heaven. The pictures are an incorporate and consummate part of this carefully planned handbook. Note the astounding prediction that nothing like them will ever again be made! How frequently we run across such phrases: "Words fail to do justice to the beauty." . . . "Nothing in your world gives any conception of the grandeur, the sublimity, of ours"; "At this point I pause; the pencil refuses to trace further!"

Do abstract nouns, "beauty," "knowledge," "thought," "strength," "life," "love," "earth," "humanity," "society," "effort," "ambition," or the negatives, such as "evil," "hatred," "malice," "dishonesty," "destructiveness," "wantonness," "envy," "selfishness," "robbery," "intoxication," "excess," only serve to call up visions which, by the history and lessons of life, by the story of evolution in material things, by the example of selection and survival, by our training in

biological adaptation have been impressed upon our minds by the divine Purpose for our good but are wholly devoid of objectiveness?

The utilitarian view, then, is that the abstract ideas are clothed in a certain, deceptive definiteness for our good and for the good of the race, and that religions exist as the instruments of this pious fraud. Devil worship, then, is a sort of undeception, which tells the truth for our undoing! Is the world essentially so confused and illogical? Do we live a lie?

Or is there an honest-to-goodness heaven, not of this earth? Religion teaches the latter view, but science has generally adopted the former and has riddled religion with skepticism. Scientific churchgoers accept the utilitarian fixed idea without loss of standing. Much of religious doctrine adapts itself to it. Oriental imagery covers doctrinal lapses. Religion emasculated by modernism finds itself precisely unable to resist the onslaughts of this materialism—the materialism of confining the substance of the spiritual to carnal imagery.

However, Religion driven to the wall, reacts with a rejection of science *in toto*,—with a declaration of independence from weight and measure,—with the challenge to every man to search for God in his own heart,—inventing the profound phrase that man is created in the image of his Maker.

This transcendental argument is effective or satisfying with and to only a small but not a mean portion of the congregations nor even to the whole body of the clergy. The thinking world had long ago been pretty well documented and indoctrinated by science—an admirable thing, in its way, and quite an essential stage in the march of human progress; but the world moves and things are occurring to shake and invalidate this surrender to the conviction of the finality of the preconceived and hard frozen contentment and satisfaction with the stage of conception of the play of life which science had first offered and then imposed.

In so many words: is the idealism of the race a body of fairy tales instituted by a Gog and Magog yclept "Utility," persuading men bravely to do and be good, independently of reward or rewarded only in a chance, a representative, or a figurative way?

Or does it express in its own way a flat-footed, objective truth?

The latter must be the answer adopted by Religion. But the world is drifting against the religious current. However, science may at last become Religion's sympathetic ally. It is offering every aid today by its dematerializing of material, so that the science of physics is become a science of numbers and quantities, an algebra which has absorbed and digested material.

Something abstractly potent had to be done about the drift of humanity away from morality. For since the World War the relaxation of morals everywhere is only too manifest. Economic and esthetic conditions have profoundly changed. Men have been cut loose from their moral moorings. No truth was in sight inviting to make fast. Physics had even declared for an infinite possibility of systems. Any imaginable environment was a "good enough Morgan till after election."

The time was ripe for a new manifestation of an objectivity both outside of ordinary experience and outside of what science had heretofore regarded as the attainable limits of the knowable. It was offered with the Rochester Rappings. Let us study whether the world was spiritually stimulated.

The world had been through similar psychic crises and mental *culs de sac* which had run along parallel lines, allowance made for dissimilarities due to later time and altered place. This book does not attempt a sketch of previous historical revelations, Orphic, Christian, Mohammedan and the like; but assumes that the reader would be glad to possess, in handy form, the accepted story of the Rochester Rap-

pings, as an introduction to a brief account of the Fox-Taylor Record, and its more obvious contents.

Let the reader carefully register that the author does not present either the Record or this his own book about the Record as proving immortality, or even survival. It may be that the successive Messiahs and Openings and Revelations and Gospels, the mysteries and burnt offerings, which our old world has witnessed, have been in principle what agnosticism proclaims: their several bibles and legends are in particular severally only a fillip to faith and research, a new spur to further if helpless and disappointing struggles, efforts, and upward climbings. It may be so.

And yet, it may not be so. Close conning of spiritual history—which is all of history worth knowing—has revealed no proof of another world convincing to him who did not want to be convinced; and, on the other hand, he who wanted to be convinced has never had to search far for satisfying proofs. It would therefore be the height of folly to attempt an irrefutable demonstration of the future life, much more so to attempt to describe it. And yet—so remarkable a piece of imagery as that offered by the Fox-Taylor Record, in pleasing artistically, does also give food for thought. One could not claim that the flowing paths, the journeys among the stars, the Palace, the Banquet Hall, the festivals, the faintly portrayed studies and occupations, are to be taken literally in a merely everyday sense. But the physical manifestations, the harp, above all the mysterious, mystical drawings and portraits, the "raps" or "echoes," the explosions, the jokes, the somber interruptions, the business advice, are something very literal. To explain the writings as drawn from human minds does not explain them away. To assign them to an intangible world, does not destroy them. To materialize them as hailing from another but material world, another dimension, does but assert a real, the most real of heavens.

"Immortality" is like most other terms: highly ambiguous, highly subject to preconceived interpretation. It carries the conviction which language can carry, but nothing more. We read other books only for the field they offer for the play of our own reason, not because they contain reason itself. Read the Fox-Taylor Record in the same way!

We thus arrive at a transcendental objectivity. It makes no difference, in last analysis, where heaven is or of what it is made. If it satisfies the need we have for heaven, we shall believe in it, and we can find no other test of truth—till the time comes. Further objectivity does not anywhere exist—is impossible. In the Absolute, we may be able to identify and fix in lapidary letters some one place, history and eternal law, but such is not the nature of the conditions of this mundane life. Life comes to us piecemeal and so does our power of attention, and memory reseparates the parts and deprives us of the power and vision of the whole.

Life is a wonderful thing. It does not give us the tools objective or material of proving anything for good; we are not much superior to our own defective speech. The manifestations recorded in the Fox-Taylor Record and abundantly elsewhere are just as valid, just as objective, just as convincing as any experiment in physics—perhaps more so. It is equally true that a final interpretation of them defies finiteness.

BOOK II

THE FOX-TAYLOR RECORD

CHAPTER I

THE MAKING OF THE RECORD

It was in 1865 that Katie was brought by Dr. Bayard, a homeopathic physician residing in Fortieth Street, New York City, to the "Swedish Movement Cure" of Dr. George H. Taylor, as a suitable boarding place. Dr. Bayard lived in that narrow, gothic house, just west of Fifth Avenue and facing north toward the Croton Reservoir, which then occupied the site now appropriated by the Tilden Library. Dr. Taylor's establishment included the two houses located on the northeastern corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street and still (1930) standing. George Henry Taylor was born in Williston, Vermont, January 4, 1821. He studied medicine at the Harvard and New York medical schools, and visited Sweden in 1858 in order fully to appreciate, at the source, the Swedish passive gymnastics for chronic invalids. On his return he invented, with the traditional ingenuity of the natives of his home state, steam-driven machines for massage,—perhaps the first systematic application of vibratory, artificial power to curative purposes. He died in New York City, at the Dalhousie Apartments, 49 West 59th Street, December 9, 1896.

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth (Langworthy) Taylor was born in North Stonington, Connecticut, May 18, 1828. She graduated from Alfred Academy, Allegany County, New York, under the inspiring instruction of Principal, later President, William C. Kenyon (1812-1867). In 1854 she became Lady Principal in the Plainfield (N. J.) High School, and in 1856 married Dr. Taylor. She died at Lincoln, Nebraska, August 25, 1906. She had established a home there for her surviving child, William.

Katie's arrival at the Taylors' occurred in the heyday of sanitariums, diet reform, water-cures, high thinking, and plain living. There were many perfectly well persons who boarded at the Swedish Movement Cure, on account of its home atmosphere, or who took occasionally the mechanical massage as a means of recuperation from the fatigues of business.

In the autumn of 1869, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor were suffering from the crushing blow of the recent loss of two children, Frankie and Leila, aged respectively three years and eighteen months. The first-born, Willie, alone survived. Like thousands of other bereaved parents, they were apt pupils in spiritualism, and it was no chance that brought Katie Fox to their abode. It is doubtful if the history of spiritualism can show another so persistent and consistent a circle, records so faithfully kept, more complete precautions and isolation from outside interference, and such guaranties against internal deception.

Leila (Sarah Eliza Taylor, b. Dec. 27, 1865) died of scarlet fever, February 25, 1867. The subsequent winter,[1] the channel of immortal demonstration began to clear. A boarder at the Swedish Movement Cure was a Mrs. Lang, whose husband was a clerk in A. T. Stewart's store in Chambers Street. This lady introduced a lady friend who was a medium and totally unacquainted with any of the Taylor family. The latter was asked, "If any one there knew Eliza?" She went into a trance and personated Mrs. Taylor's mother, Eliza Lewis Langworthy, who died in 1860, aged fifty-four years. A scene of the last illness was faithfully reënacted. The chief test centered in the manipulation of a pocket handkerchief, which the medium folded very carefully, saying, "Sarah, put this under my ear. You always made me so comfortable by putting this under my ear!" There was a

[1] Such are the words of Sarah E. L. Taylor's antemortem statement, taken down by the writer a few days before her death, August 25, 1906, and paraphrased in the following three paragraphs.

Mrs. Taylor

Dr. G. H. Taylor

bedsore in her ear. This lady's mediumship left her, subsequently.

Katie Fox, over thirty years old, had been at this time long, if not firmly, established in the household which was Dr. Taylor's Swedish Movement Cure. Indeed, her presence had in it something of the clandestine, since she was not permitted to attend the general table. It was in the winter of 1865-6 that Mrs. Rogers, the housekeeper, had admitted Katie at the instance of Dr. Bayard, alluded to, in a previous chapter, as one of the prominent New Yorkers interested in the investigation of spiritualistic phenomena. The memorandum states, "The continuous record began in 1869 (November). Dr. Bayard must have ceased to pay her board before that." Anyhow, with the passing of the main line of intermundane correspondence over to the Taylor family, the burden of supporting Katie passed over to them also. No one paid her board after the assistance from Dr. Bayard ceased. Katie was a charge on the Taylors. In the summer of 1867, she had succumbed to the thirst for liquor and was absent for a few months. Otherwise she lived right on at the Movement Cure from 1865 until she went to Europe, October, 1871. But she never sat at the public table.

"One fine day in March (1869) she sent for Mrs. Taylor. It was Grandpa Langworthy who had (through the echoes) insisted on talking with Mrs. Taylor until Katie was constrained to send for her." Loss of children and fortuitous rencontre with a medium of fugitive endowments ushered in the epochal intercourse of the Taylors with the great seeress.

The Psychic Legacy and Record of Dr. and Mrs. Taylor occupies four manuscript volumes, of 227, 189, 362, and 433 pages respectively, or altogether 1,211 closely written pages. These embrace 1,367 different written communications, besides the accounts of physical phenomena. Except Volume I,

the pages are letter size, and, with one short exception, in the handwriting of Mrs. Taylor. The procedure was for Katie to write the messages with her left hand, in pencil, backwards, the so-called mirror-writing, on long strips of brown paper, which were afterwards destroyed as too bulky for storage. These messages were read off by Dr. Taylor with the aid of a mirror, usually a hand-glass, and written down from his dictation by Mrs. Taylor, who added a complete description of all the sittings, in language simple and devoid of all superfluity, which calls for no editing. Messages spelled from the echoes were also recorded by Mrs. Taylor, when their preservation promised to be useful.

The first message was recorded in November, 1869; and the last, June 1, 1892, or twenty-two and a half years afterwards. Katie died four weeks and four days later. She was born in 1839. Her early career is set down in the preceding Book I. It is probable that the Record contains the chief remains of her later mediumship and especially of her automatic writing.[2] The sittings, however, were far from continuous over the entire period of twenty-two and a half years. Indeed, the hiatus were greatly in the majority. The longest, two, continuous series were the first and third. The first closed with her departure for Europe, October 7, 1871. The day before, Olin had written through her hand: "Katie, we will all follow you with our protection, and now God bless you and return you a well and happy girl." S. E. L. T. adds, after describing the flowers and the crowd at the steamer, to see her off: "Very few of those about her were people whom I knew. Still I fancied that they had each his secret heartache, not only at parting with Katie, but at seeing the very means of communication between them and some loved one, dearer to them than their own lives,—the readable link be-

[2] The Livermore records cover approximately the same length of continuous sittings, and are probably more important as a description of materialization; but they are not accessible, so far as the writer knows, save through the selections transcribed by Owen in "The Debatable Land."

tween the two worlds—the key that opens the gates of heaven to mortals—borne far, far away. The unconscious, thoughtless child little realized the deprivation her best friends were imposing upon themselves, *voluntarily,* for her sake! She is gone. The magnificent ship has left its moorings and Katie is riding the billows."

"My heart aches for poor, helpless Katie. Could I always keep her near me I would thankfully do all that mortal can for her, but that I cannot do. She has so many friends who are exactly unlike us and do by her and influence her just as we do not. The consequence is that our influence is almost lost upon her. Many who fawn about her mean well towards her, but are morally and spiritually weak; hence she is a thousand times worse off with them than she would be left to herself. Others care not for the little waif, only for what they can get out of her. With Dr. Franklin, I say from the bottom of my soul, 'May God and all good angels go with her, guide her, and protect her.' "

The first period was, therefore, of a little less than two years.

There were letters from her and also communications of the circle, from London. In 1874, she returned as Mrs. H. D. Jencken, with her little boy, Ferdie, and went to her sister's house, Mrs. Underhill's, in West 37th Street, where her second child, Henry, appears to have been born. The second series begins in March, 1875, when she came to the Hotel Branting, the new sanitarium of Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, at Madison Avenue and 58th Street, and stayed till a few days before she sailed back to England, about July 5, 1875. Therefore, the second period covered but four months.

Her husband, the international lawyer, Jencken, of Dutch parentage, having died, Katie returned to New York with her children in the spring of 1885. Mrs. Underhill had been unable to give S. E. L. T. any news about Katie, when inquiry had been made of her, earlier that season; but sud-

denly, in July, she and Katie called together at the Madison Avenue Hotel, the name now borne by the enlarged Hotel Branting. The séances recommenced at once and continued till June 28, 1886. On the following July 2d, the Taylor family of four sailed for Europe. Between that date and October, 1889, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor made several trips to Europe. On April 6, 1890, Katie called at the Madison Avenue Hotel. S. E. L. T. writes, "It had been nearly three years since the Doctor had seen her and four since she and I had met." Therefore, August, 1887, when Dr. Taylor made a voyage to Europe, must be put as the end of the third period, which would thus sum up two years and two months.

The *fourth period* began April 6, 1890, and ended March 4, 1891, or eleven months.

The *fifth period* extended from February 15, 1892, to June 1st of the same year, or three and one-half months.

The summary runs:

First period:	2 years	
Second period:		4 months
Third period:	2 years	2 months
Fourth period:		11 months
Fifth period:		3½ months

Total: Five years, eight and one-half months of sustained and continuous séances or "unbroken chain," the account of which is faithfully recorded in the 1,211 manuscript pages of the Fox-Taylor Record.

CHAPTER II

THE MEDIUM

(*a*) *Her Power and Type*

The purpose of the following analysis of the Fox-Taylor Record is not to arrive at a new theory of the psychic phenomena but to provide the reader of the Record with a summary of the messages, collected for convenience under distinct titles. This treatment at once puts in relief the human side and suppresses the hiatus and confusion caused by the briefness of the séances. Generally it was the physical phenomena, especially the pictures, that furnished the continuity but broke the more theoretical or poetic passages.

The Record marks a distinct advance beyond the era of contention for veridicity. The larger task of interpreting a psychic record lies before students of this subject. For this purpose the work of the best medium will evidently yield the best result. The best medium I should define as the one who works untiringly with the least injection of her own personality. Only a careful and unabridged perusal of the whole record can adequately stamp and seal the purity of the mediumship of Katie Fox. The unfailing reappearance of Olin, Benjamin Franklin, Grandma, Uncle Albert, Father Taylor, Professor Kenyon, Isaac T. Hopper, William H. Vanderbilt (after his death in 1885) and of the children, Frankie and Leila, always acting their parts true to life, and of the shorter parts, appropriately introduced, of Emeline, Bradley, Mary Burton, old Sabra, Uncle Isaac, Cousin Frank, Charley Foster, and of various other persons and personages, like Professor Hare, lends to the whole collection a narrative and, I may say, a truly epic interest,

which thrills one to the very core. The pathos of this drama belongs to its primitive type of bible in the Taylor family religion, their lares and penates. What most attracts the family is, naturally, rather repellent than otherwise to the public. I therefore seek, in this account, to reduce to a minimum, that personal, often emotional element.

The bright phase of spiritualism as a family religion does not occur to those who frequent the open sessions of the public séance. Necessarily, the new irruption of metapsychic influence at Hydesville and Rochester in 1848 was, from the beginning, public property. The Fox family naturally ran to their neighbors for help. It soon became evident that the little girls, Maggie and Katie, children of their parents' later married life, had a reënforcing influence, a "power," if such a term may be applied to slender children of nine and twelve years.[1]

The preternatural noises and interruptions became so notorious that the Fox family were put upon the defensive. They won friends, but the public was inimical. The friends decided that safety required action. The instances of the witches and of the inquisition were fresher then than now. In Spain, the last heretic had been burned at the stake in 1781;[2] in England, the valedictory of evangelical violence had been celebrated nearly a century earlier. Consequently, the public meetings and committees held and constituted at Rochester were planned as a sort of prophylactic, a taking of the bull by the horns. Katie was not present at these Rochester meetings, having been taken to Auburn by Mr. E. W. Capron, to whom we owe the sincere book which must remain the best source of information on these marvelous if not miraculous events. Leah (Mrs. Underhill, then Mrs. Fish) and Maggie underwent the agonies of the Rochester public inquisition.

[1] E. W. Capron, "Modern Spiritualism, Its Facts and Fanaticisms," p. 52.
[2] Buckle, "History of Civilization," Vol. II, p. 87.

That the whole affair of the manifestations and consequent public excitement was not of the Fox' seeking is further proven by the fact that it was two years later that they, finding themselves cut off from other source of livelihood, and the channels of supermundane demonstrations and evangels, were forced to charge a fee for their interviews, or retire to the obscurity of the parental farm.[3] Even that alternative was, in effect, denied them. They tried it; and were practically driven out of house and home by paraphysical remonstrances which gave them no peace till they consented to spread their new gospel, or rather, to let it spread itself, by offering themselves as channels of communication. Mrs. Underhill's book, "The Missing Link," deserves full credence on this point. The converts ran into the millions.

In another connection, I have related the general course of events, including the unfortunate "confession" of and by Maggie and Katie, on their return from Europe in 1888. This episode appears never to have been alluded to in the intercourse of Katie with the Taylors. I do not recall that my parents ever mentioned it in my presence. They probably regarded it as what it was, a proof of the susceptibility of the mediums to external influences, in this case quite earthly and of the basest sort. It is to be noted that there must have been a trip to Europe by Katie during the hiatus of 1887-1890. The Taylors—except W. G. L. T., who was already abroad—sailed again for Europe in June, 1888, while Katie apparently *returned* from Europe in August of the same year.

The "confession" has induced men to shun psychic research or to disbelieve in the Fox sisters, because they commit the error of looking upon the latter as the active apostles of a religion, whereas they were the passive media of a

[3] Statement of Mrs. Amy Post, at the twentieth anniversary of the Rochester Rappings in New York, perhaps at Dodworth Hall.

fresh wave of metapsychic influence. Christ, with all his intellectual keenness and casuistic training, abstraction made of his divine attributes, was rather the medium, St. Paul the founder of Christianity—the apostle to the Gentiles. Katie was no founder; and whatever she may have said, in a moment of weakness, overpersuasion, and near intimidation, anyhow of nagging, harassment, and despair, has not the remotest bearing on her mediumship. Common honesty should force this admission from the impartial observer. It is astonishing that those perfectly cognizant of this distinction between the sensitive and the militant, should for a moment have ignored it and allowed themselves to countenance an indiscriminating calumny.

(III 225[4]) May 5, 1871. Olin writes: "Katie is nervous and extremely weak. She is low spirited. We hope she will look ahead and see how bright the future is. The world has much to thank her for, from the first little echo. Through her this great truth has been established. Oh, Katie! appreciate yourself more. It grieves us when she is sad."

(II 8) April 28, 1870. "There are influences, dear Sarah, which we cannot overcome (two ladies in the back room). We find it difficult now to write, seeing the thoughts and feelings, the spheres in the back room. It is this keen perception, sensitiveness, inward feeling, which makes Katie the medium she is, and although the cold world cannot understand it, you can."

(Reflections of S. E. L. T. II 17) April 30, 1879. "The entire process of this wonderful work (making a spirit picture) has been and is to us a grand and surprising revelation. The glimpses we have been able to catch and the ideas we have obtained of the next world are dearer and sweeter than any views or knowledge we have gained besides. The two worlds are blending together and our children there are our

[4] The references are to the MSS. volumes.

children still, and are here so much and so often that we feel their presence and converse with them at times as freely as with our precious Willie who is still left to our care. And Willie too talks with his brother as though he saw him by his side. And now let me state here, that during all this long time, *through each* of the meetings described, Katie's hands have *both* been held all of the time, and *no other human being* but we three has ever been in the room, so that the *possibility* of *deception* of *any sort does not exist.*

"I thank my God and my angel loved ones for my knowledge of and acquaintance with this poor, helpless Katie, so simple and childlike, still bright and quick; as sensitive as a quivering leaf and irritable as an inflamed eye."

(I 226) April 24, 1870. "Katie's dress was pulled, but they seldom take hold of her in any manner, owing perhaps to the fact that every touch alarms her greatly."

(III 273) June 11, 1871. B. F. predicts that Katie will go to Europe, and adds: "Seek us not elsewhere."

(III 306) July 14, 1871. Ma writes through Katie: "Your children live for you here and love you deeply. It is therefore we feel (*sic*) a love for Katie like unto our own family and we want the tie never to be broken. Cheer your poor Katie, at all times, Sarah, my child. *We wish to come through none but her.* This may seem selfish to you, but we know Katie and we know that she loves you."

(III 315) It will be instructive to quote the description of a séance, as well as the communication:

"July 26, 12 M., 1871. Later in the day the appointment was changed to this hour. We three sat about the table and chatted as usual. Katie did not even take a pencil in her hand, but when we opened our eyes we found upon the bureau the following letter written in the strong, bold hand of its author. On these occasions, when they write with their own hands, they never bring the picture.

" 'My dear children. We assemble here this morning to

give you a few important directions. The Patriarch Jacob waited seven years and again seven years for his betrothed and you are not willing to wait that number of weeks. The seven years that Jacob served for Rachel seemed to him but a few days for the love he had to her. Now if you loved truly the blessings of this glorious work wherein you are field laborers, trust and confidence would be the impelling principle that would sustain you, giving wings to time, making it anything but a wearisome task. The bitterest poverty is that of the soul, but all are not able to satisfy or alleviate these afflictions since all have not like you been permitted to receive this great dispensation of God's power through the manifestations of the Angels. Have you not cried from your heart of hearts that some proof might be given, have you not longed for a sign from heaven, has not the immortality of the spirit seemed hidden in impenetrable mystery, has not tradition, however venerable, failed to give you this proof? And now, when this great object is obtained,—when the honest heart has obtained the actual knowledge, it should be willing to work and toil and wait in meekness and love and faith.

'Now, my children, we cannot name the day when we will place the pictures in your hands, but when we are permitted, and at a time most fitting for their reception, they shall be given.

'Meet Thursday morning at six. God bless you, prosper you, and give you happiness.

Farewell. B. F.' "

Such was the whole of one sitting; and it well qualifies the character of Katie's mediumship.

(III 346) Endowed with such a faculty, it is no wonder that Katie never lacked for employment. For instance, the members of the Tweed Ring, notably Connolly and his wife, were anxious to obtain advice through her, but they gained

FRANKIE

A paraphysical picture

"There never has been a picture given like this."

Compare the picture of Francis Folger Franklin in Paul Leicester Ford's "The Many-Sided Franklin," 30. The whole expression is different, especially the mouth.

scant consolation. It is more remarkable that during the nearly six continuous or twenty-two inclusive, broken years, she served the Taylor circle eagerly and without pecuniary reward. There was some influence at work there outside of "the market."

(*b*) *Her Unwittingness*

(I 208) April 17, 1870. S. E. L. T. was reading a message and asked for an explanation: "Katie asked for the pencil and Olin said: 'Katie was on the very step almost of eternity and we knew that if she went out the next day, Wednesday, death would have come from the suffering she would have endured.

" 'She would have drank her last; and we meant that if Katie would only abstain for a length of time, she would have health and happiness and sweet flowers, sweet friends, and angels should be her companions, instead of those vile roots which grow to weeds and drag down the good and those who are easily led. We had the most serious consultation, which will save her. She was so sick when we tried to write Tuesday night that we could not place our meaning understandingly. . . . Olin.' " Imagine a normal person writing all that about herself!

(I 217) And again: "During the session (April 22, 1870) they said, 'Now we will tell you the cause of our not having a meeting last night. First, we had our own duties to attend to. Secondly—no, we will write it for we do not wish Katie to hear.' Then Katie took the pencil; and, in the darkened room, with her eyes closed, the pencil wrote as follows:

" 'First dear Sarah and George, we had our duties, and we felt the need of reposing in the sunlight. After which Dr. Franklin called us all together and we had a most profound consultation about Katie,—how we should keep her in the

right path. As we are not always able to be with her, and as we saw clearly that something had to be done without the least uncertainty, we gathered for that express purpose. The circle were all present. Dr. Franklin consulted with a power even higher than himself, and out of the whole number he chose Professor Kenyon and his wife to stand by Katie almost constantly, for a time unlimited. When they repose from that duty, it will be when Katie is in other hands as good. This is Professor's duty, designated for him because of his love for you and our family. It will be as sacred a duty as any we have here. She shall not sleep out of his influence, and it will be far greater than earthly vigils. Now, Sarah, you can feel at ease. . . . Olin.' "

Note the implication that good and bad influences assail us in our sleep.

(II 51, 172) Frequently, when absent, Katie was directed by raps or writing to repair to the Taylors'. She obeyed sometimes against her will.

(II 56) June 2, 1870. Katie "wrote a few words and stepped toward a mirror to read it, saying, 'It is about me. I know my name is written there.' I at once took it, telling her that I must see it first. I read this: '*Private.* We will meet at nine, but say nothing to Katie. B. F.' Katie had found Maggie 'in a fearful state of intoxication, and it was over this sister that she had worn herself out for the day.' When she had gotten ready for bed, the pencil wrote, 'Meet at nine. B. F. and Olin.' Katie cried: 'If I had known this I would not have come back now. I would have gone to see Mag.' They are continually doing this sort of thing through her own hand in their effort to keep evil from her."

(II 107) July 8, 1870. Katie is told by Professor Kenyon: "Katie read your message."

(II 80) June 20, 1870. "Katie, we will magnetize your eyes tonight; bear it patiently, the sun will shine in a day

or two. Do guard the strength God has given you. Why! this is a divine gift to be able to talk with those who are waiting for you on the other side. Why! you do not realize it. What happiness should be yours! Try to be sensible and understand that you are blessed."

(II 114) July 13, 1870. Katie is awakened by echoes to an appointment.

(II 78) June 16, 1870. "Katie did not come again until Friday evening at twelve o'clock in the worst possible condition, etc."

(II 79) June 20, 1870. (Probably the next day.) "Katie still very miserable but we had a short meeting: . . . 'Katie, try to take courage once more, to feel some ambition, and remember you are with those who see you, although unseen. Dress as well as you can and try to be happy in order that we may succeed.—The Circle.'" Later: . . . "The past is sad and her heart is more sorrowful, but redemption can alone come by doing better in future. If Katie will always tell truthfully where she goes," etc., etc. Unseen assistants may thus enter into our daily lives.

(III 69) December 4, 1870. "Had it not been for two guardian spirits of the girl (Katie) for the past week (ending December 4, 1870) she would have fallen into wicked hands; perhaps died in her weakness."

(III 282) June 20, 1871. Katie is told that she gives so much strength to the séances that she must go to bed by ten.

(III 333) August 19, 1871. . . . "Katie will soon be where we cannot work through her as we do now, but you must be patient until we bring her back again a new creation. Although we cannot but grieve that she leaves before October, we too will be patient. We will give this last proof in the presence of Mr. Owen, whom we love for his truth and sincerity; it will also be a tie between you and that good man. As the time approaches for us to cease coming

and giving these tokens, we cannot but feel the shadows which always accompany partings. Let your memories live on the past and never let the darkening of doubt hover over you for one moment. . . . B. F."

(IV 320) May 17, 1886. W. H. V. writes that if he had known about Katie and what she could do, he would have settled an income on her so that she would have been free from all care and worry.

(*c*) *Her Weakness*

Katie's one weakness was wine. As previously explained, the father had been a drinking man in his earlier married life, so much so that Mrs. Fox was obliged to leave him. After a separation of ten years, the couple were again united, and Maggie and Katie were born. But the reform of the father did not save these youngest children (there were six altogether) from inheriting "the taste for liquor," which probably, in the case of this family as of many others, meant a sensitive organization which responded to all sorts of stimuli with a force that exceeded ordinary requirements and good judgment. From the point of view of the exploitation of these girls in the spiritual telegraph, the problem evidently was that of developing this sensitiveness to the highest degree, since it served as relay-battery for the telegraph, and at the same time of prolonging its life to the utmost, so that it should not be burnt out by short-circuiting or by overcharging, which the liquor habit would cause.

Spiritual protection was not always efficient.

(II 29) May 7, 1870. "Saturday evening Katie kept an engagement with a very fashionable family on Fifth Avenue. She went well and happy, but came back at ten o'clock, sick and crazy with brandy. The next morning, May 8th, the pencil wrote, 'Oh! how I tried to enter the circle last

night in order to protect this poor girl, but I couldn't, for the spirits there were dark and powerful. Prof. K.'"

(II 43) May 25, 1870. Robert Dale Owen obtained a promise from Katie to abstain for six months. "I have hard work to retain the paper and pencils, but there is no use meeting till we can have all the conditions." (Power was needed for dematerialization) . . . "We are happy to have Mr. Owen here this morning, and we will register Katie's promise in heaven, in the home of her mother." Mr. and Mrs. Fox both died in 1865.

(II 50) May 29, 1870. "Katie comes back in no condition to work. 'Katie ought to have minded her mother and not gone with her sister to that place. We hope she will keep away now. Olin.'"

(II 69) June 9, 1870. "Katie came Saturday night but was not able to have a meeting. She had been with a wealthy family on Fifth Avenue, and was not now herself. The pencil wrote, 'Curses will follow those people! To give her drink and keep her over night! I know all! Pity them, I do not. You had better let them know that you know it. B. F.'"

(II 150) August 7, 1870. "Katie meets Maggie August 5th, who was fearfully in need of care. She remained with her and tried to do for her, but the consequence was she went down under the breakers herself instead of gliding smoothly over as she had been doing for four weeks and more. The sea she met in her sister and her sister's surroundings was too much for her frail bark and she returned to us Saturday evening, the sixth, sad, sad."

(II 158) August 14, 1870. Katie was away from the 9th to the 14th of August, 1870, and came back "sick in body and soul."

(II 295) At the séance of July 6, 1871, the following letter was written autographically: "On the paper upon the bureau we found the following letters, each bearing the

unmistakable peculiarities of their individual handwritings. Katie did not touch the paper on the bureau:

" 'My dear children, We are here with you this morning and all is well. . . . We had a happy day together. All we grieved for was to see Katie suffering from an act that only caused her misery, but God be thanked, she is in the arms of her friends. Far be it from you, my Son and Daughter, to condemn the weak and erring whose impulses are like the rushing waves. There is no apology for sacrifice of principle, but let none sit self-complacently in judgment upon a human being when God has made each one to widely differ. Learn of Him who was meek and lowly of heart, by a frown of displeasure or a cruel word never to break the bruised reed. Life is formed of trifles and their impenetrable influence will appear in the great summing up of the Final Judgment. . . . Farewell. B. F.' "

(III 330) August 7, 1871. And this: "Look not coldly upon Katie at any time. She has much to contend with and our sympathies go out to her. B. F."

(III 322) August 2, 1871. "There is one in the universe, one whom we wish to be present at the time they (the pictures) are given. The name we will not now mention for reasons of our own. This person will be a benefit to you and we wish to link him with you in this way. When he comes here, Sarah and George, give him a room and keep him near you. Tell Katie to meet him, when in this house, only in your room, not in the rooms of any of the boarders. It is unwise for Katie to think of leaving this country before he comes. Oh, how little the world knows her trials; we do and deeply sympathize with her. Quietly advise her all you can, for she loves you, and tell her not to be prejudiced against her best friend, Mr. Livermore, who has great control over her. Now she must not leave till October."

(III 346) August 25, 1871. "Why knowing this child, should people throw stones in her way, is more than we can

tell. Not like other beings is she, if so we could work through every one. B. F." . . . "We are sorry she grieved Mr. Livermore. After the poor girl is gone, tell him this. And now let her go in peace." . . . "Oh! will they never learn the delicate channel through which we come? B. F." (August 25, 1871.)

(IV 335) June 8, 1 P.M., 1886. "Katie with her two boys went directly from us on May 29th to visit some English friends in New Jersey. They returned on the following Monday, but I didn't meet her until Tuesday when I noticed she was unhappy and wished to avoid me. I noticed this, still did not give her manner the second thought. On Wednesday, June 2d, the Doctor came over to tell me that Katie was in a miserable saloon, drunk. He had heard that something was wrong and had searched her out. She was taken to her rooms and all the miseries of her old life of ten and fifteen years ago, were repeated. It appears that these 'English' friends induced her to take wine at dinner, and when she once got the taste all the rest followed. She has been in this city one year this month and not until now has a drop touched her lips. We are heartsick, for we know so well her old ways. After keeping her locked in, she escaping several times, she finally came to be herself, only excessively nervous."

(II 122) July 15, 1870. "My dear Mrs. Taylor, I want to express my gratitude to you for your kindness to my child. Words cannot but deeds can and I will join my prayers with all who love you, in wishing you all the peace, all the success that makes life glide on smoothly. When my child is nervous and trying to your patience, oh! bear with her and you will be rewarded. Mrs. Fox."

(II 180) September 13, 1870. "My dear Sarah. We are all here! God bless you! The day is beautiful, the power is excellent and we have guided this poor girl back to truth and herself. Thank God! . . . Grandma and Olin."

(IV 28) October 1, 1871. "My dear Mrs. Taylor. My love for you is not merely a friendly feeling, but the love a

mother alone feels towards another who has been kind to her child and cared for her and helped her. All this I feel and more. I cannot express my feelings. When Cathy is with you I am happy and can enjoy the sunlight of heaven. Oh! would that she could ever be under the mantle with which you have so often covered her. And now, my dear, kind friend, accept the thanks of an anxious mother. M. Fox."

(IV 30) And at the same séance: "Well done, good and faithful children, my daughter and son. . . . We bless you, Bless you for your protection of this poor child who, God knows, has been more sinned against than sinning." . . . "My power is exhausted. B. Franklin."

(IV 304) April 20, 1886. Katie was calling with Ferdie, who had been long and badly sick. B. F. wrote: "He has been worse than you realize and Mr. Jencken wishes me to tell the Doctor that he has his soul's everlasting gratitude with blessings. His boy, he says, has been on his mind, for he wants him to live and take his place on earth and he has felt more than anxious. He is here and his heart is full of love for his dear little family. . . . B. F." (According to Mrs. Underhill, Ferdie was born September 23, 1873. A newspaper clipping puts his death at the Sunday before April 22, 1908.)

Wine was the first and the last weakness of Katie. No shadow of immorality ever touched her.

CHAPTER III

METAPSYCHIC MATERIALISM

(*a*) *The Rationale of Manifestations*

By this title (the adjective I borrow from Boirac) I mean those passages in the Psychic Legacy which have a scientific or quasi-scientific bearing as lending a clew to the dynamics and realities of the future life. It will soon be perceived that the dedication of the term "materialism" by Professor Hyslop and others to the exclusively mundane life, while it may stand, provisionally, as conducing to the decision of the main thesis of *either—or,* survival or no survival, will not do for investigations into the essential nature of a future life, as opposed to the terrestrial, since any attempt to view that life as spiritual only, in the ultimate sense of that term, deprives it of all content, of all accidents or phenomena. The term "material" is necessary for the investigator, even should he conclude for a possible, ultimate future life in the absolute, devoid of phenomena. The indications which are dropped in the letters of the Record, apparently at random, constitute really a well-planned attempt to impart to our minds facts which are difficult for us to grasp and more difficult to reduce to standard phraseology. The gateway to knowledge of this sort will lie through preliminary observations of what spirits do in handling the matter known to us. From their conduct towards it we may hope to imagine what their conduct is towards the para-physical matter, and, in fact, to obtain some sort of an idea of what that is. We may thus, *pari passu,* traverse with them the bridge between the worlds.

But even from this point of view of demonstration of the bald and immediate fact of survival of personality, whatever

that may consist in or whatever habits and acts such survivors may have and perform, the molar antics of poltergeist are much more reasonable than even spiritualists give them credit for. For it is only too evident, from ordinary exhibitions of prejudice as well as from the extraordinary complacency of such simplistic thinkers as Hudson, that the straight, plain, unvarnished communications, or automatic writings, even when the medium writes a mirror hand, if not more complicatedly, and no matter how consistent and logical the discourse be, may expect to be met with cold (and wholly unwarranted) objections about a "subjective" origin, although it be necessary, as it were, to draw the whole world into complicity with the alleged subjectivity. It was Professor Wallace who shrewdly observed that, without the physical manifestations or, more exactly, the molar (as opposed to molecular or quasi-spiritual) phenomena, no one would ever be convinced of the supernatural origin even of the most purely psychic symbolism.

Thus it was not without reason (in fact it was for the most cogent reason), that the household of Mrs. Fish (Underhill) in Rochester was for months terrorized by vegetables brought up from the cellar at night and thrown about helter-skelter, by palings torn from the fence of the neighboring graveyard and hurled through the window, and by every, possible devilish invention of disturbance, or that the long-continued bell-ringing and throwing about of things at the home of Rev. Mr. Phelps at Stratford, Connecticut, about the same time, did not wholly cease, even after the boy most answerable, apparently, as a medium, was sent off to boarding school. Podmore, determined not to yield to superstition, attributes this and, in a sweeping way, all other manifestations of poltergeist, to the pranks of naughty boys and girls.

(*b*) *Molar Manifestations*

Molar, paraphysical phenomena may be in general taken as necessary accompaniments, constituents, and certifications of true metapsychic manifestations.

(I 80) February 4, 1870. "A clear, cold day . . . but once while the Doctor and Katie were by the door a very loud noise was heard. I started, thinking something heavy, I could not fancy what, in the room above us had fallen. The echoes said at once: 'Dear friends, do not fear, I could not control the power. B. F.' It seemed to be an explosion of the power they use. The Doctor said it appeared to strike the door just above his head, and for the moment stunned him. My sister afterwards told me that she was sitting by the window upon the noisy street, there being three rooms and two closed doors between her and us, and she was startled by the loud noise and could not see the cause,—said it sounded like the near report of a gun."

(II 50) Again on May 29, 1870: "At one time there was a loud explosion, apparently on the table in front of us, which startled us greatly. The echoes said: 'Dear friends, I could not control the power. B. F.' "

Only less violent than the accidental explosion of the spirits' battery was the occasional use to which they put their power. March 31, 1870. "Great power manifested as soon as we were seated. The little table was rolled about, the large table lifted, the Doctor whirled around in his chair, the pen knife brought from the little table, closed and dropped into the Doctor's sleeve, the Doctor's and Katie's gowns [1] pulled vigorously, the Doctor's whiskers pulled repeatedly, etc.

"A pencil was rattled against the legs of the table many times, then placed in the Doctor's hand and he asked to sharpen it. He took it into an adjacent room and found it to be the blue pencil, and that it had been much whittled since

[1] The Doctor probably wore his dressing gown.

last he saw it. He sharpened and then placed it upon the little table, where they work. Some little time passed in their effort to again control the pencil after being touched by mortal hand. As soon as they succeeded, they signified their success by rapping it vigorously against the side of the little table and then threw the linen cloth over my head, entirely covering it. Immediately they asked to have the window opened."

December 24, 1870. "Our meeting, apparently, was very satisfactory. No new thing occurred, except the Doctor complained of a pain or fullness in his head which he believed to be occasioned by want of sleep. Almost immediately two large, firm hands were laid upon the sides of his head and pressed long and strong upon it. Dr. Franklin said that he was trying to give him relief."

(III 106) December 22, 1870. "At all of the sittings for this picture the circle has signified its wish for the Doctor and Katie to go by the folding doors by giving the Doctor a gentle push, when he would say: 'Come, Katie.' She repeatedly, during the first days of their being directed in this way, answered him after this manner: 'Why! how do you know they want us?' It was so strange to her for the spirits to signify their wishes and she know nothing about it. When the invisible circle wished them to take their seats, the Doctor would be gently but firmly pulled in that direction." Psychic power is the familiarity of old acquaintance.

One of the most effective performances at séances is the bringing of objects from a distance, often apparently from outside the house. For instance:

(I 129) April 9, 1870. Along with other playful tricks by the children, "I heard a little noise near me and soon felt something at my lips. On taking it in my hand found it was a wilted flower; then another was placed in my hand. I could not tell what they were until after the meeting, when the first proved to be a wilted, white rosebud, and the other a

LEILA

A paraphysical picture

little sprig of immortelles. Where they got these we cannot tell. There were no flowers in the room on this afternoon, nor were there any in the house, excepting three or four perfectly fresh in another room, and none of these was missing. There was but one rosebud when they were given to me and that one was still in the vase. There were many immortelles in the drawer of my bureau, but that was closed." It was a pretty good apport anyhow, even if not from outside. The weight of evidence is that it was from outside.

(II 185) The following was perhaps more convincing. September 18, 1870. "As soon as we entered the room, Isaac T. Hopper said through the echoes: 'My dear son, I have brought you a leaf from my bible—a leaf from my grave, I call it my bible—a mark. I have kept it long in my presence. Get mucilage.' . . . After the sitting, they found,—"upon the table, at which we had been sitting, stood the small round table or stand, and upon it was a piece of cardboard eighteen inches long and six inches wide. Upon this cardboard was an oak leaf pasted and above it was written in a clear hand, 'For one over whom I have a care. Isaac T. Hopper.' . . . the oak leaf we had never seen before."

(III 264) Mr. Hopper was decidedly in the business of apports. On June 1, 1871, "We found upon the bureau a beautiful white daisy with its root in soil four inches deep. It had twelve blossoms and more buds and weighed with the soil exactly one pound. This was Mr. Hopper's present and what he brought in when the window was opened for him. It is very beautiful and we shall try hard to keep it in life and health. The following is what they wrote through Katie's hand—'We are all here. Keep the flowers in memory of this night. I hope they will live. God bless you. Isaac T. Hopper.'"

The golden thread which bound together the meetings of each of the earlier séances into a logical whole was the sustained labor of production of spirit likenesses. Four of

these I still possess, sixty-two years after. They have always hung on my wall and have attracted no comment, good or bad. For me, they have been the *eikons* of my private religion. However, their elaboration was a slow and almost painful process, and involved the fundamental principles of spiritual technology. The paper was never touched, except on a few occasions, to put it in the drawer, where it was locked. It was handled with a gauze over it. But frequently the paper and pencils were taken out of the window, the Lord knows where, and sometimes kept for days, and the pencils even for weeks, before they were returned. I shall try to make some extracts from the Record to illustrate this process. Anyhow, materialization and, especially, dematerialization play a large part.

(I 105) February 14, 1870. This is the séance that was held when Katie was dead drunk. "We turned off the light and sat down by the table. I think it could not have been one minute before the Doctor and Katie were sent by the door. He as before took her in his arms and the echoes immediately said, 'Open window.' I threw the sash wide open, put my hand out, and felt the rain still falling, though not thick and heavy. I wondered and said, 'What can they want? The rain would spoil the paper even if they could take it in such an atmosphere.' By the time I had finished my comments the echoes said, 'We have taken the paper. Prof. Hare aided us. Get light.' We lighted the gas and looked in the bureau drawer and there lay Frankie's picture (which was finished and duly presented) on the cover of the box and nothing in the box. Not only was the paper gone, but the linen cloth that was folded about it was gone also. Drunkenness like dying releases evangelical power.

"The pencil then wrote while Willie was standing by the bureau looking at Frankie's picture: 'We have taken paper and will give a perfect likeness. Our robes sheltered the paper. Poor Katie! have great patience with her, for when

her vitality goes she is weak. We had great power as Katie was near the threshold of eternity.[2] . . . The Circle.' "

(I 191) April 11, 1870. Again: "My dear Sarah, while they are gathering I will speak to you a few words. All the circle are now approaching the room with paper and pencils."

(III 313) July 23, 1871. "Our bell has sounded. Yes, sounded for our presence. Some one needs us and we must go. Call us not back. We take the paper to the palace. B. F."

(I 125) February 28, 1870. "We fear to bring the picture in this atmosphere."

(I 126) "Were we to bring the picture in its magnetized state through the dampness, part of its beauty would be lost. B. F."

(II 115) "It is almost impossible for us to come in the heated atmosphere (July 11, 1870). We find it next to impossibility. Therefore, we are happy to come when we have not these drawbacks. The disturbance caused us a little uneasiness. We saw her coming and had to make the paper invisible." (Cf. section on dematerialization (e) below.)

(III 161) February 9, 1871. "The atmosphere prevents us from coming very near."

(III 179) June 18, 1871. "I find that we lose power when we attempt to come in an atmosphere like this, and also injure our fine spiritual organization. We will never make the effort again. B. F."

(II 10) April 29, 1870. "We wondered how they could bring it (the paper) through the wet atmosphere. . . . 'We shielded the picture with a thicker paper.' "

(II 16) April 30, 1870. "We had been but a minute or two in our places when a white pink, from a vase upon the table, was placed in my hand, the long gone pencils rattled upon the table, and one of them was slipped into the Doctor's

[2] Death is a moment of power. Consider the frequent occurrence of telekinetic announcements and manifestations at the moment of death.

sleeve and one into mine as I held my hand to my face." Presentation of Leila's picture followed.

(II 103) July 7, 1870. "The afternoon was damp and warm. We met as directed. Soon after we were seated I noticed the sound of heavy rain and remarked, 'Can that be rain?' The Doctor replied 'Yes,' and the echoes added, 'And our paper is here.' On our asking if they were anxious in consequence, they said, 'Yes.' In a few moments they decided what to do and said, 'If the rain continues, open the lower drawer of the bureau.' After about fifteen minutes' sitting, the rain still falling, they said. 'Open the drawer.' As soon as that was prepared, the Doctor and Katie were sent by the folding doors, and when they returned and stood near the bureau, we heard the paper placed in the drawer and the drawer pushed in quickly. Katie's hands were held, as always, by the Doctor, she standing by his side. Then they wished the window opened, so they could take the pencils with them."

The positiveness of the work in hand was certified at every séance by the pranks of Frankie and Leila. Their unequivocal personalities probably spoke louder and brought to the parents more consolation than the messages or pictures. The latter, however, were the *magnum opus,* the miracle of miracles.

(I 109) February 19, 1870. A knife is put into the pocket of S. E. L. T.'s dress.

(I 159) March 29, 1870. Chips from sharpening a pencil used for autograph writing are found.

(II 3) April 26, 1870. Flowers are tastefully and curiously arranged.

(II 4) April 27, 1870. The Doctor was directly accosted by the Professor, who said, "My efforts have not been in vain, even with Katie. I will continue to show my power." Leila breaks off a pink from the stalk and puts between her mother's lips. Frankie gives a pink to his papa,

and takes it away again three times. Frankie hides his father's hat under a pillow, in intermediate room, away from circle.

(II 19) April 30, 1870. "We have got control of the conditions, now, and we can do almost anything in the way of showing our presence." Then followed the giving of flowers. This occurred in the front parlor brightly lit up with gas. The table was an old-fashioned, marble-top table of the period.

(II 21) *Idem.* "Dear little Katie sat with her hands upon the table, and while we were receiving the flowers and bringing them above the table, she said, 'Oh! I do wish they would give me one.' At our request, she placed her hand under, and when they put a flower in it, she was filled with delight."

(II 68) June 8, 1870. Leila puts a slipper in her mother's hand.

(II 62) June 5, 1870. The children's little clothes had been brought up rough washed. The children (Frankie and Leila) tumbled them over. When eyes were opened, "we found the little rocking chair on the table before us, which we left in the corner of the room, and in the chair were two little short dresses, fixed as though the form had slipped out of them." . . . " 'Oh, Sarah! are you not blessed as few are, thus to be able to have your little ones back to life?' "

(II 86) June 23, 1870. Frankie brought bronze figures from the mantelpiece and put them one before his father and one before his mother.

(II 89) June 25, 1870. Frankie takes his papa's hand, hands him his gloves, Leila presses against her mother.

(II 91) June 26, 1870. They rub their mother's face with pearl powder.

(II 93) June 28, 1870. Frankie takes off his father's gold ring and replaces it, pushing it back over a snug joint. He pins a handkerchief to his mother's braid.

(II 112) July 11, 1870. He takes his father's watch and gives it to his mother.

(II 147) August 1, 1870. He braids his father's beard.

(II 174) September 1, 1870. "Frankie said, 'Mamma, hold up your hand.' I did so, but he soon said, 'I can't put it on,' and dropped a bracelet upon the table before me. He had brought it from the bureau but had not the power to put it on my wrist."

(III 7) September 27, 1870. He rocked in a little chair.

(III 100) December 20, 1870. Leila puts a baby's chair on the carpet.

(III 111) December 25, 1870. "That this work (a picture of a wreath of rosebuds) was done by hands not earthly we know, for, as in the previous pictures, either the Doctor or I always held Katie's hands and I always kept watch over the room as well, so that we know what we state is true."

(III 239) May 14, 1871. "The Doctor and I hold Katie's hands every moment during our sittings except when her left hand is required to write."

(III 229) May 7, 1871. Frankie hands his mother's watch to her from the bureau 8 or 10 feet away.

(III 341) August 22, 1871. "Katie's left hand, which was the hand towards me, was writing and I was sitting a little from her and opposite the Doctor, and holding three lead pencils in my hand, playing with them upon the table. I raised my right hand about six inches from the table and hit the hand of a gentleman. I exclaimed, 'Why, George, is your hand over here?' 'No,' he replied, 'my hands are here and so are Katie's.' I knew it was not Katie's for it was much larger and the touch was not like hers. The hand was warm and firm and perfectly natural in its feeling. I had no more than asked the Doctor if it were he, when one of the pencils was taken from my hand and the echoes said, 'I want it for Frankie. He wishes to do something to make you laugh. Prof. K.' Katie kept writing during all this. After

they were gone and we opened our eyes, we found on the table before us my hand glass which I use to read the left-handed writing, wrapped carefully in the large handkerchief I left spread upon the little table by the folding doors, and upon the handkerchief was written, 'Mamma can't read now, Frankie.' "

(IV 156) December 11, 11 P.M., 1885. "While the above was being written, we extinguished all light, and soon thereafter the midnight bells of the city struck and, at the same time, a sweet, clear bell began to ring in our midst and close to us. It rang with the greatest regularity and sounded more like the silver bells in a music box than any other sound I know. It had rung several minutes, I should think five, when Frankie said, 'Brother Willie, look at my bell.' Then it rang clear and strong in front of and close by Willie but he could not see it. Neither of us could see anything but the blackness of darkness. Finally, the bell began to move away apparently. The sound lessened gradually until we could hear but the faintest ring and as though it was far away, then ceased entirely."

"The manifestation was beautiful but no surprise to us because of our previous experiences as before recorded. I know absolutely that neither Katie nor we have a bell or any other thing that could be made to give forth what we heard."

(IV 66) June 6, 1875. . . . "The paper was returned covered on each side with pencil writing and signed by all the circle. This you will observe is the first autograph letter from the circle since Katie's return. . . . In this letter of June 6th the handwriting changes several times. Dr. Franklin's, Ma's, and Olin's are marked and then there seems to be an indescribable mixing of the hands with places where it is like Em's and like Uncle Albert's and like Isaac T. Hopper's." The inspired insight of Mrs. Taylor into heavenly society.

(I 95) February 12, 1870. When the circle are in form, they converse with each other, as with us, by echoes, only

much lighter and quicker. Their consultations are therefore readily noticed.

The topic of Leila's harp is deferred until that of materialization is reached.

(*c*) *Coming in Form*

(IV 381) June 6, 1890. "My dear children: We are here, all of the circle, to speak with you and listen to your voices. How near we are to you now! What a pleasure to us! There are times when we cannot see you so clearly, then we wish for this connecting link. We look into your eyes and hear your voices, and, when the light is dim, we can touch you. . . . Benj. Franklin."

The dynamics of physical manifestations evidently leads over to the subject of materialization, as we clearly infer from Frankie's bell. But, on the way, we encounter a halfway stage, illustrated hitherto only by the personal, bodily, we might say, somatic metamorphosis, known as "coming in form." Whether spiritual, inanimate objects, such as a spiritual bell or a spiritual harp, may be arrested at this halfway stage of materialization, is not yet apparent, but analogy would claim that it may be. Apparently any and all approach of a spirit to earth involves a "coming in form" of high or low degree. The first reference below seems to contradict this last statement; but to my mind it merely fails to distinguish a slight degree of materialization from no formation.

(I 147) March 12, 1870. "The children are here but not in form."

(I 151) March 14, 1870. "Little Leila is here in form; but if we use our power in making her visible to your eyes, we cannot work with success upon the picture."

(XI 91) June 25, 1870. "This morning we have all been in full form. I am happy to still go on doing good. The

work began on earth is being continued now. . . . B. F."

(XI 92) June 26, 1870. Very hot morning, six A.M. "The atmosphere will not permit us to hold our forms long this morning. Therefore we will not be able to remain long. The picture is here, but we must get it away as soon as possible."

(III 143) January 25, 1871. Spirits form apparently in order to sense what is being done in form, i.e., in earthly intercourse and business. Leila must be materialized as well as the harp. And, in order to get Leila's expression suitable for earthly presentation, she must pose "in form," and yet not visible to human eye.

(III 9) September 29, 1870. " 'Dear children, remember we are trying to take the form you can behold. Now your friend the Professor is in form but not a pleasing one to your eyes, therefore we are obliged to form with care. These are important meetings for preparation. B. F.' Very soon after, the Professor said, 'George, here I am in form. Do you hear my feet? I will bring a familiar token at our next meeting.' And we did hear his feet. He walked about with the same positive step as when in the flesh."

(III 10) September 29, 1870. "My dear Sarah and George: We learn from the first spirit who forms from the invisible, how to come ourselves, and we watch with interest each attempt."

(III 15) October 2, 1870. "My dear Children: We prepare and form at these daily meetings in order to come in perfection the night the pictures are given. . . . B. F."

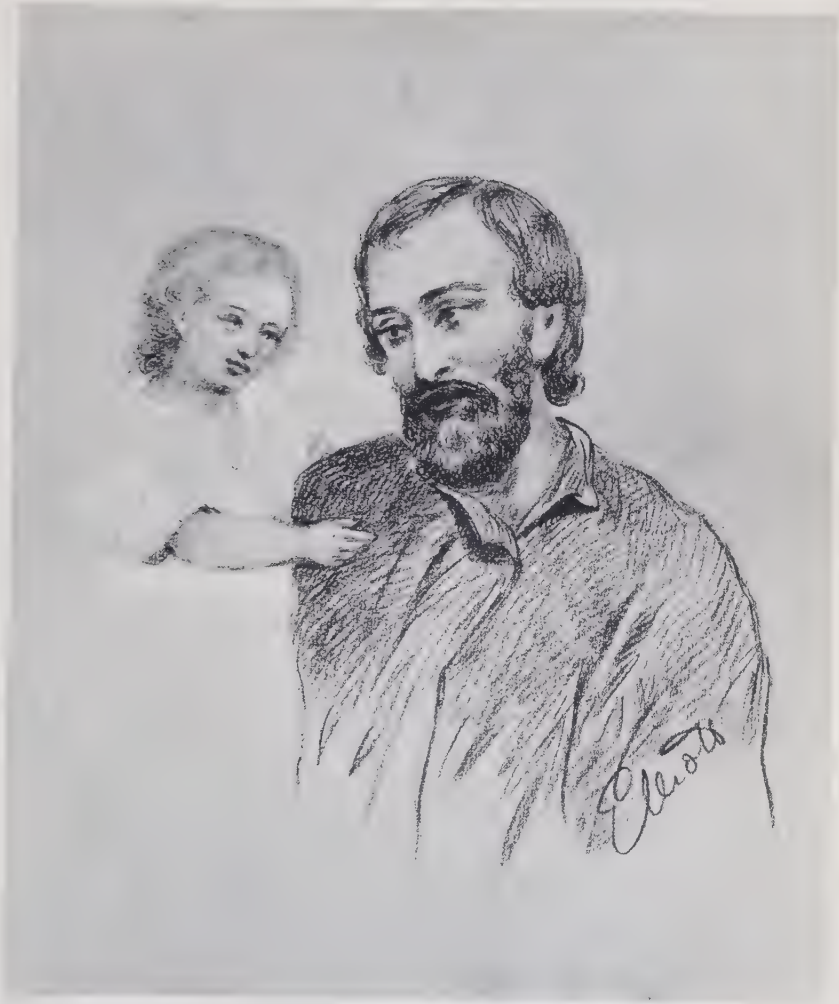
(III 143) January 28, 1871. "We are progressing in the power to come visibly. We do not want you to see us before we are perfectly formed. We have all aided in giving Dr. Franklin power to bring Leila with her harp, and the time is near when you shall see her face to face. At every preparatory meeting he makes a change either in the position of Leila or the harp, which takes time, but all this is very necessary,

very important. We form for our own spiritual vision to behold during these preparations, and were you to open your eyes upon us it would affect us very painfully. This may seem strange to you, but it is nevertheless true."

(III 154) February 5, 1871. . . . "The echoes asked to have the windows opened. We knew by the movements that they were not through with us and we could not see why they wished the window opened. Olin explained. 'Dr. Franklin is going now.' The window was opened and closed in less than a minute and the writing again commenced. When they were through, we again opened the window and stood by it until they had all passed out. When they are in form, as now, it usually takes the circle about five minutes to pass out of the room. At each of these last three meetings, we have been particularly conscious of the presence of many individuals."

(III 6) September 27, 1870. "The morning Frankie was about leaving the *form,* I with your own Ma and Olin stood by your side and oh! how we tried to cheer you, to lift the heavy weight, the despair. Then, Sarah, the way was not open for our souls to touch yours with peace, with that peace which God gives to His Angels for the mourner to partake of. Then when Leila flew away, I was near. Others came and talked with you, but I knew not the way. I have since become as familiar with the telegraphing as the circle who daily come to you with their *perceptible forms.* . . . Grandma." (My italics.) In this selection, "leaving the form" is first used for "leaving the body." In its second use, "perceptible form" is an ingenuous expression for "formed sufficiently for the spirits to see each other." It does not mean that Grandma was visible in the ordinary sense. Grandma is speaking from her own point of view.

(III 8-9) September 27, 1870. "We have not the power to tell you, as we hoped to, the day and hour of the presentation, as we had not then decided to give it in form. We have



Olin and Leila

A paraphysical picture

to form gradually, carefully, and therefore you must be patient."

(III 113) December 25, 1870. "Grandma cannot speak this day, as the power has been exhausted on the pictures. They are forming now to present them. Dr. Franklin is gathering the materials. I must close. Your own Ma."

Evidently, the last word of appearing in form is that the form be so materialized as to bear inspection as a real, earthly person. For this purpose material must be gathered, from living persons, perhaps, as shown by the work of Bisson.

(*d*) *Materialization*

(I 114) February 23, 1870. . . . "The echoes said, 'Dear mamma, would you like to catch a little glimpse of me?' . . . We looked and saw a beautiful light on the middle of the bed. . . . The echoes then said, 'We showed you this to quiet you.' . . . the echoes said, 'Open your eyes.' And there on the table almost under my face was the beautiful light again." The Doctor says: "On being told to look I opened my eyes and saw near the middle of the table, what appeared an oval, luminous body, of about the size of the upper half of a person's head of medium size," etc., etc.

(I 157) March 15, 1879. "During my absence (on a trip to Washington, D. C.) the Doctor and Katie met several times to enable the spirits to keep control of the material things they held."

(I 199) April 14, 1870. "Soon the skirt of my dress was pulled and the dearest little echoes said, 'Darling mamma, let me get in your lap.' I pushed back from the table and begged her to come. Now she tried and tried to get herself up. I could feel her against my knees and partly on my lap. She seemed to be unable to raise herself completely. I wanted to help her and asked if I could not. She answered, 'try to.' I leaned forward and tried to, but she was gone. Olin spoke,

'Remember, she is but a little child,' meaning that she was too little to understand that I could not help her. Then I asked Olin to help her, to bring her and set her on my lap. Only an instant at a time, but repeated with varying degrees of weight many times, only once was she heavy as a child of four years would naturally be. Olin told me to lean my face over toward my shoulder. I did. Then she seemed to stand or kneel upon my lap, lay her head upon my shoulder and her face against my face. She did this three times. The first and second there seemed to be a fabric of some sort between her face and mine, but the pressure was firm and slightly prolonged. The third time there was *nothing* intervening, and the touch was exactly like the flesh of a child's face, warm, soft, and life like."

(III 149) February 3, 1871. "The Doctor and Katie were sent by the folding doors when Frankie said, 'Papa, open your eyes and see my shadow.' The Doctor obeyed and Katie opened hers also and they both saw the dim shadow of a child—the head and form upon the wall. Frankie had turned the slats so that sufficient moonlight to make a shadow was admitted.

"Then the Doctor and Katie were told to close their eyes and in less than one minute a head of soft, loose hair was pressed against and brushed across my forehead and face. I asked whose it was. Frankie answered, 'It was my head and hair you felt, mamma.' They soon left but required both windows opened wide for them to pass out."

(I 216) April 22, 1870. "As my hand lay upon the table I noticed something brush across the ends of my fingers that felt like cloth of some fine sort. I felt it again and mentioned it. The Doctor soon noticed something of the same kind pass over and cling to his shoulder. The fabric seemed to be detained or held by the roughness of his coat. The echoes said that each time it was Leila and her dress we felt."

(II 30) May 8, 1870. "Do you want to know what they

(the children) are doing now? I will tell you: learning the way to approach you in visible form with ease and patience, with quiet and firmness, for their great joy, their impatient desire to get in your arms would so destroy the conditions that they would not be able to retain their forms. You too must be calm and let them imbibe your feelings. This you can do if you try. . . . Olin."

(II 53) May 31, 1870. "The Doctor and Katie were sent by the folding doors two or three times and finally, after a half hour, were told to open the window. As they approached it from the folding doors, they felt and heard the paper, and when near the window they were distinctly conscious of a third person standing with them (who) got between them once and pushed the blinds together after the paper and pencils had passed out. The Doctor said it seemed exactly as though I were in my place." (S. E. L. T. was ill and in bed in the same room.)

(II 59) June 3, 1870. . . . "and the Doctor feeling from time to time the hand of the Professor; sometimes it is a slap upon the shoulder, sometimes a clasp about the wrist, at other times a sudden and firm grasp of his leg when sitting, and again the hold is gentle but still firm."

The pranks of the children would fill a book.

The most remarkable materialization was not that of a person but of a thing; not of Leila but of her harp. When at first we are convinced of the reality, the veridicity, of materialization, we are thinking of spirits. It is a higher degree of initiation to believe in inanimate things originating in heaven and then hypostatized on earth. There be other things in heaven than purely Platonic ideas. On the other hand, we may imagine that the harp, in its proper quality as heavenly, was quite ideal in its perfection, and that it suffered a temporary deterioration in order to become the carrier of earthly qualities. It may be necessary to quote at some length. This miracle, however, has all the hallmarks of those

of the loaves and fishes, and of the turning of water into wine. It is the most impressive in the Legacy.

(III 121) January 1, 1871. "These preparatory meetings will be short as we cannot retain the harp long in your atmosphere, and their purpose will be to materialize the harp."

(III 125) January 8, 1871. They "have to wait till we can get control of the instrument and materialize it sufficiently to play notes that you can understand."

(III 133) January 15, 1871. Leila was held in Dr. Franklin's arms to play her harp. Doctor Taylor says: "When we first heard the harp it appeared to be near but behind us and remained there until Leila said, 'I will play alone,' when it was brought very near our heads and played not more than one foot from my ears."

"These musical sounds resembled mostly those of a first-class music box, yet were different. They penetrated the organ of sense more than any music I ever heard, however loud. They gave a feeling of the most supreme delight that can, apparently, be produced by musical sounds. They had not the regularity of music produced by machinery."

(III 135) January 17, 1871. "Again we come with the harp but you cannot hear its heavenly strains today. We must bring it twice more before it is sufficiently materialized to sound. It is the most delicate instrument in our world and we have to handle it with great care. You will notice that we have to meet for preparation always two or three times before we play upon it. Leila is learning a new hymn to play at the next meeting. When the time comes right, we shall meet for the purpose of coming in form with Leila holding her harp; and if you are full of faith, you shall not be disappointed. One doubt will keep us from succeeding,—one doubt will chill us and keep us from forming. This will take time and patience. Now, dear Sarah, George and Katie, can you have faith and patience? You will be rewarded in a way that God

has seldom blessed His children. We all went to the banquet hall and met all our friends: those who are bound to us by close ties and those whose friendships have outlived mortality. We all assembled in a room by ourselves, and Dr. Franklin related to listening ears the fact of his bringing Leila in your presence with her harp, how she played while he held her in his arms, and how heavenly the strains fell on your ears. All who were permitted to hear were pleased and gratified and some were astonished, but all were made happy. . . . Olin."

(III 147) February 1, 1871. . . . "We were not kept in suspense for as soon as Dr. Franklin ceased speaking we heard a clear, full sound from Leila's harp. We started, for we had not expected it, but we sang the Lord's prayer through once and the harp accompanied us. Then we kept perfectly still, held both of Katie's hands, and listened in rapture for about three-quarters of an hour. . . . The notes were clear, full, strong and penetrating. The music sweeter than anything I had ever heard. Ten pieces were played, and one was long, and none was familiar. At an interval between the lines, Dr. Franklin said, 'I am proud of my pupil.' Then she struck the strings again and with full power played and played. At the close of the next to the last tune, Frankie said, 'I help Leila.' Then the harp was brought so near me that when the first note was touched it hurt my head, and again she played, stronger, sweeter, purer than before. . . . The music from the harp was so loud. . . . The ladies on the floor above us went to their windows, opened them, listened, but did not know what the instrument was. Afterwards, that same evening, one of the ladies remarked to me that the people in the next house certainly had some new instrument and inquired if I had not heard it."

(III 169) February 23, 1871. The harp was played again. "Sister Em heard the harp distinctly in another room. When she first noticed it she wondered where it was and what

stringed instrument it could be with such clear and penetrating tone and still so sweet. After a little she heard our voices. Then she knew it was Leila with her harp."

(III 251) May 26, 1871. The harp was played. "We heard with distinctness the touch of the fingers upon the strings. . . ."

(III 267) June 7, 1871. "On opening the door I heard one clear, ringing note from an instrument, but without noticing it I spoke with Katie and while doing so heard another clear and strong. I said, 'Why, Katie, what have you got?' She replied, 'Nothing,' seemed frightened and stepped inside. . . . Leila accompanied us with her harp."

(*e*) *Dematerialization*

In the dictionary of psychodynamism, "materialization" and "dematerialization" are nominally complementary, but, only provisionally separate processes, hardly as distinct as the production and consumption of electricity. In both cases, each phenomenon is the evidence of what is really one process of spiritual or electrical transformism.

Here the parallel stops. For the electrical transformation is a simple, mechanical process, in which man attends to most of the details, relying simply upon God to continue to furnish the raw force which has been systematically isolated and named "electricity"; whereas, in the other case, a spirit (carnate perhaps, but generally discarnate) exerts his will, amounting to prayer, and God thereupon makes all the infinite adjustments that go to preserve a personality, to save it out of a lower environment over into a higher or to permit it to descend from a higher to a lower. The distinction is that between the inorganic (electricity) and the organic (life, personality). The working of an automobile produces an effect of science; a materialization is an effect of faith.

Mathematicians have endeavored to make comprehensible

to us, in their rigid, hieroglyphic way, the spatial idea involved in the course which God pursues, in this case. They say, for instance, that a being living in two-dimensional space would only have one or two dimensions. That is to say, to our apprehension, it would be nothing at all, only a point or, at most, a vacant lot to build upon. Assume, however, a world of three dimensions,—what unlimited possibilities are spread out! The known universe, man, and all plants and animals are donated by God the instant our thought rises to the conception of and desire for cubical life. The algebraic exponent of the third degree typifies mathematically this stage of evolution, the cubic.

Further, suppose we take notice that a quadratic exponent is also formally possible. Our curiosity is aroused. We want to know whether that is merely a new though empty form, or whether God has hypostatized it as He has the binomial of the third degree. The potentialities of this thought are dazzling, when we reflect what infinite difference is subtended by the inceptive, second step from the square to the cube. Remember that the being endowed with third degree qualities makes a parade ground of the second degree; he promenades up and down upon it. By analogy, the man of quadratic endowment must, in a sense, walk over us. He looks on us as a sort of Flatland. Geometricians would represent this quadratic conception of space by a nest of cubes more or less interlocking. In other words, the quadratic personality can transpose himself by a mere (well, a pretty definite, positive) thought into a great many different environments without taking a step, as it would look to us.

We have to travel to Melbourne with labor and expense, because we happen to be only of third degree. A spirit can get there at once, because, for him, Melbourne is here, when he wills it. This may not seem entirely satisfactory,—I am simply trying, in the relations of the third and fourth degrees of the exponent, to drive home the parallel that all

know to exist between the second and third degrees. The cannon of St. Gobain could reach Paris with its projectile because it could utilize the third dimension for a high trajectory. And so Puck can be here, there, and everywhere at once, because he utilizes a still further degree of spatial potentiality. If a being works in Space, it is Space that works for the being, the individual soul. To will is essentially to command the spatial elements apt to a degree or exponent. What we do is very much what Space does for us. Erstwhile it was Chance that wielded the scepter of Jove. Today Space bids fair to usurp the throne of Olympus, having banished Chance.

The elementary parallel we sense with clearness, because we already are securely entrenched in the superior stage of the evolution envisaged up to the third degree. We strain at the parallel of the third and fourth degrees, because, in this case, we occupy the inferior position. Our experience has not yet enforced the relation. A "miracle" alone can enforce it. The deep sea dredge affords us a richer idea of the ocean than a fish can ever obtain of the land. The only way a man can get an idea of heaven is to represent it in earthly terminology, and if we use the parallel of algebraic notation, it is only to enable us to surmise that it is wholly reasonable that there do exist a quadratic estate; and that it must surpass infinitely, in its possibilities, the cubic. In its way, Spiritualism succeeds in "unscrewing the inscrutable."

It were evidently lost labor to toy with the notion of fifth and higher degrees. Man has as yet encountered no limit to the universe; only to his sense of it.

The commonest process of dematerialization is death.

(III 243) May 16, 1871. Uncle Albert says: "The world is full of changes and sorrows mingled with pleasures and joys—joys which are taken from you before you are able to grasp them. The rose blooms and falls to the

ground while you are inhaling its perfume, but the soul of the rose lives forever. It passes into another rose of its kindred—another and another. Nothing is lost."

The rose-soul would be a near Platonic idea. The soul wanders in the third dimension, passing, like the bee, from rose to rose; but depends upon a will to blossom which is quite other-worldly in origin. On the other hand, the miracles of the pictures (of the paper and crayons)—which traverse the sittings of twenty-two years, are effected through the separate principle of dematerialization (which must lose the "de-," from the fourth dimension point of view. What we call "dematerialization," the spirit must call, "materialization").

(I 92) February 11, 1870. "We have done the best we could under the conditions. Have the picture framed and photographed. A glass over it will make it look finer. You must remember that the little boy has grown here and although we cannot give his beauty on paper, we have shown you our power. We will take one of the little girl. To work with earthly materials it is impossible to give the fine spiritual expression. We can make earthly objects so magnetized that we can make them invisible to the earthly eye." To magnetize, then, is *pro tanto,* to dematerialize.

(I 94) February 12, 1870. "We will meet you here at half past eight on Monday to magnetize the paper."

(I 137) March 6, 1870. "You are becoming daily more spiritual in your knowledge of heaven, that home where your loved ones dwell; and often your spiritual form walks here with us, while you sleep and dream." That means, perhaps, that we each have a spiritual form that does not need magnetizing in order to become quadratic. Its performances frequently leave no record on the man's earthly recollection. The last two excerpts are perhaps complementary. Otherwise they would be dubious; for when an article is magnetized to invisibility, is it still "here" or already "there"?

And if "there," has it moved or is it in the same "place"? Compare the next quotation.

(I 225) April 23, 1870. "We have been working above on the picture this morning. It has not been in the room, but this afternoon have room all ready and window open at half past four. We had to work on the picture in our own homes this morning. Therefore, we were silent. B. F." This extract is typical of the twenty-two years' experience.

(III 19) October 7, 1870. . . . "Directly after we were seated the Doctor and Katie each felt the paper placed for a moment on their heads, then the echoes said, 'Dear Sarah, we leave it in your charge.' At the same time the precious paper that had been carried from Earth to Heaven many, many times . . . and as often returned to our room . . . this paper was placed in my hands."

(III 254) May 28, 1871. "When we opened our eyes I first looked for the paper which I had placed upon the little table when I prepared the room, and which I had placed there before nearly every meeting for months, and this same paper had been, at the close of each meeting, either brought and placed in my hands for me to put in the box or they had put it in the box themselves and then brought both to me. But now they had not brought either paper or box, only the cloth. I looked faithfully for the paper, but it was not in the room. We read: 'My dear Sarah and George. We are all here. We have a clear atmosphere, and good conditions. The paper is prepared and we will take it with us and do our work as soon as possible. It has been difficult for us to take the paper and our crayons will be used up when this picture is finished. We shall invent some colors of our own. . . . Olin.' "

The direction to open the window for the entrance or exit of the spirits with their freight, would indicate that the conception of a fourth dimension is not to be coupled with a prepossession about complete or instantaneous demateriali-

zation. The shortest way in the fourth dimension is not that one which appears shortest in the third.

The ubiquitousness of spirits speaks loudly of the characteristic difference between environments which we have been discussing. Katie died long before the experiments of the London S. P. R. in the cross-correspondences of Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Holland, the earliest of which "began towards the end of 1903." [3]

The Doctor (G. H. T.) started on a business trip to Michigan before 6 P.M., July 12, 1870. On July 15, 2 P.M., this came from Olin: . . . "first he (George) was disappointed in not meeting the party he wished to, but all seems to go smoothly now. I can say no more about him till tomorrow at half past nine, as he will not do much before then. George is writing now. You will hear today."

"When the Doctor returned, the next week, and told this day's experience, it corresponded exactly with Olin's statement, save that the appointment with the lawyer was for the next morning instead of evening." But the message said nothing about "evening." Did Olin follow George; or George, Olin? From Olin's point of view, did he simply keep George with him, watching what he was about?

(III 311) July 21, 1871. "My dear child: I have just left your Pa. He is well. . . . Your Ma." Pa's (John Avery Langworthy's) farm and home were in Allegany County, New York, some three hundred miles west of New York City, on the line of the Erie. Of course, there is nothing to check this up; but the following is a good test:

(IV 37) March 1, 1872. "Five months have passed since Katie left and I have but now received the first letter from my unseen loved ones. Katie is still in London and a letter from her written the last of December said that Olin wanted to write to me. Her next letter was written on the fourteenth of February. It is long, covers three sheets and when

[3] Sir W. F. Barrett, "Psychical Research," p. 231.

about two-thirds through she says that Olin has come and wants to write as soon as she is through.

"Olin's letter is perfectly intelligible, referring to matters purely personal and that no person in America, besides the parties interested, knows anything about, much less could Katie or anybody in London know. He could not possibly have known of matters to which he refers if he had not been near enough to know what we are doing and saying and to read the letters we receive.

" 'My dear Sarah: I am so happy to come here in Katie's little parlor and give you a few words. I have been with you, Sarah, every day, and given you assurances of my continued presence. I have just left you now to say these few words. Be not troubled, you will come out fair and all your trials will pass into blessings. George must not look on the dark side. He will realize blessings soon from that source. Tell him he can do nothing at present but wait. Yes, Sarah, do as you are contemplating and all will be well. The dear little flowers were with you Christmas morning. Frankie tried to answer when you spoke to him. He saw the clock and heard the music but did not like it as much as he does Leila's harp. They are with you, and feel impatient, as we all do, to take up the broken threads and make the chain whole again through Katie . . . . Ma says that you must not worry about Ralph. Em will do better soon and feel satisfied. . . . Olin.' " As to the clock: "I received Christmas presents of a beautiful clock and a large music box." [4] And as to Em: "This refers to the contents of a letter received from her the first of February."

The next letter from Olin from London was "sometime" in June, 1873. "My dear Sarah: In the confusion of moving [5] I have been with you; so has Ma. . . . Tell George to

[4] The writer still possesses these articles.

[5] May day, 1873, the Taylors moved from their old house, at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, which they had so long occupied, on lease, to their own, newly built, Hotel Branting, at Madison Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street.

wait a while before he makes the improvement he has in contemplation; before you feel the need of that Katy will be with you and we will all advise.

"We all like the little lady's name. It is not strange at all that Dr. Franklin has not sent you a message. He has been with you aiding you and I often speak for him. His interest in you and George has not even flagged. Sarah, do not feel depressed; your health will soon be established and your children will bless you. Two on earth and two in heaven. How happy you ought to be! Never sigh for Frankie or Leila. They often play with baby and make her laugh in her sleep. Poor Em will see more sorrow but she must be patient. Bradley is often with you. He will never cease to lend his aid to you. Oh! how we love the new house. I will soon be talking with you through Katy. I now go to you. Olin."

Some of the topics of this letter might have been suggested to Katie in letters from S. E. L. T. (there is no evidence that there were any), but others were too recent. Flora was born in August preceding. But the remarks about Dr. Franklin, to which Olin replies, were made in New York about the time Olin's letter was written in London. Bradley died in the preceding December, but Em had only just come to the Movement Cure for her health, and subsequently, in the middle of November, died there of consumption. The new sanatorium (Hotel Branting) had been occupied May 1st, and it is improbable that Mrs. Taylor had already written to Katie about it.

The next communication was of December 30, 1873, and recounts Em's experiences in dying and further contains a beautiful note from Frankie, who is delighted with Flora, but thinks he likes Leila a little better.

(*f*) *Power*

The molar manifestations and demonstrations instanced under (a) supra were undoubtedly powerful; but the power was materialized and earthly. Indeed, the Record's use of the term always has reference to some terrestrial manifestation; but the power used is not always from the medium nor even utilized out of earth's economy, for "they" distinctly speak of gathering power in their own homes. By and large, the relation of mind and personal will to molar effects, in the spirit intercourse, seems to resemble the balance of power in modern international politics, or again in the "holding corporations" familiar to finance, where it is sufficient to control a small balance of shares in order to dictate the policy of the affiliated corporations. What I mean is that the psychological element of a society is organized to set the mightiest engines at work; and so when we try to account for and to form some idea of the life of a "disembodied spirit," we must bear in mind this peculiar nature of the control of mind over matter. The balance of power remains with the spirit. The idea of power lies so closely to that of spirit that it is only natural to say: "Sunshine from your souls gives power" (II 101). Happiness (IV 16) and faith (IV 47) are forces in heaven. "Power" is often used in the messages.

(III 73) December 6, 1870. "Olin answered, 'The father of electricity and the discoverer of the spiritual telegraph between the two worlds is here. The present generation owe all to him.'"

(III 251) In answer to a remark that it was strange that a spirit like George Fox should come back to earth: "The very fact that they have been here so many years is sufficient to enable them to approach earth very easily. And why should they not come? This is the great opening in the world above, as well as in your world. This communion

between the two worlds; and they (*sic*) with Dr. Franklin are going to invent a speaking tube between the two worlds that will give great satisfaction and joy. Your Ma."

(I 58) Olin telegraphs a message to Professor Kenyon.

(III 242) May 16, 1871. "My spirit is happy to speak through the telegraph which connects the two worlds. Uncle Albert."

(IV 104) July 27, 1885. "While he was writing, I asked if he could see us better when Katie was here. 'My children, I hear your voices more distinctly when talking with you in this way. I can go more minutely into your lives. Benj. Franklin.' "

(IV 352) July 2, 1886. S. E. L. T.'s brother Ralph having died in April, 1885, in Nevada, he wrote: "Olin is helping me now and has been helping me every moment. The first thing I said to Olin was, 'How do you work this thing?' "

(III 309) July 18, 1871. "We have had great power this morning, which comes from Katie's not having many sittings lately. B. F."

(II 157) August 10, 1870. "You have all become weak in giving out electrical force and we want you to get physical power. Change is the only step toward this. The laws by which we are permitted to do these things are so very delicate that we are often prevented from fulfilling our promises by some little change in the conditions. Prof. K."

(II 164) August 16, 1870. "My dear Friends: The difficulty tonight has been the giving out so much power today. We did not realize how great the power was that we expended. We will, at another time, be able better to judge, as we drew from you also. We did not have force to supply our needs, our wants. Meet at half past eight tomorrow morning, if you do not go. Now we promised at first to give this picture in visible form, and we must. Therefore be patient and let us gather power sufficient to do it. We want to accomplish it, for we know we can. But your bodies must

be renewed with new electrical power and we hope that Katie will not let her power be exhausted while you are gone. A few days' rest for all will be the greatest boon we can ask. You are all exhausted in the electrical parts of your bodies. Benjamin Franklin."

Spirit intercourse depends upon the building up of a paraphysical structure of some sort, perhaps through an unison of individual volitions, harmoniously marching in a definite direction. So long as this machine is intact, the spiritual movement proceeds, gathering force as it goes. But it is easily put out of gear, when the analogy of the "broken chain" is applied, as it has been constantly since the events of 1848.

(II 82) June 21, 1870. "We have had to keep up the chain by our constant meetings, but now it is as strong as ever, and we rejoice."

(II 169) August 28, 1870. "I am happy to come to you although the chain is weakened by giving out power for physical uses. Your Ma." It thus appears that it is the same power that is used for the writing and for the pictures and other manifestations.

(III 222) May 3, 1871. "The atmosphere is not clear but we are in your presence and happy to add new links to the broken chain. Sarah, we are watching your thoughts. They are many and shadows of anxiety seem to throw a little gloom over you. Olin." Apparently anxiety breaks the chain.

(II 183) September 16, 1870. "I was detained an hour. The delay rendered the writing difficult. We have been waiting long. We have held the power as well as we could, but now we must work, not write much."

(III 95) December 15, 1870. "We are one circle, and our power is expended alike. We never want our power exhausted during these meetings, therefore it is well to call on us as little as possible while we retain the paper and crayons.

Dr. Franklin will make this all clear to you. We choose the morning, for Katie is fresh and the power good. We can do very little after she has had a long sitting."

(III 99) December 18, 1870. "We will have to linger sometime in our own atmosphere, before going to the banquet hall, in order to gather power. Olin."

(III 275) June 16, 1871. "We are all here. The air is pure and cool, therefore we will take as little power *from our world* [6] as possible. Olin."

(III 239) May 14, 1871. "Uncle Albert's here watching Dr. Franklin write and trying to learn the way. It is seldom the spirit can write a letter when in the form and I must give my aid to Dr. Franklin. Katie is the channel for us to come through and Dr. Franklin is now using the materials which permit him to write with his own hand. Olin."

(III 247) May 19, 1871. "We are all aiding Uncle Albert in writing. We do not know what he is writing. We only aid him in giving our power. No one looks over him but Ma. She stands by his side. Olin." Uncle Albert was at the same time writing a long autograph letter. It covers over a page. While Olin's synchronous letter through Katie's hand occupies a page and a half.

(III 294) July 5, 1871. "We will all lend our aid to Dr. Franklin and Uncle Albert as they wish to write and can do so with great rapidity receiving all our aid. Olin." These autograph letters occupied over two pages.

(III 315) "When they write with their own hands they never bring the picture." S. E. L. T.

(IV 10) September 17, 1871. "We do not wish Katie to sit for any one for the purpose of seeing faces until after we give the picture. We wish her to promise this as neither under such circumstances will succeed. Prof. K."

Simultaneous autographic and automatic letters were writ-

[6] Editor's italics.

ten on various occasions. Examples are to be found, Record, Vol. III, pp. 240, 269, 281.

(II 182) "They wrote upon the paper without the aid of Katie's left hand, these words: 'We are all here. Isaac T. Hopper.'"

(III 7) September 27, 1870. "They wrote with Katie's hand and went away as always through the open window. As soon as we opened our eyes the echoes said: 'Read my letter, B. F.' Upon a table twenty feet from the bureau and from us we found the third sheet of paper and the pencil. The paper was folded with great precision and was nearly covered with writing in a firm, round, clear hand."

(III 130) January 12, 1871. "While we were sitting around the table singing, Dr. Franklin said, 'I am going to write,' and then took a pencil out of my hand and a long strip of paper from the table and wrote in round, clear and firm hand the following. . . ."

(III 202) "By the request of the circle we sat about the table at this hour (10 P.M., April 3, 1871) having first placed paper and pencil on the bureau several feet distant from us. We kept our seats until directed to light the gas. We obeyed and found the following written in the round, firm hand of Dr. Franklin, and with his own hand, upon the paper which lay on the bureau. Katie's hands had not touched or been near this paper."

(III 336) August 19, 1871. "As soon as Katie left, I wrote, unknown to any human being, the following. . . . I placed this writing where I knew it could not be disturbed without my knowledge. Katie came back the next morning, went in the room with me, not without me, where the paper was, but did not see it, or touch it, or know of it. Sometime during the morning I looked at this paper on which I had written and found beneath my signature the following notes beautifully written, but when it was written I know not; and that human hand never touched the paper after I wrote

my questions and laid it aside, I also know: 'My daughter, these false accusations,' etc., for nine lines. 'B. F.'"

(II 151) August 7, 1870. "Nothing new occurred except that we were sent from the room before the paper was removed, they evidently taking it away as they bring it, without our immediate presence."

(II 153) August 8, 1870. "We have come to your earth when our power has been used while passing through the heated air. This is as inexplicable, as hard to convey to your minds, as life. Who can explain the wonderful *particles of life*,[7] the soul when it is born in this world and opens in the immortal? Olin." The impression lies at hand, on the whole, that the complete transformation into another dimension, if such there be,—the complete dematerialization, occurs as the spirit rises from the earth.

(III 68) December 2, 1870. "When you hear us walk about the room and take the paper, we are in a measure materialized. Dr. Franklin has the power to materialize himself more perfectly than any other spirit. Grandma."

(*g*) *A Few Facts*

The wondermongering habit of man is a hindrance to his comprehension of spiritual truths. He refuses to believe what is reported from a distance, or from antiquity, or from the future, if you choose, on the specious ground that it is too strange to be true. For him, the familiar is true, the unfamiliar false. This attitude amounts to a roundabout way of balking, of refusing to be interested in the basis of things. For the unfamiliar which shadows eternally the familiar is as strange as anything that can be imagined about the distant or the infrequent. The philosophy that runs throughout the Record is this: "Your life on earth is equally strange with ours in heaven. Let us, therefore, cease

[7] Visible to believers, with the naked eye. H. D. Thorp, "Light," London, December 16, 1932.

bandying words about mysteries, and devote ourselves to the pursuit of the truth, in which our souls have found the key to a supreme happiness."

(I 96) February 12, 1870. Footnote: "Em had missed Frankie's picture from her album for several days. She had mentioned it and wondered very much about it. Finally, the evening before the above, Frankie said that he took it out and now Olin is explaining: 'O, my Sister! I wish I could open the mysteries to you, take away the dark clouds, and show you ourselves as we really are. Nothing should seem strange to you, for all we do is clothed in mystery, which is ordained by our Father above. It is the law of heaven, and marvel not when strange things are done. Frankie has been trying to give you a little token of his presence. Olin.'" After all, Sister Em was a beloved guest. Frequent returns to the old home in Western New York interrupted the perfect faith that qualified to join the inner circle.

(III 334) And on August 18, 1871, B. F. said, "Let me once more entreat you not to let mistrust and doubts come in to mar the beautiful truths you have received. Everything is a mystery. Gaze down into a deep well. You will perceive an uncertain gleam of light. You cannot tell from what source, nor why it glistens upon the surface. You cannot fathom these waters with the eye nor see what they cover. So it is with us. If you would know what lies behind the veil that obscures your vision, plunge deep torch in hand. You will never know all till you come here; and it is well, for God hath made it so, hath willed it so."

Laboratory methods are highly utilitarian. Love and religion are needed also for the wider view.

(II 90) On June 25, 1870, B. F. had said: "Ask no questions, neither call the circle, until we announce our presence. Our work is such that we cannot explain. There are hidden laws which we must obey ourselves without asking 'why' and 'wherefore.'"

(II 111) July 11, 1870, Olin said: "Sarah, what a life within a life, the spiritual within the natural! Sometimes the heavenly light shines through the natural eye, it is then the spiritual sees things in their heavenly light." Olin died young.[8] He is always the poet, and I do not take his remarks in the same literal sense that I do those of B. F.

(III 162) February 9, 1871. "You see your world, but when I attempt to point ours to your eyes, my attempt fails. I turn aside from the description and feel that no pen can do justice to the beautiful reality; for everything is real here. One great happiness, Sarah, you will never feel strange in our world, not half so strange as you would feel in Europe."

(III 168) February 22, 1871. "So you thought, Sarah, when you entered, that we were not in the room. So you thought, 'They may be here, but we cannot see them.' Your guests, all but one, were here when you entered, invisible to your eyes, but really here. . . . The spiritual, the natural, the material, the ethereal, all blend. I find out now that I knew but little before I came here. Prof. Kenyon."

(III 256) May 30, 1871. "We all gathered in the banquet hall yesterday and had a consultation. You will meet Thursday at seven in the morning and at eight in the evening. We will not talk much till then. We have to follow laws, dear Sarah and George, and cannot step over them. . . . Olin."

(III 178, IV 13, IV 379, IV 324) Spirits visiting earth can hear from heaven, and heaven is very near. Spirits living in one sphere need a medium in order to communicate with higher spheres. W. H. V. went with Olin and B. F. to visit the Poets and listened to Homer who explained the different spheres.

[8] He took the team to water to the pool below the saw-mill dam, riding one of the horses. They came back alone. Olin's body was found in the bottom of the pool. The writer was there, a little boy, and recalls the excitement in the village.

CHAPTER IV

SPIRITUAL BODIES

(*a*) *The Bodily Forms*

A TERRESTRIAL machine, while constituted inwardly of more or less unsightly devices for the absorption, transformation, and expression or exertion of power, is generally enveloped by a casing or skin which, in a general way, determines its frontiers. Within the case it is conceded complete dominion. The case serves chiefly to hold aloof intruders, and thus to secure normal operation. Our human, mechanical devices imitate nature in this respect. However unequal are the speed of a tortoise and an automobile, there is a close resemblance in the duty of the shell of the one to that of the hood of the other. The carapace or covering of a machine, taken in this broad sense, offers a favorite field to the æsthetic motive. Æsthetics does not look behind the blush of the rose to discover an aniline dye, nor traverse the sleek robe of a charger to gloat on his fifty-odd feet of intestine.

We may venture even the generalization that the primary utility of the shell is less that of protection than of beauty. Without outsides to things, they are hideous. What tourist in hot weather would imitate the errand boy by exposing the engine of his Ford merely for sake of cooling it? The engine itself, however, is still further inside. There are two wrappers in this case. Living organisms also have several.

(IV 201) February 8, 1886. "The transition from the earthly form to the spiritual is beautiful and to you incomprehensible. When the body is being prepared for burial and clothed for the grave, the spirit is being clothed in im-

mortal garments and resting on a bed of roses, unconscious of the grief on earth, for some hours. When the spirit becomes perfectly awake, it seems like awakening from a dream, but there are those who stand by to make all things clear. They linger around the new-born spirit and show so many beautiful things that the grief of those on earth does not reach here till they are able to understand that there is a way to return to the mourner and a way to comfort. The birth of spirits here has to be studied carefully. Every birth is different according to the life on earth. An infant's birth is very beautiful, though (it is) most painful to witness the grief of a parent at parting with the child. Prof. K., Olin and the Circle."

In the third dimension, gainful, competitive, bread-winning occupations drive out or befog or preclude spiritual consciousness, which is essentially a consciousness of the immanence of the Divine. Of course, there is a life partnership between these qualities, but the terrestrial raise a smoke-screen before the heavenly. This is a fact and not to be deplored, otherwise the economy of the dimension would suffer detriment. In no connection does the necessity of the idea, if not of the reality, of God emerge with equal force with that manifested in the translation of the dying to the fourth dimension. It is fair to say that a human "social science" complacently imagines that it occupies itself solely with human activities, to the exclusion of the divine. The work of the "laboratory," in the ambitious or pretentious sense in which that word has been banalized by every fledgling of knowledge, is "the work of man." If nature ventures anything worth remarking, we are told that the specific specimens, reagents, materials, animals, races, species, nations, tribes, societies, cities, sects, men act for themselves. They act as they do because they do. Thus science ends as it began —with taxonomy.

Science, rejecting personality in principle, minimizes the

personal basis of accounting for man. Because, for example, it has discovered a specific, secular radiation from a highly charged or concentrated mineral appropriately named, "radium," it stops with that (in scientific theory, at least). Science may take a further grudging step, in order to point out the *utility* of radium; it wholly ignores the moral *sequelæ* from radium. Deeper into human interests science does not delve. The question at issue is not one of logic but of choice, of predilection. One consequence is that science becomes too familiar with the universe and too cocksure of the laws which it substitutes for Deity. It is true that individual scientists have here and there registered their moods of self-surrender and adoration, but the trend and the pressure upon followers and the public are materialistic. True explanation has ever a sympathetic, sentimental association and connotation, in spite of the contrary claim. Assent is a personal matter. Our superficiality of apprehension of nature will persist until we surrender totally our delusion of a man-made world, and of every thing, industry, fabrication, business, ideas and ideals, as man-made, for we must give the same sympathetic assent to these events which are admittedly not man-made.

The antithetical conception is the essentially religious one of God-made. Why quarrel with it? Why waste words descanting about the laws of nature, while denying God? What skeptics should mean is that their youthful ideas of God, or that popular ideas of God, were or are inadequate. If, however, you have made room for a scheme of knowledge in your head, does that exclude the need of belief in a Final Cause of that which you know and deeply feel as well as of that which you do not? Having that belief, why should you perpetually put it in the background; and shove your inconsequential selves in front, while denying that you do so? Earth, like other Kindergartens, exaggerates the future unimportant.

Perhaps right here is found the most salient, distinguish-

ing trait of the fourth dimension. There production and utility are direct, almost absolutely direct. The peculiarity of third dimension is the famous "roundabout process." It misleads us about our essential dependence on nature and God who only work through environment, primitive force, ultimate vibrations, and the like.

It is no petty, personal undertaker of burials who spreads a bed of roses for the spiritual body of the spiritual new-born. But this obverse complement of the earthly funeral rite is performed directly and with infinite beauty. Our clergy must recognize that Katie is their powerful ally,—frail Katie. The bed of roses is built by law but it is still the blossoming of the desires of angels. Is not here a process as totally natural as the blossoming of third dimension roses in response to a wish, roundabout expressed by planting and laboring the soil? And so on of our clothes, our transportation, and most manifestly of our domestic animals, and chiefest of all, of our children? Without the children the scheme of God were incomprehensible. Are children man-made? Alone he who can cheerfully negative the proposition is on the road to spiritual life. And there is here no implication of any necessary doctrine of reincarnation. The simple question is, Who is the Doer, the Poet? Roundaboutness provisionally abases humanity by reducing it to mechanism which derails appreciation. However, it demands an exercise of intellect and a building of character prerequisite to the wealth of direct response to desires on a higher sphere. The account of the future life furnished by the Record pervades it and stresses beauty.

(IV 318) May 12, 1886. "When I look on earth, upon all so beautiful, so inviting, and then go back to my home in the Garden of Eden, everything on earth looks little and of no account. It seems so little when I view our magnificent structures. And then, time cannot efface their beauty. I can say in my heart that I am satisfied, God-satisfied, earth-

weary. W. H. V." This sentiment could with difficulty be applied to the traditional, clanking, graveyard ghost.

The inquiry into the corporealness of spirits, whether their bodies be material or mental, is a question of importance, but also somewhat beside the mark, especially when unduly emphasized. We may well imagine that a psychic existence should call less on thews and sinews than an earthly. And yet, even in this terrestrial environment, the relatively psychic animal, *homo erectus* or *sapiens,* is extremely feeble compared with the larger apes, and with the other abler of the animals. Man admittedly rules them by wit and cunning.

Further, the quadratic or fourth dimensional qualification of the future life teaches that our idea of space must be radically modified in order to fit that life. Some writers, like Bergson, confine the strict idea of space to terrestrial or astronomical conditions and environment. The future life would be, thus, purely mental. Our evidence, however, would teach that this is going too far. The fourth dimensional idea does not absolutely exclude the idea of space. For the second dimension also comported space. Moreover, we do not need to suppose that the transition is ideally, perfectly, complete. The future life, as it is becoming accessible to us, need not be regarded as a radical *volte face* out of the third. More likely than not, it partakes of the nature of both systems, and perhaps neither is anywhere ideally realized. Plato soared high for his ideas.

In "Origin of Species," Darwin states that there is no definite frontier to a species, but that, on the contrary, there is an imperceptible shading-off from one to another, and that the neutral territory, inconsistent as the expression may seem, though not a "no man's land," is precisely where the battle for survival rages fiercest. The belief in Purgatory is frankly evolutionary. At this point, various clews might be sensed and followed up as to a possible weeding out of souls in the period immediately following death, some be-

ing destined to one and others to other abodes or destinies. Again, in "Descent of Man," 274, Darwin said: "I believe in no fixed law of development, causing all the inhabitants of a country to change abruptly, or simultaneously, or in an equal degree." [1]

We may accept in principle the thesis of Bergson that the earthly environment is essentially spatial, without denying this quality wholly to the future environment, that of the promoted souls. In fact, to be frank, the conception of a wholly subjective existence does not recommend itself to the writer. The idea of an Absolute is not here in question. The discussion is satisfied if temperately interrogating the finite. Psychic research is essentially experimental. It goes so far only as it sees.

(IV 372) May 13, 1890. "What a surprise to my soul when I saw your ma, my father and mother, Olin, and my Frank by my side the moment my spirit entered the immortal body. Body! Yes, we have bodies. Then I was taken to my home not made with hands. I felt exquisitely happy. Uncle Isaac." It is possible that Uncle Isaac, who was a clergyman, is using language, conventional to the cloth, which would trip most readily from his lips through the medium's pencil. If the idea, now quite in vogue, that the soul detaches itself from the old body and is constituted itself a new body, is correct, then, of course, Uncle Isaac's expression cannot be taken literally. He must have felt as if he had a new body. Did he have a new soul, also? The inquiry is somewhat hairsplitting.

(I 24, I 25) January 7, 1870. The readiness with which the physical passes over into the moral points out a danger of interpretation. Old Sabra, the colored woman, says, "I am white now." But Frankie adds, "How would her friends know her, if she were white, when they come here?"

(IV 117) December 14, 1885. "She (Mrs. W. H. V.)

[1] Cf. pp. *ibid.* 275, 306.

mourns without knowing that her husband sits in his own chair and longs to see all the pictures uncovered."

(I 73) February 1, 1870. . . . "of how we progress and still retain to all eternity resemblance true to life which we last wore when on earth." This is not necessarily inconsistent with the oft-repeated statement that spirits wear the age of youth or of early maturity.

(III 303) July 11, 1871. "We are just as lifelike as you, and speak of each other in that sense. Olin." "We have reposed in our palace all night, only occasionally coming to look after our friends on earth. Olin." The idea of repose goes along with that of a body. Bodies tire.

(I 166) April 1, 1870. "We are preparing to give you what the new world has never witnessed. The people of olden times, in Bible times, witnessed them and called them miracles. Oh! Sarah, can you realize how near we are to you? how thin the veil is? Remember, we are not like you. We are disembodied, etherial, spiritual, sensitive even to a breeze, therefore try to adapt yourselves to us, try to come more in our spheres, then you will be more receptive and we will be better able to do what we have undertaken." There is no contradiction. The spirits claim to be like us in that they do have bodies; but unlike in sensitiveness. The following extract is explicit on this head:

(III 25) October 21, 1870. "Sarah, it is not pleasant for us to come when the surroundings are not pleasant. We partake of your feelings, feel a trembling sensation, a drawback, which is utterly inexplicable to you, to us perfectly and distinctly felt, portrayed in every nerve of our bodies. We feel the shadows before we reach earth and draw back, while we view you from a distance. Grandma."

(II 50) May 29, 1870. "Oh, how surprised you would have been if you could have looked into this room and seen us gather. We were as real, as palpable, as you are. How we greeted each other, hand in hand, and then, when the door

opened, we so quietly withdrew from your eyes." Bashfulness!

(III 195) Does eating prove that spirits have or have not bodies, when it is qualified in the following fashion, in a description of the hospitality of the banquet hall? "We went through a process of taking tea and breakfast which was perfectly exquisite. A table was spread with everything that was beautiful to look upon, flowers, pyramids of roses and violets, and a spiritual food which we have to draw the curtain upon as we cannot explain it satisfactorily to your minds."

It is evident that the two worlds in question, the third and fourth worlds, if we may thus attain to a workable definiteness, would not be distinct, on the Leibnitzian principle of identity of indiscernibles, were there not at least one constant factor or principle separating them. We apparently touch upon such a factor when we discover what is uniformly pleasant to the inhabitants of the one and the reverse to the inhabitants of the other. Another case in point would be the process of materialization, "which it would be disagreeable for mortals to see." An imperfect, halfway "coming in form" is not for human vision. By parity of reasoning, the thousand and one brutalities and vulgarities of earth are shocking to spirits, as stated in the last group of extracts.

(*b*) *Spiritual Outranks Mortal Form*

Spirits qualify in the major premises: the larger includes the smaller, the higher includes the lower.

(IV 61, I 162) March 30, 1870. Emeline finds it hard to realize that she is not really on earth. Frankie says, "Mamma, Leila thinks that you can see her, but I tell her you do not, and that makes her put her little hands over her face." S. E. L. T. remarked: "Is it really true that they see and hear us when Katie is not here?" The pencil wrote: "Mamma, we always hear you just as well, only Katie is our

speaking tube." Hence a spirit-child can find much to interest him on earth.

(I 145) March 11, 1870. "'Frankie is flying all over, in the Park, here, in my arms, and everywhere.' The Doctor was at this very hour and moment riding in the Park."

(II 22, 25) April 30, May 1, 1870. Evidently human beings subtend the minor premise: "Little Leila and Frankie are in form here. You cannot see them. Would that you could. Dear Sarah, we always have forms, but when we come to earth we materialize our forms and robes in order that you may be able to see us more distinctly. When in our homes above, we are very ethereal and purely spiritual."

(II 165) August 16, 1870. Spiritual vision is clarified to the spirit. "The old garments are thrown off for the immortal garbs and the soul sees clearly where hitherto all has been mystery. B. F." "Meet as though you were in reality going before the opened eyes of those who compose your circle. Katie, how little you realize that we see more clearly than earthly eyes. B. E."

In Franklin's exhortations to Katie, we recognize the tone and temper of a tried and fatherly friend. It would seem to have been he who decided, in the late forties, that the hour was ripe for a new spiritual movement which might temper, and, as it were, exploit the advanced intellectualism of the age, rendering it permanently fruitful for man in a higher soul-structure. It would also appear to have been he who sifted the souls of men that he might cull the most psychic and impressible, and who declared that he had found the indispensable supersensitives, the archsensitives, in Katie and Maggie Fox, the little farmer-maids of Hydesville, New York.

(*c*) *Principle of Growth Limited*

Spirits grow young or old, down or up, till they reach the age of maximum, physical beauty, where they seem to abide.

However, for old mortals the change called death is followed by a rather sudden metamorphosis towards youth, which is sometimes easy but sometimes hard. At least, it is a fair speculation whether the hard dying of some persons does not mean also a difficulty in rejuvenescence. The thought lies at hand that those who are already spiritual-minded are young in spirit and readily assume the form of maximum beauty. Children, however, immediately after death, are children still. Their minds expand with extraordinary rapidity, but their fourth dimensional bodies take time to reach the period of maximum manly and womanly beauty. They would require growth even under the earthly conditions.

(III 208) April 9, 1871. "Grandma is a beautiful, fresh, young woman."

(III 238) May 13, 1871. "They, (Frankie and Leila) have grown in beauty as well as stature. Olin."

(IV 93) July 27, 1885. "Well, dear Sarah, I shall not grieve. I will tell you how happy I am here with Olin, Ma, and all the rest. They are going to speak to you soon. Ma has Frankie and Leila. They have grown and are very beautiful. You will recognize them when you see them at the open door in the daylight of heaven with the light of purity on their brows. Emeline."

(*d*) *The Personal Equation*

Sensitiveness and sensations are universally fundamental to life as we know it. The spirit under this aspect does roughly respond to the qualification of "disembodied." The shell is more delicate. Thin-skinned mortals are so far spiritual. The disadvantage of the prominence of sentience in the spiritual organism is evidently only brought into relief upon excursions from the fourth into the third or other environments. Within one's proper environment one is at

home. Darwin has made the expression tautological. We cannot conceive of the fourth environment except as conforming to this principle. If growth seems to be arrested, and also decay, at a most favorable status of the individual, it still holds true that adjustment of form takes place up to such point, and that the room for spiritual development and adjustment beyond from plane to plane (or from sphere to sphere, as you will) is still probable and open to theoretical hypothesis. The course of further and further improvements in our forms we cannot surmise; but a principle of abiding identity and of conservation would seem to be implied in the wingèd phrase, "Man is created after the Image of his Maker."

Pioneer psychic researchers confined their labors to experiments demonstrative of the fact of survival, culminating in the "cross-correspondences." Their arguments, however, were chiefly founded on the improbability of the Hudsonian "telepathic hypothesis." The pioneers never suspected or feared that the term "telepathy" was not applicable to the process of intermundane telegraph. They accepted it as the best working hypothesis. The existence of this faculty carried no restrictive earmark, withholding it from general circulation in all worlds. However, materialism at first denied the existence of the faculty, and then, overthrown at this stand, pounced upon the word, under its narrowest interpretation of laboratory telepathy between living subjects only. This interpretation was and is always read into the word by materialists, with the result that the conclusions are diametrically opposed when used by a materialist or by a spiritist.

There are few mediums whose work can be trusted for its internal evidence. Not so Katie. The influences that selected her for the instrument of a revolutionary demonstration, an epoch-making step in man's spiritual evolution, knew uncommonly well their business. They discovered the great-

est medium, the one whose faculties for transmission were the purest, and which functioned anyhow, at the expense often of her personal prosperity and finally of her life.

The internal evidences of survival in Katie's messages are of the highest importance, and none more perhaps than the witness borne to the sensitiveness of the spirits displaced into a physical district like that of earth. The argument runs that the reduction of the difference between the third and fourth dimensions to its lowest terms involves a continuation in the future state of everything that interests humanity as such. Personality is generally viewed as an important human interest. It may be exaggerated, but needs no real defense. It is as impossible to avoid the prevalence of personality as to avoid crystallization. Can any statement from psychic source be more pertinent to survival than admissions of sensitiveness, often humanly and brutally viewed as weakness,—really the most crucial test of life?

(II 28) May 6, 1870. Ten P.M. A heavy storm. "As the weather, the atmosphere, is so very much against us, we would only harm ourselves by trying to come in form."

(III 293) July 3, 1871. "It is not possible for us to approach earth on the Fourth of July without great injury to ourselves. We shall work some on the picture in our own home." . . . "Sarah, our circle are not like the spirits who come usually. We are more advanced and of higher order, therefore our ways are different. Olin."

(III 304) July 12, 1871. "We approached earth with the paper and most of the circle were compelled to return, therefore we cannot work on the picture this morning. Olin."

(II 169) August 28, 1870. "Our delicate particles feel the changing atmosphere. Nevertheless, we are near you."

(II 115) July 12, 1870. They "cannot come in heated atmosphere." They dematerialize or "make invisible" the paper they are working on. When in form, "they" are hurt by interruptions "more than we can explain." Is there a law

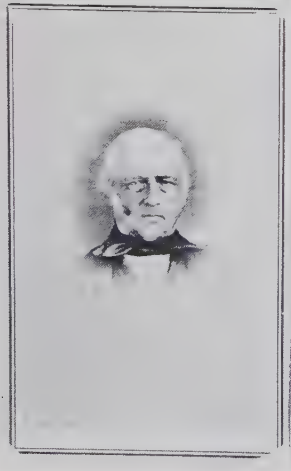
that the degree of materiality of the spirit and of the tool, say, or furniture, or clothing, tend to equality? Thus the spirit "coming to earth" really operates a certain dematerialization upon what he contacts, or, as it were, locally alters its environment. The doctrine of selection and survival is reversed, environment is fitted to the animal.

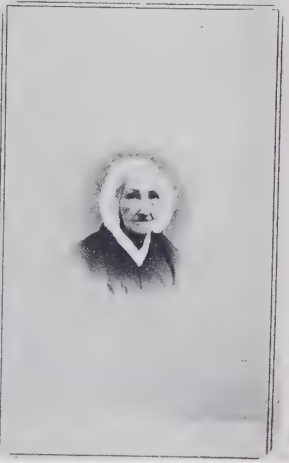
The most generally accepted view of morphological variations is that they are due to the environment. That is the grand, permanent cause. Life is little else than an effort to adapt its manifestations to permanent conditions. To one looking still further back into the basis of things, it will become apparent that life itself is the more permanent cause, "weaving its own environment." The chrysalis is no chance illustration. The writer has dwelt on this fundamental work of life in another connection.

The fact that the environment seems so permanent is what bulks with the biologists. For their special purposes their view of environment is well enough. But the physicist looks on the matter differently. Creational physics and chemistry here as elsewhere reach hands to psychic research. The rock is, in a quasi-physical sense, of spiritual origin, as is the soul, in the fuller sense. Our logical separation and distinction of matter from spirit in their various degrees are simply question of the creational order of phenomena. Some spirit, The Spirit, can, within its personal domain, by its command over spirit, even do and undo primitive acts of creation, in or through its pyknotic forms, say through minerals, fluids, plants or anything fixed and objective. The idea that all is spirit is a very good idea, intelligently appreciated. Related is the question of dualism: is there a law that spirit and matter tend to materialize and dematerialize, step by step? Again, the danger appears, so obvious in some of our recently proclaimed, naïve, brummagem religions of confusing the principle of *deriving* objects from the subject, with the heresy of *identifying* the object with the subject. The

Grandpa
John Langworthy
Grandma
Sally Pendleton Langworthy

Brother
John Olin Langworthy
b. Apr. 24, 1842
d. July 16, 1864





Grandpa
Daniel Lewis

Grandma
Sarah Northrup Lewis

From the family album of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Taylor. Original photographs of Grandpa John Langworthy, Sally Pendleton Langworthy, John Olin Langworthy, Daniel Lewis, and Sarah Northrup Lewis.

doctor is not called when the child is sick, for everything is spirit, and spirits cannot fall sick! Belief in the spiritual foundation of the universe throws little light on its processes, but only on its origins.

(III 15) October 2, 1870. "Oh! We are human in our feelings, only gone to another country, there to wait for our loved ones. Grandma."

(III 70) December 2, 1870. "There is a constant flow from me to you and from you to me. Olin."

(III 71) *Idem.* "Let us depart. Your wish keeps us here, especially your children; and they require now the pure atmosphere of heaven; and their robes must be changed and their flowers arranged."

Spiritual sensitiveness would seem to be such that spirits are overpowered by the darker, more animal will of earth. However, this applies only, perhaps, during the earthly visit or sojourn. The disembodied spirit lacks the appropriate, terrestrial will power. It has a will all its own, more tenacious, perhaps, in proportion as it is less forceful in the brutal sense. If the will and the intellect are of the essence of personality, we cannot suppose them to dwindle, only to change their application. Those writers who contemplate a diminution of the intellectual activity in the future life have committed the double error of identifying intellect with conditions of space, and then of confining the idea of space to the third dimension. Intellect cannot be wiped out by definition.

(III 72) December 5, 1870. "We are all going to the banquet hall, this afternoon at half past four. We are to meet there for conversation and a consultation and also to look into the future of those dear to us. Our circle will have a room in the center of the building, where no others will look in.

"You must not ask for us; as it will be an important day and we will have to look with careful eyes, without the chain

being divided; and you must, dear Sarah, try to avoid thinking too much of us. We shall be free, at six in the morning, to talk with you."

(II 27) May 6, 1870. "You know they (the children) have to get familiar with coming in your immediate presence. They must become acquainted with the earthly conditions; therefore, we wish you to meet at half past twelve for preparations, and if you keep your eyes closed there will be no need of hanging up the curtains. We want to have the conditions so that they will be able to come first at twilight, but, in case they cannot, we would like the lamp prepared. Olin."

(III 9) September 27, 1870. "The professor was in form but not lifelike, therefore you could not be permitted to see him. When he comes again he will be more perfect and so gradually form until he becomes lifelike and as you loved to see him,—perhaps delicate, but lifelike. Now he is gone and will have to repose in his home above in order to get strength for our next meeting. B. F."

If it is a shock to mortals to glimpse the abortive attempts of spirits to take on mortality, what shock must it be to spirits to behold the spiritual failures of mortals! The remarkable Livermore sittings of Katie (see Robert Dale Owen, "The Debatable Land between This World and The Next," Book V, Ch. IV) were more successful in materialization, for the available power was economized for that purpose and not preëmpted for poetical and philosophical disquisitions. In both circles, B. F. was leader; but the purposes were different. The observation may be ventured that materializations to the point of lifelike likeness and visibility is more immediately striking and impressive, whereas the careful elaboration of the pictures and of what we may call the exegetical text, is better calculated to produce lasting conviction.

(IV 162) January 8, 1886. "Trials on earth are many.

GRANDMA AND LEILA

A paraphysical picture

When once involved in the snares of others to whom you look for gratitude . . . and first let me tell you that . . . my sudden departure was by the shaft of a man's tongue. He little knew that he would be the cause of my departure. I think my wife knows all.

"Well, I will not dwell on this painful subject, painful in the extreme.

"What I worked for will not pass away—never—and I can look down upon my work. W. H. V."

(IV 172) January 19, 1886. "I would like to have passed away in a different way—sudden death is not always pleasant. However, you understand that for some days I was a wretched man. I suffered more in that short time than I ever suffered in all my life. I never knew it was possible to recover so soon, and neither would I have recovered had it not been for your brother and others of your family circle. W. H. V."

(III 101) December 20, 1870. "When we met in the banquet hall, a circle of spirits wished to know what course we took in order to be successful in doing such things. (Making communications, pictures, etc.) We told them that they would have to find the channel and other surroundings, which would be almost impossible for them to find, and that they better not try to undertake the work under so many difficulties. The spirits, related to the family who occupy rooms here, interrupted our conversation with each other by soliciting our aid for their friends. We told them we could not aid them, as our souls did not mingle. We are always willing to aid when we can, but there are instances when we cannot."

(*e*) *Divided Personality*

In Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls," the case is given of a French teacher, a lady, in a ladies' school in the Baltic

Provinces of Russia, whose person seemed to suffer dissociation, in that while her opaque, terrestrial self continued to go about and act, although rather perfunctorily and subnormally, her attenuated, transparent double simultaneously was visible to the pupils; who, for instance, saw the double sitting in a chair in the study room, while the "real" or "original" woman was at the same moment seen languidly picking flowers in the garden.[2] Excursions of the double, or etheric, or astral body, more frequently leave the terrestrial body in a state of complete sleep or trance. These cases of divided personality are to be distinguished from cases of "multiple personality," which name has been given to the *successive* changes of personality which some persons have undergone, and which may be due to a sudden modification of the brain or of the psychology in some of its departments. In these cases, the patient assumes different characters, sometimes abruptly, like the "lightning change" actors of the stage. Such change may conceivably be due to a conflict or maladjustment between our supposed normal different "bodies." If so, that would differ from divided personality specifically only in the way in which the constituent minds or bodies act toward each other,—in the one case modifying each other, in the other, however, separating from each other.

In the latter case, also—that of divided personality—the vagrant body may simultaneously be made visible to the outer eye of the ordinary observer, or may be attuned to affect only the spiritual eye of the encephalic mirror of susceptible persons.

Approach of final dissolution of body and soul may be extremely slow. For a long time, for days, the cementing together of the earthly personality may rest in doubt; a hair's weight may turn the balance from union to disunion

[2] Robert Dale Owen, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," p. 348, "Why a Livonian School-Teacher Lost Her Situation."

or back again. And so the soul may vibrate from and to the body an indeterminate number of times, until the inevitable, final dissolution does occur.

However, this final act, death, is the limiting case of divided personality and hence is no true illustration of it. It is a quasi-birth. It is no more a division of personality than when a baby is born and thus separated from the personality of its mother, or when a butterfly leaves the cocoon. Death is a definitive division which amounts to a recreation or renewal of personality in principle; conceivably there may be loss or gain, but not division. Birth lays the foundations for a structure of personality. The theory of reincarnation states that birth offers a new opportunity for an old, a very old, personality called a monad. My conviction is that one should be very cautious in basing conclusions upon a theory of reincarnation. The death we are interested in is a renewal of an earthly personality.

The case of Mary Hooker Burton illustrates not only the delicate, tenuous association of body and soul, precursor of approaching dissolution, (cases also occur where health is restored, death being avoided) but, specifically, the power of attraction of spirits by Katie. For it is said that a medium is, to the spirit, a perceptible light in the darkness, to which the spirit gravitates. Why the light should be visible only to certain spirits, does not concern us now. This book would raise a memorial to Katie's beacon.

Antemortem of Mary Hooker Burton

(IV 178) January 19, 11 A.M., 1886. "Now the pencil was moved with the greatest difficulty and in a most cramped hand. Katie said, 'This person has never written before.' It was:

" 'I will be able to come some time. I have just come. Do not ask me any questions.'

"I (S. E. L. T.) asked who the stranger was. He said, 'Dear sister, he came through a friend of his. He will come again. He is not in my home, but I think you will hear in a day or two and like him. I have not made his acquaintance, which I shall hope to do before long. He came, perhaps, today. I shall see him when he comes again. I have only just seen that he came through a friend of his. Olin."

(IV 179) January 21, 10 A.M., 1886. "Katie came to my room at this hour, saying the raps had told her early in the morning to come here and had given her no peace since, until she started. She was busy and did not want to come. The Doctor and Willie were present. She wanted pencil and paper at once, and in that same cramped hand came this:

" 'Note the time that I came yesterday.' At this point the pencil went to the tablet and wrote in the now familiar hand: 'Please read our poor, dear friend's letter of Tuesday for reasons I will explain later. W. H. V.' We read the message of Tuesday, when the pencil returned to the sheet of paper and continued:

" 'It was Tuesday, now I remember. I was still in the body to all appearances; but I thought of spiritualism and the time I thought my soul left the body and so I am here, but, oh, friend, dear friend, tell Olin to help me.' "

Mrs. Taylor called for Olin, who was said to be absent. "In two or three minutes the pencil resumed as follows:

" 'My family, my husband, how he feels. Write at once to my family. I am living. Mary.' "

"I said, 'What Mary?' The pencil wrote, 'M. Hooker Burton.'

"We read the name in utter amazement. We had known Mary Hooker, some eighteen years ago, and knew that she was married to Mr. Burton some fifteen years since and lived in Hartford, her native city, and knew no more. What could this mean? Was it true that she had just died?

Through the echoes they said that, when she came to us on Tuesday, the 19th, she was not here with sufficient distinctness for them to know her sex, simply enough to know that some one was changing worlds. The pencil still wrote:

" 'I am not very happy. They think I died suddenly, but I did not. How I want to return! How much I have to say that I meant to have said that day when I was musing—half on earth, my thoughts in heaven. My spirit left. I thought, "What if I should die, whom could I come through; how let them know that I was about them?" I was troubled very much. I thought, "I will see if I can impress any one in New York." I thought of Katie Fox and other mediums, of Miss Edmonds, etc.

" 'Dictated by M. H. B.

" 'Written by Olin.' "

"Well, they are in grief now. I think, Sarah, you better write a letter of sympathy and weave in the one great point that Mary lives. It will open the way for you. Olin."

"My esteemed friend, I thought the reading of the message over to her would recall her thoughts and it did. We can say no more now. We must close. W. H. V."

After a few moments, the pencil added, "I have just left the family. Mrs. Burton departed yesterday, to all appearances. (Yesterday was Wednesday, and she had manifested here on Tuesday. S. E. L. T.) I am not quite sure. They are overwhelmed and utterly powerless. I think they will seek this intercourse at once, as the death on earth was sad and unpleasant. Olin."

"We were more and more amazed. We searched the daily papers and as soon as the Doctor could leave his office, he went to the Windsor to examine the Hartford papers, that being her home; but no notice of Mary Hooker Burton's death; and without other evidence I could not write Mrs. Hooker. On the evening of the 22d, the Doctor went again to the Windsor and found in the Hartford paper, published

the evening before and received there that morning, the notice of the death and that it transpired on the 20th, the day that Olin said and the day after she first manifested.

" '*Burton,* Entered into rest, Wednesday, January 20th, in this city, Mary Hooker Burton, aged 40 years.

" 'Funeral services at 11 o'clock Saturday morning at residence of Dr. Hooker, 70 Farmington Avenue. Burial private.' "

(IV 183) January 23, 3 P.M., 1886. "On the morning of this date I wrote Mrs. Hooker, and at this hour Katie came in and the pencil wrote,

" 'How can I thank you for your kindness? What can I say? Mother will come soon. I must go and rest. I am so weary, so tired. I long for rest from anxiety. My family draws me so near them, that I feel most grateful to you for writing that comforting letter. It will enable me to go higher. M. H. B. I will come when I can. M. H. B.' "

" 'My dear Sarah, I feel that a great flood of sunshine has fallen across your pathway since you wrote that letter to Mary's mother. You will bathe in it on earth at some future time. Her husband is a nice man, I think, and some great good will come out of all this. It is another great proof of this power to place on record; another great study for scientific men. Olin.' "

(IV 187, *idem.*) "There has been great good done by your letter to Mary's family. I cannot foreshadow the results, but they will be unusual and of the greatest interest. I think you will have an eventful week, my sister. Sleep with the blessings of all upon you. Olin."

(IV 188) January 25, 11 P.M., 1886. "Early in this evening Mrs. Hooker came to see Katie and learn more. She said that on Tuesday, at the time Mary wrote the few sentences here, she lay apparently dozing for more than an hour. She corroborated all Olin had said about the sadness connected with her death. At this hour she went to her room."

CHAPTER V

SPIRITUAL WAYS AND MEANS

(*a*) *Planes and Spheres*

If any confidence is to be placed in the spirit messages as descriptive, then those who believe that the mundane relation between subject and object has no validity in the fourth dimension, shoot wide of the mark. Their idea, is, in fact, a non-idea. To heaven's inhabitants, the wonted, social interdependence would be soon forgotten, and their distinct existences would become meaningless to themselves, while to mortals the chart to heaven would ever remain as a sealed book. Possibility of anticipating the realization of the fourth dimension in imagination inheres precisely in the following out from the third into the fourth of the familiar contrast of subject vs. object.

However, we cannot lay down the study of the relation and contrast in question, without an impression and regretful concession of some weakening or diminution of it in the next world. It is, doubtless, our lack of imagination that forces the admission. The wonted equation,—subject = object—seems unbalanced because we cannot readily conceive of material in a spiritual world. We possess minds of the "either-or" order. The difficulty doubtless is largely verbal. Since spirit is rhetorically the antithesis of matter, we assume the spiritual world to be devoid of matter.

But we forget two circumstances of utmost importance: (1) the name "spirit world" is merely a name, and carries with it no scientific sanction, and (2) if "matter" does not exist in the spirit world, there is no necessary implication that its place is not supplied by some other form of ob-

jectivity,[1] whatever name we chance to apply to it. Probably some new name will be invented. The communications, speaking with reference to materialization, mention the gathering of the "materials" for materialization. Recent researches indicate that such materials are drawn from human beings. Can no-matter gather matter?

The whole confusing discussion about "spirit" and "matter" will doubtless be relegated to the lumber room of outworn metaphysics by the labors of our physicists, who will count and label for us the wave-lengths and wave-frequencies of a cosmic force or ray constituting the material appropriate to terrestrial, on the one hand, and on the other, to super-mundane or quadratic, environments, respectively. Meanwhile, in spite of the agnostic caution of some of our psychic researchers, it is not uninteresting to know what the personalities speaking through the lucid psyche of Katie Fox, venture to assert, as fit for our ears and for our comprehension, about their homes and lives.

(II 131) July 22, 1870. "A home of peace, of beauty which it is impossible to paint in words. A home made of the choicest flowers, the choicest leaves, climbing roses, clinging vines, is ours.

"Our seats are made of green turf, our paths are gemmed with costly pebbles, our doors are filled with the choicest stones, and our forms repose on sofas of the most delicate flowers. Oh! Sarah, the most beautiful flower on earth cannot be compared to the simplest moss in our garden. Can you imagine this?

"Then we have rooms of a different description, plain and neat, so that we will not weary, where we go to commune with the past, where we pray for our loved ones, where we go to receive our duties, where we watch the new spirits

[1] To many, the employment of the term "matter" in connection with the next world comes as no less than stultifying. Sir Oliver Lodge seems to be of this number. The discoverer of the ether ought to know. The practice is partly habit.

enter their new lives. Oh! would that I could explain clearly to your understanding.

"But, dear Sarah, it is in my palace of beauty where I am mostly with the children. Oh! our world is beautiful, holy, and ever-changing in its beauty. Some new joy is daily meeting our eyes. Often, when a dear friend passes by, a token of love will be left in our windows, or at our doors, or in our gardens. Today, Professor Kenyon left an evergreen filled with birds for the children. Your Ma."

Taken in a literal sense, the above extract affords food for reflection. On any fourth dimensional hypothesis, rare and costly flowers and jewels do not imply an economic restriction of supply, such as exists in third dimensional economy, but rather an unusual taste or art which knows these things, possesses them subconsciously, and is competent to evoke them objectively, so that they are manifest, through a heavenly economy, which appears to pass over the plurality of both or all of our industrial classes, and fashion its materials by the power of thought or of a brief extension of thought-tools. It will be seen that construction methods do not dispense with the prerequisite of time. Sufficient of the third-dimensional ways and means persist to guide our comprehension. Celestial skyscrapers rise fast, but are not made in a day, if we believe that celestial economy requires this style of building. Indeed, even upon earth, it is only economic motive which invents and tolerates the skyscraper, which seems to be the height of life turned within.

Memory is of the essence of personality. On the yon side of earthly life, theories of survival of the individual without memory afford no place for communings with the past. Some men have better memories than others. Some may readily forget earthly life and its lessons. Will it be well for them? If memory is so important, that must be because earthly life is important. This dealing with matter, this recalcitrancy of

cubic economy, this battle with the elements and with competitors and for a living, is a stern school. It means something. The issue is moral. There must needs follow time and place for reflection, and for fixing its conclusions upon our subconscious, our fundamental self; and where can that time and place be found but in a fourth dimension?

In solitude instructions are received, and the advent of new spirits watched. We cannot clearly know how this is done, but is it not just what we should approve were we independently to plan a fourth dimension? To be alone and yet to see whom we may help, to be alone and yet receive commands that issue from no potentate or martinet but from the inner nature of things—that is just the ideal we are after.

Is it merely an ideal that is reflected in the sensitive soul of Katie? How, then, did it get there? Doubtless Katie has a wire to the essential nature of things, which she interprets in a personal, human fashion. But that wire is not simple, direct. It is personal, indirect: a High One speaks through her. If the ideal were not also somewhere along the wire a reality, this would be a shadow universe and third-dimensional interests would fail of interpretation, of significance. By merest chance they would be as they are. They would be a corner of chaos. It is the ideal that gives meaning to the pragmatic, and that can only be because the ideal is, in its turn, real.

A world "ever changing in beauty" is also one not of imagination. Celestial skyscrapers are, indeed, the work of celestials, but outer nature is everywhere the work of God, even though He may employ directly for this purpose the same materials, the same vibrations, the same infinitesimal work-tools that he puts at the command of spirits for their individual creations, their garments, their palaces. Such a world will be highly symbolical, that is to say, will be filled with imagery, for upon imagery rests all our comprehension

of things; and so it is natural and gladly imposed to speak the language of flowers, to respect moods of aloofness when the spirit sports his oak as sign that the hour of communing is here. The Legacy contains numerous passages in the strain of the above one, and their exegesis is most fruitful in prizes of reflection.

I shall now depart from my declared intention of confining the citations to those of an evidential nature. The reader will not regret the lapse and perchance may conclude that what censoriousness rejects may humanly prove most convincing. No other apology is offered for this long extract:

(III 58) November 17, 1870. . . . "My dear child, I promised to come here this morning and tell you all about our banquet hall and its beauties. I am here, my child, to fulfill my promise. We were all there. When I went in with the two children, Olin was talking in the music room, with Prof. Hare and his wife. The children saw him first and bounding from me, ran to see which would be in Olin's arms first. Frankie's speed was broken by Prof. Hare and Leila was the winner. Then your Grandpa and Grandma came in and reclined on a sofa near the entrance to the hall in order to see all who came in. A young man of great intelligence introduced himself to me and wished me to help him open the way to his mother, that he might be able to comfort her. He departed this life in Cincinnati. His name is Alfred Burns. He is an only son, aged twenty-two. I am going to try to impress his mother to go to some medium in that city, when she will hear from her son. I will have more to tell you about that at a future time.

"Emma Taylor and her father were there. She is a pretty girl and very pure as her dress indicated; it was white trimmed with violets. Your Uncle Thomas, his father and mother, Olin, Prof. Kenyon, Prof. Hare, Mrs. Kenyon, Mrs. Hare and I went out and sat upon the veranda and there we talked about the things nearest our hearts. I told them

how I had just left you, and that you still remembered them with appreciation, which pleased and gratified them. While I sat talking with these beloved friends, Leila came to me with her harp in her hand, which had been presented to her by Dr. Franklin, and this shall be portrayed to your eyes.

"She was a beautiful picture, with her fair hair flowing, her pink dress and fine face, her white rosebuds, and wreaths over her dress. Oh! how beautiful she looked to all our eyes. So she came for me and wanted me to thank Dr. Franklin for her beautiful harp of so many strings. I went with her and found him walking up and down the hall, holding Frankie by the hand. In deep, fatherly tones, he asked, 'My son, what can I give you? What would please you most?' Frankie answered, 'Oh, teach me how to paint flowers, such as in my home, for my mamma's and papa's Christmas present, and I will ask no more for a long time.' Then the answer from that good man came tenderly and lovingly, 'My son, you shall paint your flowers, a beautiful wreath of flowers for a Christmas gift to your mamma and papa, and I will help you. Go, my son, rejoice in the sunshine, catch the butterflies, but do not keep them, and when the hour for you to paint comes, I will send a little dove with a rose in its mouth, as a token that I am ready to teach you.' Frankie was so happy that Leila could not make him listen to her harp, but today they are both sitting under the blossoming trees, playing upon the harp.

"One circumstance occurred which caused a shadow to fall upon the gayety of the scene. A young woman came in the side door. She was dressed in dark clothes, her spirit was sad. At first I did not recognize her for her face was veiled to keep out the splendor that was too much for her vision. She motioned me to come to her. I did so and recognized Mrs. Scott [2] who wished to be excused from the banquet as her soul was dark with forebodings; and she wished me to

[2] Wife of J. L. Scott. She died about 1858.

Frankie's Rosebuds

A paraphysical picture
Some of the colors failed to take.

make Sarah[3] happy. This threw a little sadness over me. You see how real our lives are.

"I met people I knew when I was a child, and was rejoiced. I met, in passing from music and flowers into a more quiet part, John Brown, walking arm in arm with Abraham Lincoln. I was happy for I read in his soul that nothing could give him more joy than walking with that great, good man, President Lincoln. He has his reward now. The chant of the angels closed the amusements, but the children would not leave till the Professor took them by the hand to their own homes.

"Sarah, let me tell you another little circumstance. You must not feel the least sadness after you hear it. In the midst of all these great, glittering joys, Leila and Frankie called for their mamma to come and see their beautiful place. Leila ran out calling, 'Mamma, come,' and I left the circle to comfort her and play on the harp. She soon understood and was as happy as ever. All is well! Your Ma."

He must be a tough customer who beginning to read the above description in a cold, psychologic mood can finish it without melting down into something more akin to the psychopathic.

(III 194) March 21, 1871. Olin speaks of a meeting in the banquet hall:

"We went through a process of taking tea and breakfast which was perfectly exquisite. A table was spread with everything that was beautiful to look upon, etc. . . . We are about leaving our old homes, the ones we have occupied and called our own for a great length of time. We are not going to *leave* them, they will be our homes, but we are having prepared for us a palace higher among the homes of the Great Masters. We have advanced so rapidly that we are about having this blessing bestowed upon us. But when you come here we shall first take you to the homes we are in now, and

[3] Their daughter who died in infancy, about 1846.

they are beautiful beyond description; then we will take you to our palace, Sarah, where none save our own family will be present. Are you not happy to know this? It is a boon not granted to all, and this is a located home. We are preparing it. We are not yet permitted to enter it. It will be some time before we can complete our palace. I have not told of this before, for fear it would disturb our happiness."

I am eager to concede that Katie is a poetess. I claim it. Her vaporings, if you will, come from the same source with those of the so-called poets. To the ancients, poets seemed to be creators, at least doers of great deeds. Culture, schooling, refined their product. Whence, however, came the raw material? the divine afflatus? the other-worldly atmosphere, longings, hopes, ideals, and imputations? How could a Robert Burns produce a wonderful masterpiece, putting divinity into humanity and animals and everything, after simply a few hours of upright musing during work in the fields? The glimpses we get of the man are all of a piece. They need no hallmark but their own cogency.

To my mind, the life work of Katie lends authenticity to every uplifting of the spirit which the spirit may, of native cunning, approve. The materialist is satisfied with demonstration that the afflatus is useful and responds to needs of a nervous mechanism which æons have evolved. Indeed, we are lucky to carry the materialist along with us so far. But we would carry him further: we would show him that the tangible and visible historical is complemented by the intangible, invisible spiritual. What can he answer, now that the march of science is rapidly rendering the intangible and invisible to be tangible and visible? While philosophy and religion have insisted that the tangible historical is but a process, not a substance, and a process imperfectly elaborated, a mechanism crudely restricted, totally inadequate to account for even the visible results. The province of poetry, religion, literature, and philosophy is precisely to remind men of the

inadequacy of the visible to the needs of the soul, one of which is that of complete understanding.

The first mention of the palace was of date March 21, 1871. The beginning of construction, therefore, was not subsequent to that date. The plans and architecture and landscape effects may have been in study previously, but not until authority had been received to build upon a restricted and extremely advantageous building site, a location publicly announcing advanced status.

(III 206) April 8, 1871. "Our palace is nearly completed."

(III 207) April 9, 1871. "The children are better here. They wish to choose your rooms and make them beautiful for you long before you come here to enjoy them. You build houses on earth to occupy only a short space of time. We build them to last for eternity. You work and weep and struggle. We work in the sunshine of eternal life, and what we build up never bears marks of decay. Our palace is nearly completed. Then we shall be by ourselves; then we shall be private; none except those for whom we have real, heart affection can enter. You, dear Sarah, can imagine what a joy this will be to us. Today, when we leave you, we shall take the children to learn the way of the most beautiful parts and also select the music-room. This is very important, more so than we can convey to your understanding, for they are children still in knowledge and our duty is to teach them. Grandma looks lovely today. She is a beautiful, fresh, young woman. She says she wishes Sarah and George were here for a short time to see how beautiful everything is about us. We do not want to take you away yet to remain, as your work on earth is not finished."

(III 247) "We are now perfectly satisfied with our palace." In other words, the palace is finished in construction May 21st, exactly two months after the first notice. How much of this time was occupied by building operations,

properly so-called, and how much in working out details of architecture, ornamentation, and effects, we are not told. It was and is no gossamer fabric.

Insurance companies set down annual depreciation of houses from 2½ per cent for masonry, on up. And so it goes into the detailed statements handed in with the income tax report. That is the best that can be done with materialism in architecture. Cyclopean structures of antiquity, pyramids, tombs, temples, palaces, have, in frostless air, survived as ruins for thousands of years as evidence of what could not be kept up. Fourth-dimensional construction is more permanent. There the will of man encounters better while more plastic material. Is material there more subjective, or, on the contrary, more objective? In other words, in the fourth-dimension, does the rapport, subject vs. object, tend more toward identity or rather toward heightened contrast? Our knowledge of these matters leaves much to be desired, is, in fact, in its infancy.

(III 257) June 1, 1871, 7 A.M. "We came from our palace. Day began with us some hours ago. We are in our palace, our beautiful palace. We have our soul's desire, no wish ungratified, and we feel adoration and love for our great Creator, who so freely bestows upon us these blessings."

(III 261) June 1, 1871. "Dear Sarah, this is the first day of June and our family have taken possession of our palace in the Garden of Eden. We occupy different apartments and can be by ourselves when we desire. There are chapels in our palace where we can silently worship and meditate. To paint the beauty of our home is impossible; no fairy land has ever been more beautifully portrayed than this palace of beauty which needs not the pen of a fabulous brain to add one flower to its perfection. Every leaf, every bud, bows before God as the Creator of every blessing. . . . Today is a bright and holy day, we have reached the goal of our desires and like one family we shall live to all eternity.

We will, dear Sarah and George, be permitted to do more for you now in our palace. The doors were all thrown open and sacred harps sounded as we entered. Let us thank God. We cannot say now, 'Where are the friends that we used to have? Where are the joys of earlier years?' All, all are here. Then for you to know that some day you too will inhabit our dwelling! We will not leave out one of your beloved. Uncle Albert and his children were a little surprised to be admitted at once to our circle. We all love him and take pleasure in his society. Prof. Kenyon and his wife are also our family, and now, dear Sarah, I will close with a few remarks from one higher in intellect than myself. . . . 'Take pride in good and never despond. Leave through life the gift of pardon in the pathway of every erring mortal whose early hopes are crushed, but still looks up to heaven. A smile of forgiveness from you will perhaps be a star to cheer and comfort; and for every joy you give we will give unto you doubly. . . . Jesus was full of forgiveness for all human passions and he loved to alleviate those wounds. This He said, "Much shall be forgiven thee because thou hast loved much,"—a sublime pardon. Why should we refuse the helping hand to those whom we meet bleeding from the evil of a long career? Why should we refuse to dress their wounds? Mortals must not be more strict than Christ. The child is small, yet it is linked with the immortal mind; the eye a mere speck, yet it takes in leagues.

" 'Judge not by appearances. The rough nature contains the diviner part. Blessed are those who help to cultivate that spark of goodness.' . . .

"The golden rays of the sun shone upon our paths today with new joy. From our palace windows we will look towards you and ever keep a vase of flowers to mark the future of each one of you (our family). May you ever be happy and this day with its holy gifts be remembered. Olin —Circle."

"We found upon the bureau a beautiful white daisy with its root in soil four inches deep. It had twelve blossoms and weighed, with the soil, exactly one pound. . . . The following is what they wrote through Katie's hand: 'We are all here. Keep the flowers in memory of this night. I hope they will live. God bless you. Isaac T. Hopper.' "

These passages breathe a spirit which would conquer the world with love, home, and family. Along the vista of history we can see this spirit at work: in totemism and fetichism, in superstition, in religion, in polytheism, and naturalism, in monotheism, in Judaism, in Christianity, in philosophy, in poetry, in romance and in art in its various departments—where has it been absent? Christianity has been its most authoritative institution. Are its forces not also manifest in witchcraft, poltergeist, and "spiritualism"?

What we must know, at this stage of the game of life, is whether the uplifting activities listed above and others of like genus, are explainable on the restricted, accepted bases of (1) utility as practiced in the way of selection and survival and (2) visibility and tangibility, as established by the advance of science, its tools and processes, at any given moment, *or* whether we must believe in additional ways and means, beyond our experience, still more unfamiliar than the furthest reach of science. We answer: ways and means both primitive and teleologic, partly operating along the fringe of experimental, recognized evolution, anyhow shading off into the Infinite Source of Being.

The invisible evolution would, perhaps, be parallel to the visible, but not a mere formal dualism of mathematical parallels which touch only at infinite distance. On the contrary, the dualism here implied is an active, history-long interference and operation of the invisible upon the visible. Are dark forces invisibly at work? The powers of light from brighter realms must also have their say, otherwise mortals have little to hope. Each person will decide this

alternative, of belief in earth or sky, according to his bent. If he do not look above now, probably he will later; his opportunity will come. There is such a thing as being too much in a hurry. Precipitation into fanciful beliefs is dangerous, superstitious. A man must capitalize his soul for what it will produce in the long run.

Those very respectable poets who sign themselves "Olin" and "Grandma," are no primitive, dark, formless elementals, vamping on the bright innocence of earth. Rather they look to me like the last word of God's creation, representative of our ideals, living among substantial ideas, His vicars to rule the world. I should be proud to be recognized by such masters. And is our Katie any less a poetess that her sources of inspiration acknowledge their names and sign them to their documented words? This advance in accuracy of demarcation of the personal and of the individual is surely a step forward, for it adds to our knowledge, our penetration into what has hitherto seemed a surrounding gloom.

(I 99) February 13, 1870. "The day is one of great beauty to us, for we can soar above, so high above the earth to higher spheres, where those whom we have often read of in history are." This earlier passage apparently speaks of the general region or direction to which they (the circle) afterwards permanently migrated, building there their secluded and exclusive palace. A poetic passage like this one, simple and direct in its human sense, precisely offers the greatest resistance to a rational, materialistic analysis. The first and greatest difficulty is to reconcile a permanent abode with access in all directions, apparently, from and through space. In three-dimensional existence the birds (and now airplanes) traverse the lower strata of the air but must always, as it were, return to roost. Even a captive balloon must be pulled down, if it would not tarry to sink of its own weight. Fourth-dimensional theory, indeed, in one of its interpretations, denies free access to the skies, at least in any

astronomical sense. The roads through the skies are fixed, to a certain extent, by the theory of "curved space." Others have thought that this theory was due to inability of mathematicians of vigorous imagination to discriminate between demonstrable fact and brilliant hypothesis. In other words, the mathematical mind is excusably and most-to-be-expectedly so constructed as, after long fixing of attention upon an hypothesis, to forget that it is an hypothesis. For the purpose in hand, indeed, it is useful to the mathematician to forget the hypothetical character of given premises. The more he works them the more they assume the quality of facts. So the hypothesis of curved space is not, perhaps, the last word.

Nor is the hypothesis of rotated cubes. As the plane is "rotated" to form the cube, so is the cube "rotated" to form the tesseract. Here is the hard part: As the cube contains simultaneously all the positions of the plane, so does the tesseract contain simultaneously all the positions of the cube. You have to imagine this result. Diagrams in third dimension cannot illustrate nor demonstrate fourth-dimension applications or logical conclusions.

The realization of this analogy or application of a fixed rule conceived on a hypothetical basis, for the evolution of space as objective, might be for man to fix himself or his house anywhere and yet to enjoy much greater liberty of motion than in the third-dimension. For the hypothesis is that spaces are, as it were, overlapping and mutually or commonly self-containing; so that these conditions offer much greater play for the will than in exclusively three-dimensional space, where the will grasps at intelligently constructed wagons, autos, railways, ships, airplanes as tools, in order to realize a limited freedom of motion.

Evidently men will not rest satisfied short of some explanation appealing to their third-dimensional intelligences for (1) fixed, massive abodes in the sky, and (2) simultaneous

exertions of the same intelligence or personality in different, perhaps antipodal, countries and places, such as are illustrated by "cross-correspondences," where, at or about the same moment, one part of a sentence or distich is written automatically in England, while the passage is completed in India. There is something there in the nature of the telegraph. Do we need the fourth dimension in order to explain the telegraph?

And yet, perhaps, there may be here a case of complementary explanations. The ether is a property of nature which contradicts many accepted ideas of physics which work well enough in our humdrum lives. It is elastic but incompressible. It affords the springiness of things, the quality by virtue of which springs insist on recovering their original form. It has a strong tendency, therefore, to readjust and redress all deviations in space: one might almost say that it tends to annihilate space by reducing it to zero, for it undoes everything that is done.

Thus the elasticity of the ether is quite consistent with its incompressibility—a combination of qualities, however, unknown to common physics. And again, the hypothesis of the ether is quite consistent with that of the fourth dimension. The two hypotheses perform the same legerdemain, the one in the name of physics and the other in the name of geometry. The ether is thus a solid foundation for a palace and an admirable express train.

The witch riding on a broomstick has, under the favoring sun of Christianity, in spite of cruelty and persecution, blossomed into Grandma taking Leila along flowery paths accompanied by the smiles and handwaving of angels, to visit her surviving parents. The foregoing labored hypothesis explains nothing. Either it is so or it is not. It is the humanity that counts. Either men survive or they do not. Either they build fourth-dimensional homes, calculated to last an eternity, or they do not. Either they communicate

with men remaining in third dimension or they do not. However, those who have pinned their faith to other explanations, such as on that of a limited but omniscient and thus hypothetical telepathy, come uniformly to grief. Hyslop was right in putting demonstration of continued personality at the base of psychic research.

"Where those whom we have often read of in history are." This innocent appearing phrase immediately raises the question of historical justice. There is a naïve implication that those who are great on earth are perpetuated in their high office or public esteem in the fourth dimension. The implication, however, is to a degree gratuitous. They may, peradventure, be less esteemed. Moreover, there is no necessary implication that all the great of the earth ascend to high spheres, without more. The expression is ingenuous, as is occasionally the work of Olin and his mother and grandmother. It goes straight to the heart, but it neglects theories, generalizations of the scientific order, and intellectual complications which are more of encumbrance, after all, perhaps, than of help.

For what shall we say of Benjamin Franklin? He is an honorary member of the Family. But his permanent abode is his own, separate, and presumably in the sphere of the great. His scientific and intellectual interests, his powerful will and memory, his unrivaled poise, make it profitable for him to keep up third-dimension connection. He is the engineer of the great revival of psychic interest beginning with the late forties of the nineteenth century, and the inventor of the intermundane telegraph.

On the other hand, the passage is false if it does not include many of the great of the earth as fit for and hence accepted into and among the great of the fourth dimension. Doubtless high deeds are going on there. Souls are winning their way forever heavenward. Self-culture is perfectly combined with service. The controversy, individualism vs.

socialism, is stilled. But the circles who can and do communicate with earth are not yet absolved of third-dimension interests, duties unfulfilled, opportunities of service hitherto overlooked, family ties still close enough to be absorbing, especially the relations of parent and child, husband and wife.

Doubtless the great of the third dimension have there been recipients of special help. Men wonder that persons who have attained to rank and fortune by chance or craft are observed beyond expectation to rise to the occasion, to grow to the full stature of their duties. No full account of men's conduct can be based solely on a biological psychology. The beginnings of terrestrial life may have been purely biological and cellular. The theory of atomic immanence is not to be taken trivially. Predestination may have resided immanent in cells for countless ages. Gradually, however, a vapor of consciousness hovered above the world of sensations and of sensory reactions. This vapor surely crystallized into an invisible structure of self-consciousness, embodying, ideally, and all unseen, the purposefulness of animation. A nascent, invisible world, by-product of animal striving, is now accessible to direct, cosmic influences previously barred out from the exclusively biologic scheme.

The finite, human mind is appalled and balks at the possibilities thus opened to beings of such humble ancestry as man. The differentiate of formless leviathans and of mowing apes assumes divine form, comes to his own, and hits the pike of Paradise. In the hot-house heyday of Hellenism, a Plato writes the mystic symbolism of The Cave. The Idea is brought into the field of consciousness. Culture becomes the object of striving. The circle becomes sign of the stage where the kaleidoscope of Being is arrested and fixed at the phase of morality. War and crime no longer exist for the esoteric man except by inheritance from the rejected past.

Rationalists declare that man's aspirations for perfection

are but half-attained without supernatural guidance, while even divines, innocently inconsistent, would win their flocks to virtue by stoutly affirming that heaven is all about us, if we will only open our eyes. Spiritualists, however, remind the preachers that in their enthusiasm for a new, brilliant idea they have unwittingly been victimized by rationalism. Steady-going, approved religion has ever insisted that the fairest fields of earth are a feeble copy of heaven. The invisible structure reared by nascent consciousness has been kissed by direct influences streaming and attracted toward it and woven into imperishable ideas. Dogmatize as we may with the artifices of language and with the arts of earth, we cannot add one jot or tittle to the simple sayings of Olin and Ma and Grandma.

(III 342) August 22, 1871. . . . "We visited the banquet hall and met all our old acquaintances and talked over the different degrees of happiness. Some told me that this was their first visit to the banquet hall; that they had not progressed very rapidly, as their hearts had clung to earth, and it was almost impossible for them to look beyond or find pleasure in soaring higher. After they had thrown away the desire to breathe continually the atmosphere of earth, they found it easy to advance into the beautiful paths of heaven. I told many of them that I would take them to our palace and show them what our advancement and spiritual desires had been. We are happy to give you these little accounts for you can learn much from them.

"Ma receives all who visit the palace as she is sole mistress of it. We are her children and rejoice to be welcomed by her. A little circumstance which occurred in the palace I will give you; although I stood by and watched the same with a feeling of amusement, I could not but note how human we all remain. George's father called on Ma with a number of his old friends, among them a medium whom Mr. Taylor used to visit. Ma did not feel drawn towards her

and closed the door of her reception room, saying, when she did so, that she could not visit with them at that time. I tried to take her place, but, as we read each other's thoughts, the company read Ma's desire to shun them and they silently withdrew. Ma sent for the doctor's father yesterday and had a pleasant talk with him alone.

"My dear sister, you do not know how much we have assigned to us—how numerous our duties. We have to work carefully to guard our loved ones on earth; we do not feel safe about them till we have seen that every cloud is removed.

"Ma has sent Uncle Albert to see Willie safely home; so you need feel no anxiety about him."

Olin conducts friends about the palace "to show them what our advancement and spiritual desires had been." The palace is an object lesson in that it objectifies desires which are legitimate and may be put in permanent form. Desires become, as it were, items of private property, which are for the purpose of teaching unto others ideas that may have hitherto been invisible or even remained quite subjective.

Symbolism runs through the universe. It seems to be the main interest or purpose of things. All things exist only in order to be (1) explanatory and (2) explained. Progress is in and through symbolism. As we advance, the symbolism of yesterday is cast off, for it no longer grants the desired liberation, the easing of the strain of thought or, at least, of speculative thought.

In the third dimension, it is recognized that travel arouses curiosity, suggests thoughts, aspirations, improvements, which men bring home and seek to work out under home conditions. Because one is poor, does not debar him from some knowledge of the refinements attainable only by wealth; because one is ignorant, does not exclude from him all ambition for knowledge. While earthly travel is materially or spatially horizontal, it is symbolically perpendicular. Fourth-dimension travel frankly materializes the perpendicular.

Lower spirits ascend to learn from higher ones. They may not reside permanently where they have not founded a home, but they may travel there for instruction, according to their means.

The difference between third and fourth dimensions reduces to the degree of directness in the objectifying or exteriorizing of our thoughts and desires. Personality remains compact of thoughts and desires, while ways and means are analogous in the two dimensions. The symbol of "higher and lower" syncretizes the difference between the Dimensions or Environments.

(II 120) "Sunday (the 17th of July, 1870) was oppressively hot. Ralph, Mr. Bradley, Sister Em, and I took the morning steamer to Rockaway and passed the day in comparative comfort. * * *

(II 121) 'My dear children, I too will speak for I have not left you today. You have been listening to the music which chained me when I was in the form and made a part of my happiness. Are you not blessed to have us all with you? to know that we are with you in affliction closer than when all is joy within your souls? My boy, my Olin is so much comfort to me! We go to our ocean in our blessed home, and listen to the breaking of the waves, and watch the pure streams as they flow on and on. We do not have to come to your earth to see and hear these things. We have all here, all purified; therefore we never weary of our Eternity. Your Mother.' "

(II 171) August 29, 1870. "It is a blessed thing to know, dear friends, what kind of a world you are traveling to, where your greater life is to be born. It is a blessed thing to know who are the inhabitants of that eternal world, and oh, what joy to know how to reach that glorious world. This we are teaching you daily, and you are advancing in that spiritual knowledge which enables the soul to expand. Isaac T. Hopper and the Circle."

(IV 217) February 22, 1886. "Little conception did I ever have of all the beauties of this world or death could have had no terrors. But better for you on earth that you do not know. Earth would lose its charms, and heaven too far off to reach. So it is well. W. H. V."

(I 133) March 4, 1870. "Oh, my sister, you who live on earth feel the changes of heat and cold, feel the pains and cares of life. Clouds cross your pathway and you see not the sun, while we are walking in the flowers and fields of immortality, only pained when grief overcomes the happier feelings of your hearts. Be happy! All is well. What would life be to you now were you without our words of promise, our guidance and care? Life is not life without the immortal. Olin."

(II 77) June 15, 1870. "The day was very fine but extremely warm. . . . 'We shall now go to our shades of heavenly coolness, where we roam untouched by changes of heat and cold. Olin.'"

(II 174) September 1, 1870. "After some physical phenomena: 'Sarah, the tree of roses is blooming in your home of beauty, it is bending with the weight of roses and the children are keeping them fresh. . . . To be able to come to you so forcibly is joy which we cannot explain. The wonders of heaven are open, the birds are singing in our doors, and we all look down upon you with love that can never die. Here are bright faces looking in yours and delicate hands weaving garlands of bright flowers for you. No cypress leaves are woven among them for there is no sadness here. The cypress we often weave in garlands for the new-born spirits and place them on their brows just as they are passing into immortality; then, when they become happier, we place a wreath of pure white flowers upon their brows. All is well! Let no little graves be in your hearts, for we are roaming in beautiful fields; let no tears flow from your eyes! Olin.'"

(II 179) September 9, 1870. "Why, my darling, we *live* here, we live with *you* in your affections, and can you wonder at our joy in being able to put on our spiritual robes and permitted to become so lifelike that were your eyes to behold us you would see that we are real and the same as when we were mingling with you here, frail and earthly? Spiritual now, frail no longer, the material robes thrown aside for heavenly garments. My child, no stranger will you be here, familiar with every tree and flower you will come home to the arms of your beloved ones. Blessed are they who believe! Blessed are they who say, 'Thy will be done' to the Great Master above, 'Thy will be done!' Oh, marvel not, for mysterious are the ways of Providence. . . . Grandma.'"

Comparing this passage with those which describe life in the banquet hall or palace, we may smell an inconsistency, if we assume that the putting on of clothes as spirits approach earth implies that they were formless in their native habitat. But this conclusion is quite unnecessary. It is equally possible and, indeed, cogently consistent, to believe that the garments alluded to visualize the process of materialization, perhaps not the last stage, in which material is drawn from earthly beings, men, but still a "coming in form" in some of its stages. By parity of reasoning, we do not need to infer that the soul, at home and in its full spiritual development, is purely subjective and devoid of form. Rightly interpreted, the Record gives a real description of life in Heaven, on which growing reliance will be placed as faith in the Record grows.

(III 15) October 2, 1870. "'. . . Oh! how happy I am to be able to come to you, purified, without the touch of age. God loves to see His children pleased and satisfied in their homes, their eternal life. When the spirit is pure and the heart good while existing on earth, here it takes a most beautiful form and is clothed in garments beautiful to look upon. . . . Grandma.'"

(*b*) *Duties*

(I 136) March 6, 1870. "'Dear Sarah and George, we feel happy. We feel calm. Our souls rejoice in the promises of God, and while we sit in our ivy-homes with roses under our feet, we look upon you and send you blessings. We have been constantly with you. Our lives are not to retire with folded hands. No, we work! Our lives are full of usefulness, ever doing something to make others happy, and here also, not in our own immediate presence, but where our eyes can see, are many spirits, weak, unhappy, dissatisfied, and wandering without hope, who need our hands to lead them, our voices to cheer them, our words to teach them. You see how we are engaged. . . .

"'We must all help each other; and now let me say, dear sister, that I am happy, for I know that some day you will find all that I now tell you to be true. Oh! be not depressed. You are becoming daily more spiritual in your knowledge of heaven, that home where your loved ones dwell; and often your spiritual form walks here with us, while you sleep and dream. They call! We must depart, leaving blessings with you. Olin.'"

(II 110) July 11, 1870. "'George, we have not been all the time at work upon the picture. Remember that we have other duties. Now, you must not be impatient; we have work here. God's angels never stand aside when they are needed, and we are often called. . . . Prof. K.'"

(III 126) January 8, 1871. "'Now, my dear Sarah, we have a consultation this evening over our own duties. We have great duties to perform. Our time is not always our own. It seems that we cannot make those on earth understand this great fact. It is this which often grieves us, causes great weariness, many mistakes and repels us. Some day people will understand this, and that will give us joy. God bless you, Sarah and George. Dr. Franklin is

approaching earth to give directions. All is well. Olin.'"

(III 210) April 9, 1871. "'To fail in keeping appointments at the hours we name is one of the most lamentable things you can do, when it is in your power to be punctual. To be twenty minutes after the time is as unfortunate as not to meet at all. We have duties and we set these hours apart for your work. If you fail, we fail. We cannot wait and linger in your atmosphere for hours after the appointed time. Often we can only remain a few minutes. Can we impress upon your minds the importance of being punctual to the minute? We are not our own masters at all times, and a higher power than (we) directs you, directs us. Remember this. . . . Call us not back. We go to our separate duties. Farewell. B. F.'"

(III 319) July 30, 1871 "'God cares for the sparrow, why not care for me? There are some few who have this perfect faith. Why not you, my children, who have had line upon line, precept upon precept, proof upon proof that God's angels care for you who trust in Him? Now, my children, you must learn more, learn to trust. Say, "I will believe," and in no one thing shall you be disappointed.

"'What are their lives, is asked of these spirits who seek communion with their friends on earth? I will answer. Their duties are many. Their demands (the demands upon them) many. They save, they heal, but most of all, they show the way to the real life, the life eternal. Your days are few when compared to the years of immortality—a few short years on earth and the life immortal commences. Then why not learn the way up the golden steps? B. F.'"

It is a question precisely what is meant in these communications by the word "immortality." If that word be taken, as seems plausible from the context, as excluding earthly life, then it excludes the cycles of reincarnation, unless "immortality" be taken as a metaphorical way of saying "a very long time," say one thousand years. I am not

inclined to make this concession to Theosophy. However, astronomy teaches that the life of a planet is limited: it dies, stops its revolutions on its axis, and ultimately disintegrates, through foreign impact, perhaps. If souls have lingered about it all that eternity, what of eternities to come? The scope of the present book is willing to refer the answer to Theosophy or defer it to the Greek Calends.

(I 89) February 11, 1870. " 'I have now to stand by the deathbed of one with whom I have often talked and promised to open to him the Golden Gates. B. F.' "

(III 89) December 11, 1870. "Dr. Franklin knows that he is beloved here by every spirit that is able to express itself in language, and he is always ready to aid and instruct. He feels it a happy duty. You will find him in every home where the inmates are worthy, bending over the dying, cooling the feverish brow, bringing before the dying beautiful visions, moistening the parched lips. Unseen, he administers these blessings and they are realized when the lips move not. Olin."

If spirits bring beautiful visions before the dying, why not also before the inner eyes of sensitive or sensitized mortals in general? "Cooling the brow," "moistening the lips," are more or less figurative. The touch of a spirit comes as a cool breeze, but hardly as drops of water or of rain. But faith, through spirits, works wonders.

(I 195) April 13, 1870. " 'We also have new-born souls to take care of this day. Many are entering the new world and anxiously gazing for some beloved one to help them over the line which separates earth from heaven. Sarah, we are always ready to help those who need us. This is one of the great duties marked out for us by our great Creator.

"Marvel not that we are not always present. Our duties are great and when we can come to you in love, hope, and faith, with all the feelings we possessed when in the earthly form, we gather the flowers of peace in our garments and

rejoice in your presence, knowing that we leave you happier, less depressed, more resigned to the will of God. And while you sigh for your little ones, you at least have the sweet assurance that they are spotless children in the Eden of the blessed. Grieve not for those little lambs, those angels, they are so happy. Olin, Circle.' "

(I 219) April 22, 1870. " 'I think that there are persons on earth who require the care of immortal beings here. It is a duty as great as duties here, especially when they are persons who are the channels for good, pure spirits to come through. You have all our signatures to this. Be free from anxiety under all circumstances, only say, "I trust." Remember we never deceive. B. F., Olin, and all the Circle. Your friend and teacher, Professor K., and all.' "

Notice the recognition of the moral gradation of spirits, and the practical admission that the most spiritual mortals receive the most spiritual aid. The inference seems axiomatic, but that is merely on account of the verbal tautology, "spiritual," repeated in two senses. That we enjoy material assistance from "the other side," is a most substantial assurance.

It might well be argued that the duty of spirits should be the uplifting of the unspiritual, *lower* levels of mankind. However, analogy is against this argument. There is here evidently a difficulty of the sort called "environmental." "Birds of a feather flock together." It is not practical to descend to the depths of the third, perhaps even to the bounds of the second dimension. "To those that have shall be given," is not a hard saying to the weary toilers who have stoutly, courageously, and independently built up their souls beyond their fellows. The question of spiritual aid to mortals and their progress is not one of a shibboleth, nor of theoretical causes and antecedents, but of deeds. Light is indeed reflected upon the dogma of "predestination." Spiritual faith is not only cause but also result. As in accounting, so in matters moral and spiritual, do we, at

each birth which we experience, take rests and start a new balance sheet. Those who have won an advantage enjoy spiritual intercourse. The others follow on or not; we do not need to dwell on the point, especially to the orthodox.

"We never deceive." While this sentence expresses an essential truth, it overlooks an important principle, that constantly spirits employ a tremendously profound knowledge of psychology in order to save men from mistakes. Spirits do not hesitate to deliver themselves of a technical untruth in order to save a career or a reputation. These white lies of the angels are generally recognized as such by the beneficiaries, who need but a verbal impulse, even if an unctuous lie, to tip the scale in favor of, say, conservative action. Socrates' demon told him when not to do things, and doubtless used tricks to prevent him from blurting out the truth at inopportune moments. Finally, his time was come, and the demon removed the ban. I believe here we have inside information on the touching parallel between Socrates and Christ. Neither was allowed to tell all he knew; both were sacrificed for the little they did tell. But Christ was called to perform on an immensely wider stage. "Against fools the Gods strive in vain." This would seem to be an axiom of pretty wide application. Fools can be led by wise cunning; they cannot be driven or argued with.

(III 352) September 3, 1871. " 'We have a duty before us which is of a painful character. We are requested to visit the unhappy spirits who have lately come here, and aid them, take them to walk in some beautiful garden, and help them to forget their sorrow. I willingly obey. Ma will remain in the palace with the children. Grandma will accompany me. It will not be today. We shall know when we leave you when we are to fulfill this duty. Olin.' "

The above passage is, in a sense, political. It speaks of government. It is unlike governments as we know them, in that obedience is willing, even sought. The duty of the

rulers is to point out to the subjects where duty for them severally lies. It is a matter of divine organization. The performance of duty is the highest desire. It is that desire which has won standing for rulers with their subjects everywhere. Rulers rule because subjects recognize marks of inherent authority. Is such a government to be designated as monarchic or democratic?

More appropriately, it is paternal. Rulers in the fourth dimension are directly recognized and acknowledged from their indices of individuality and quality, and that recognition is the alpha and omega of government in that environment, as it is in the third, so far as the latter boasts government worthy of the name. In this, as in other categories of life activity, it is not inept for preachers, more introspective than circumspect, to announce that Heaven is here and now, only we are not able to see it; for we are not equal to our high destiny.

It is true that the controlling intelligences and classes of the human world are typically neither socialist nor anarchist. That is not due, exactly, to their superior, conscious intelligence, but to a sort of common sense which holds them aloof from idle, speculative thought, confines them to industry and decent, arduous living, and surrenders their souls, to an extent, to unseen influences which protect them and strengthen their faith and hold up their hands, upon what is often the very slenderest, rational, doctrinal, or demonstrable basis. How patently is this true in the case of great statesmen, of whom Theodore Roosevelt was an illustration!

In the fourth dimension, however, occurs a classification of souls. Good souls are progressive souls not so attached to preconception but that their natural sentiments play free from prejudice. They are appreciative. They recognize their own best interest subserved by rulers wiser than they. By parity of reasoning, they also spontaneously recognize

the environment or level of action suited to their needs, to their completer development, to their comfortable use and wont. Thus they form a community apart, a paradise, the inner temple of the fourth dimension.

It is not exactly that competition is abolished. The rather is rivalry more friendly. The success of others affords pleasure. Progress is not merely a rational nor an intellectual matter; it is not theoretical; it is not conquest over others on the same level. In that dimension avoidance of contest is always possible through self-improvement, and this in a literal sense. In the third, it is the church that has taught the turning of the other cheek, the refuge of good works. Philosophy offers its consolations. Good men have ever taught defense through heaping coals of moral fire on the head of brutality, lust, and greed. The deep students of industry and economy have neatly proven that the very action of men's greed tends to correct itself, that undue interest, wages, or rents are bound, sooner or later, to fall into the rut of an acceptable, proportioned partition of the community's income, and that speculative crises are propagated throughout the planet.

But in the third, the working of these high-regarding tendencies is feeble, at any given moment. While the balance may, on the whole, be in their favor, the ultimate issue seems unattainable and theoretical. There is no visible end. Submerged man gropes on in despair and rage. Poverty is indignant. Laziness and inefficiency rave and storm. They have to learn the adage, "Physician, heal thyself." Knowing little, their god is Panacea.

In the fourth, however, progress is no theoretical matter. It is literal. Being literal, it is real. Being real, it is material. Say "relatively material," if you please. That is what the second dimensionist says of the freedom of the third: "It is relatively material." Anything posited to him lying there, prone in second, about the third, seems absolutely

spiritual. And so to us: anything posited about fourth seems spiritual. Put "objective" in place of "material" and you solve your problem, which is chiefly verbal, with a word which spans two dimensions.

But we recognize, after all, spiritual and spiritual. When the traveler reaches fourth, these seemingly spiritual distinctions grow into the full-blown, familiar relations of mind and matter. So that reality always seems material when it is attained; that is to say, when one has reached the tesseract of characterization of the fourth. There progress is real. He who progresses goes up. You can see him go, you can wish him Godspeed. You can even pay him a visit, "see how you like it there," test your ability to stand that altitude, lay your plans and preparations for future, permanent emigration. It is all so natural and real in the fourth dimension. So much for heavenly politics.

(IV 3) September 5, 1871. "We were all day devoting ourselves to the unhappy, sorrowful spirits who have lately come here. I made a circle of young women happy and now they are in a fair way to progress. I showed them the beautiful works of God and took them away from the scenes they had left in sorrow. I am pleased with many of these spirits, for they have gems hidden in their souls. Olin."

(III 92) December 13, 1870. "The shades of night are upon you, still the clouds hang over the sky above you, and you need the light of a lamp to guide you. Not so with us: we have always light, always beauty. Here there are no cares, here there is no painful suffering. We cannot say that we do not suffer, when those we love suffer. We feel suffering in a different way. We grieve and participate in your feelings. To lift your head up is our greatest wish at such times, and were you to lean on us, we would bear you safely above the clouds and shelter you in our arms. When we see a beloved one suffer, we immediately look

into the future to see how everything is going to end. If bright, we give hope. If the contrary, we say very little but advise as circumstances admit. I tell you this that you may know how real we are. Olin."

(III 288) July 1, 1871. "'We are with you; and it is not always that we can come to give hope, for there are few who receive this truth as you do. In this you are blessed, and we can lighten many of your burthens. We are happy to come to you this morning, for we know, when weary nature gives way, there is need of comfort from our world. Now let me say that all is well, hope for the best, and always look on the golden side, and above all, my children, never despond. B. Franklin.'"

(III 343) August 22, 1871. "You do not know how much we have assigned to us, how numerous our duties. We have to work carefully to guard our loved ones on earth; we do not feel safe about them till we have seen that every cloud is removed. Olin."

(IV 21) September 27, 1871. "Have you ever thought, my dear children, that every one human being has some protecting angel? A mother may look down from above upon her child, and though she sees this child's faults, she is pained to hear harsh words against or to her. Often, oh, very often, that mother's spirit enters in some kindred here and by that means saves her child. My dear children, we have seen a flower open today that we have long watched to see unfold and our souls rejoice. B. F."

(IV 48) March 21, 1875. "'The children are every night watching over Flora. They love her and guard her from evil."

(III 122) January 1, 1871. "'My dear children, Sarah, Emeline, and George: I always come with my dear boy Olin. He aids me when I speak. We are both here now. We hear the bells ring, we hear your voices, and we see the spiritual part of your existence. There is always walking

beside you a spiritual form which accompanies your earthly form. There are ever beside you unseen forms to guard you, unseen hands to protect you, walking when you walk, stopping when you stop, soothing you when you grieve. Dear children, I do live again in you. I do protect you, I love and bless you. Your own Ma.' "

(III 145) January 31, 1871. "A beautiful group, a mother and daughter, grandfather and grandmother, were sitting near us (in the banquet hall) when suddenly a bird flew to them with its wings folded and rested on the head of the mother. The bird bore a pure white flower in its mouth with one black leaf, which indicated a great sorrow about to befall her husband on earth. She understood the signal and instantly left. We all felt the shadow although we were not permitted to look upon her grief, which is as sacred here as it is upon your earth. We never intrude upon the griefs of others, but even here we feel shadows. Why, Sarah, we would not retain our affections, our individuality, were we not to partake of your griefs, your joys and trials. We help you bear your trials, we feel pleasure when you do, and shadows when you are sad. Sometimes we see that your trials are only momentary, then we try to soothe you without feeling your trouble. Olin.' "

(III 312) July 22, 1871. " 'We want you to feel that we never forget you. We cannot talk much now. The hour for our appointment has passed and we have other duties which are ordained, my dear sister, by the higher power, so we cannot linger with you now. We will be with you tonight silently. Now we go to our duties. The palace doors are thrown open and all are assembling; we must not be missed. Olin.' "

(III 313) July 23, 1871. " 'We have come in great power this morning. Our bell has sounded, yes, sounded for our presence. Some one needs us and we must go. Call us not back. Farewell, B. F.' "

July 24, 1871. " 'We are preparing homes for the poor wounded soldiers who are rapidly coming to our world. My spirit grieves to see how ignorant some are, how unprepared. Olin.' "

(II 136) July 24, 1870. " 'You shall hear from Grandma Langworthy when the time is favorable. We are all together, but her interests and pleasures are in searching for knowledge, to visit different countries, therefore she does not make one of our circle. Olin.' "

(III 178) February 28, 1871. " 'Oh, how I do wish that you could for a few hours throw off the mortal part, that which bars the mortal from the immortal, and be one of us today, you would enjoy it so much. I wish it could be so, but my wish is fruitless, without a response it must be. . . . Be of good cheer knowing that we keep watch over you and that no real evil without a warning first from us, can come to you. Olin.' "

(IV 108) December 8, 1885. " 'These meetings were years ago, but seem as yesterday to us, only that some of those who played in important scenes are here now to bear messages from one sphere to another. Bradley and Emeline have many walks together into different countries and when you have time to listen they will tell you what they have seen and how happy they are to understand the different channels and different spheres. We have something to learn every day. Every moment there is something new to learn. Herein is the great charm of the spiritual life. Ma.' "

(III 37) November 7, 1870. " 'We pass hours in giving these little children their lessons. Some learn very quickly, according to their perceptions. Frankie and Leila are very apt scholars and we love to teach them. Olin.' "

(III 180) March 1, 1871. " 'Yesterday I took your little children and presented them with some beautiful gifts. To your little girl I gave a little garden of violets which she will take pleasure in cultivating and watching. I also

gave her a large harp. To your son I gave a room, all to himself, filled with beautiful paintings. This room is for him to paint in and study the science of life—the immortal life. He can invite those he loves best to visit him there. It is his room. Other children received gifts from their guardians. It was a day of rejoicing. Here I stop. Here I stand silent. To explain what came after would be impossible. My pen would too feebly obey the wish of my spirit. And were I to tell you all the great joy, the beauty of the scene, the holy faces of the little children, it would merely be a faint idea conveyed in words that would not do justice to the effort. So here I stop. I leave your imagination to picture Heaven in its dazzling loveliness. Never wish one of your dear ones back. They are happy and away from temptation. B. F.'"

"Know thyself." "The proper study of mankind is man."

"Man is created in the image of his Maker."

What is the purpose of education? for instance. It must be in order to find an answer to the other question, "What is the purpose of life?" Life is for living. It is composed of reason and sentiment, of art and industry, of trade and finance, of laboratories and letters. The competition and struggle and selection and survival are not for their own sakes. We only learn that they exist in order that we may know ourselves.

It is true that there is such a thing as the cult of those materialists who have, by long use and wont in terms material, persuaded themselves that the study of nature may be divorced from that of man. A fallacy, if ever there was one! There is no meaning to be extracted from nature study apart from motives, sentiments, appreciations such as man finds in himself. The human form, in its ideal appearance, is the acme of conceivable beauty. Man appreciates beauty through his sentiment for the idea of himself. Man's plumbing of the depth of every utility chains him only because

it teaches something enduring about himself. In studying himself, he studies all things. Understanding, appreciation, explanation—what are they but the study of man? This does not exactly mean that man stands at the top of nature. Man is not God. But he is godlike. It is from his own finiteness that he reaches out to infinity. Infinity is thus in a way his. Language, science, art, religion are in and of man. They are his approaches to knowledge. They are part of himself.

There is then but one study—the study of life. In our third-dimension schools, the science of life is inadequately treated. Especially of late years has there been a tendency to elaborate the bottom of the structure at the expense of the top. Perhaps is this but a reaction from a previous disturbance of equilibrium in the opposite direction. In medieval times, there was much arguing (and fighting and inquisition) about verbal matters, although real significance was also extracted from them. Today it is too often forgotten that man has a soul, and that education points to the sky. Our universities are cut off from the Universal and are become inarticulate aggregates of particulars. The fountains of intelligence and appreciation are drying up. The disciplines drag out a perfunctory existence. The classics are read in translation and the lecture room is become a cinéma.

But there is always a way out. When the prospect is darkest the goal is nearest. Banished from earth, the study of life is honored in heaven. Science, supposed by its acolytes to have established all possible principles, cultivated finally by them only for details and meticulosities, asserts itself anew in principle and in a least expected field. Its ancient votaries would surround it with the ring fence of rules and principles once epoch-making, now inadequate, worn-out, useless. Fanatically they corral it with the pikes of their unyielding prejudices as Javans bait the tiger. But the tiger of science has a double, a wraith. When the slower

devotees of scientific use and wont have imbrued the spears of sapiency in the blood of science, something makes them look over their shoulders, and they glimpse the new science, flaunting all his stripes and colors, head up, tail waving, in full progress through the tall grass and jungle of the psychic unknown. And all the while Frankie in his study, thinking hard and listening at a receiver for the music of the spheres! Could it all well be otherwise?

(III 85) December 10, 1870. "'All the circle have been here for Frankie's benefit; we are aiding him; his little hands use the crayons with great ease. We watch his delicate fingers move in his work, we watch the animation of his face, his happy spirit, and we feel rejoiced to give him this pleasure. His mind responds as his days go on; he is able to teach Willie. This little boy, who is as real, as lifelike as Willie, only the earthly is thrown off. We wish to let you see through the veil and we can! We can!'"

(IV 100) July 27, 1885. "Frankie and Leila are very sweet messengers. They go to see how those I love on earth are, when I cannot, and they bring me messages and take messages for me. They are very far advanced—this boy and girl. Ma."

(IV 148) December 30, 1885. "Frankie and Leila have their regular hours for drawing and copying the scenery about them. Some days they go far away to other worlds and everything appears so beautiful that they love to sketch what they look upon in worlds beyond their own. There is real enjoyment here, real happiness. No one ever wishes to return to live on earth. Every advantage we have here. We can take a seat by your side when you are alone and remain with you for a long time. How little you realize that today we were here and walked round the room with you! Some one of us visits you daily; so you are never alone. We send telegrams one to another. When one of our circle is occupied very closely to earth, perhaps watching

by the sick or dying, we send a telegram to ask where they are and when they will join us,—that is, when we miss them from our own immediate home. All this we tell you that you may know each day something new. I think we have never told you this before. Your Ma, your Mother.' "

(III 34) November 6, 1870, 12 M. " 'Yes, Willie, you must go out more and read less. I and Leila or Leila and I, are going with Grandma to another country now, so, Willie, we will not be with you much today. Goodbye, Mamma. Frankie.' "

"I [4] asked, 'To what country?'

"Answer: 'Where the battle is.'

"I asked, 'Are you going to the French battlefields?'

"Answer, 'Yes.' "

(III 37) November 7, 1870. . . . " 'Dear Eliza and I took the children to a different country, but we will not go to another such scene again. Frankie wished to go to visit the battlefield with his grandpa, so we all went, but we shall not go again to such a scene of pain, unless to help the dying out of their misery. Grandma.' "

(IV 194) February 1, 1886. "I was anxious about an unsettled lawyer's bill against the Doctor. I wanted it settled but was unwilling to pay the full amount, $2,220.12. I talked freely with Mr. W. H. V. about it and proposed to offer $1,500.

"He wrote as follows, 'I have heard your words, but read your heart and mind before you spoke. I am now fully cognizant of your affairs, especially this particular thing. It is well to speak out your wishes.

" 'I think, in this case, you better offer twelve hundred with their receipt in full. It is sufficient and they ought to take it. You need not feel anxious. It will all come out right and in your favor. You are in the right and I will help you. . . . W. H. V.' "

[4] S. E. L. T.

The writer was sent with the check to the lawyers who accepted it.

"I took the check down to the Equitable Building to Mr. ——, who said laconically, 'If this is all I am to get, I suppose I would better take it,' and signed the receipt in full. I speak from a recollection of fifty years. W. G. L. T."

(IV 138) December 27, 1885. "'My dear sister Sarah, I come to you today a happier girl than I have been in many years. I have interested myself in a school for teaching very young children how to communicate with their friends on earth. So many come here weeping for their mothers and feeling that they are separated from their toys and playthings. It is important to teach them and to love them. I am happy to have the care of the dear little ones. It occupies my time and makes me very happy. This is the third time that I was offered the school of infants. First, I thought it might interfere with my looking after Frank; but Ma and Olin advised me to take it; so I did and I am glad. Em.'"

(*c*) *Pleasures*

(III 16) October 1, 1870. "'I write first fearing that we shall not have power after we are through forming, as we shall return to our homes in order to repose, in our spirit homes, and recover our former spiritual strength. B. F.'"

(I 195) April 13, 1870. . . . "And when we can come to you in love, hope, and faith, with all the feelings we possessed when in the earthly form."

(II 106) July 7, 1870. "'Sarah, I have come to you this morning through beautiful paths, and as I passed out of the Golden Gate, I saw standing at each side, a lovely woman and man; they were repeating their vows of love and eternal reunion. I was interested in them and shall make their companionship. As yet I know not who they are; but it was a lovely sight, for the maiden was sad and

I believe that she was talking of her trials on earth. Oh! how like your life is ours,—like it, but sanctified and holy! All is made plain. Olin.'" The likeness, perhaps, is not confined to the heavenly; one might find an inferno, also, by application to the proper address!

(III 51) November 15, 1870. "'I come in place of Ma, for she is at her vocations. The children are with her and she is exchanging greetings with dear friends. You have her sweet influence upon you and ever will have. I am listening to the music as it flows from sphere to sphere. Olin.'"

(III 29) January 11, 1871. . . . "'This day we shall all dip our hands in the pure fountain of life, the waters of heaven, and refresh the new flowers in our homes. Every flower is emblematical, nothing exists here without its history. Olin.'"

(III 139) January 23, 1871. "'We do not soil our garments by coming here in this dampness, but we cannot robe ourselves in the garments that we love best when the sun shines not. Olin.'"

(II 64) May 24, 1875. "'She (Em) is here and wants me to tell you that she has every wish gratified. She wears her favorite dresses, and she has only to wish for them when the form is clothed in all the beauty the heart desires. Olin.'"

(IV 22) September 29, 1871. "'We are happy to come again. We are happy to take the pencil and write our thoughts, our soul's thoughts. There are moments when the spirit of disembodied mortality also feels a sadness. It is thus with us today, for as the time draws near for these interviews to close, we cannot throw off the shadow which always accompanies separations and partings. We dip our hands in the fountain of pure water and drop blessings upon you silently; but we love to make ourselves heard, we love to come in close communion with you, therefore you cannot marvel that we feel a sadness. You know, Sarah and George, that many picture in their minds our land as one of eternal

rejoicing; and so the land is beautiful, but we grieve with those we love when they grieve, we joy with them when they are joyous, therefore our Land is not one of eternal rejoicing. Although the flowers are blooming today and no bleak winds passing over them, no leaves falling, we cannot help feeling that we, too, are deprived of a sacred privilege, that of visiting you lifelike and almost human. But time flies rapidly and we shall have Katie back, a new being. She will be benefited and changed, not only in habits, but in strength, and we shall look forward with quiet peace to her return. Olin.' "

(IV 16) September 21, 1871. . . . " 'We want you all to feel happy on the night we present the picture. Happiness is a magnet for us. Olin.' "

(IV 203) February 1, 1886. " 'Three days ago, I found a large bird with many different colors, and it talks everything. It is such a lovely bird. It flew on my shoulder and came home with me. Written by Aunt Em, dictated by Leila.' "

(IV 315) May 6, 1886. . . . " 'Your dear children went with me through my dwelling three days ago. They were delighted. I showed them my musical bird, and they saw it work. I kissed their innocent mouths and took them back to their grandmamma. It was not long after my visit with these dear little ones (in my earthly house) before I had all these things to show them in my abode here, but far more beautiful, far more interesting. Now they take pleasure in visiting me. Your watchful friend, W. H. V.' "

In this case we learn that the replicas of the W. H. V. curios were ready and done within three days. Here also a sensible time is allotted for manufacture. Compare the three months consumed in building the palace. Em's clothes were finished to her liking by exertion of a wish: but that some time elapsed in their fabrication is perfectly consistent with the statement that they were forthcoming in response

to her desire. Radical as is the departure from third-dimension economy, it must still be insisted that there is some economy.

And so, per contra, it may correctly be argued that, also in third dimension, everything is produced in response to a wish. Cumbersome and roundabout as are third dimension processes of manufacture, if the finished products are not answers to wishes, they are valueless and unexchangeable. The rigorous theory runs that values cannot surpass desires, and that products emerge in response to expected values. Desires are the basis of the whole structure of economy. And since processes follow the conditions imposed by the state of the arts and sciences, which are but appreciations of qualities natural in things and men, it is as true in the one dimension as in the other that coveted things are furnished in response to desire by the bounty of nature, by the goodness of God.

The main difference to be noted between the dimensions is the prompt answer in response to desires manifested in the fourth. This rapidity of manufacture is coupled with an incomparable superiority in workmanship, technique, and design. The improvement is not surprising. In principle it need not cause wonder. It is quite natural. But we must admire it. Thaumaturgy is universal. Without admiration and appreciation life is void. Social intercourse is calculated for pleasing by novelty.

Pleasing effect will intensify with celerity of manufacture. Fashion may change daily, individual patterns and personal outfits hourly, without prejudice to uniformity of attire on the part of persons whose ideals revolve about constancy. Thus we sense that the greater rapidity of fourth dimension manufacture and construction, as already amply voiced in these pages, is still an integral portion of the evolutionary scheme. In third dimension, roundabout processes and mass production; in fourth dimension, rapid, separate production

on individual order, heightened individuality, intensified beauty, both in personal adornment and in community impressiveness.

(*d*) *Familiar Economy*

The spirit of a child does not understand death.

(II 108) July 9, 1870. "The little beds in Greenwood are very sweetly made, and the birds sing there very gayly. We took the children there last evening and they were much pleased with the white monuments about them, but could not comprehend the meaning. So I told them there was where Mamma and Papa came to see their little garden. Then today I had to take them again, to let them choose their different portions. Frankie would call one spot his and Leila would call one hers; at last they both called the seat theirs, Mamma's and Papa's. Oh! how happy they are and how happy you should be! Olin."

(II 109) July 10, 1870. "We went to Greenwood in the morning and in the evening at the appointed hour we met. Soon after we were seated, Frankie said, 'Mamma, did you like our little garden? We heard you speak of us.' "

(III 145) January 31, 1871. "The bird bore a pure white flower in its mouth with one black leaf which indicated a great sorrow about to befall her husband on earth."

(III 150) February 4, 1871. "Do you know that I still retain the same girlish love for your pa that I had when I first became his wife? Do you know that I would love to meet him and talk with him and touch his hand and feel his pressure in return? All this I would love and watch for, with, oh, so much joy! But, on the other hand, perhaps to recall the past to him would only be painful and make him dissatisfied, disturb his quiet dream, and make home seem less attractive. Therefore, dear child, I think it best to say nothing to him unless he should first speak to you. I feel differently from you. I feel very delicate. I am his wife still, and he has another. I shall be the first to

meet him on the threshold of Eternity, then he will know that I have lived for him all these long years. Your Ma."

(I 157 [6]) March 24, 1870. "My son . . . I am progressing daily up to higher spheres, which I will soon explain to you. . . . Your Father." [5]

(III 293) July 3, 1871. "Sarah, our circle are not like the spirits who come usually. We are more advanced and of higher order, therefore our ways are different. Olin."

(II 145) July 31, 1870. "We will all combine our thoughts in this letter, each one drop a word from their separate souls. . . . We are one family here. We travel together, we study in each other's society and weave our histories from the same events. . . . God is our father, we are His children, and we do His will most faithfully. . . . Isaac T. Hopper."

(III 195) March 21, 1871. "But, oh, Sarah, our lives here are so much brighter and happier than yours. We have everything that you do, spiritualized and holy. We live pleasantly homelike and have the things which used to make us happy when on earth. There is great difference in families here, as great as there is on earth. Our family on Sunday gathered by themselves. In the evening the lamps of heaven shone forth and the children danced. . . .

"But when you come here, we shall first take you to the homes we are in now—and they are beautiful beyond description, then we will take you to our palace, Sarah, where none save our own family will be present. Olin."

Wise publicists accept the family as the sociopolitical unit.

The fourth dimension of heaven revolves with the earth, which is in the third. Otherwise there would be no evening, at least the evenings of heaven and earth would not correspond, nor would the stars be visible by sight as understood in the third. The next citation seems to modify earth astronomy.

[5] Brimage Taylor to G. H. T.

(III 257) June 1, 7 A.M., 1871. " 'We are all here this morning. We come from our palace. Day began with us some hours ago. This morning we will take the paper to our home; it will be a little difficult to do in this atmosphere but we will succeed. Do not have anticipations tonight as it interferes greatly with our writing. You know more of our real lives than many who have investigated for years. Olin.' "

" 'Oh, how beautiful our palace is. I am one of your family now to all eternity. Prof. K.' " [6]

(III 258) June 1, 1871. " 'My children, my sisters and brothers, all, all are invited; we are one family, the most sympathetic, the kindest, the dearest in all the world—in unison with all pure and holy souls.

" 'Sarah, my child, I have sat by the fountain of life, I have dipped my fingers into the stream of everlasting waters, and now I come to you, not a man advanced in years but in the prime of life and as you remember to have seen me last, no, not as you saw me last but as I was when in health.

" 'I remember the house by the water, the mill, the boys, all come freshly before my vision and I see you a child again upon my knee, oh, how I loved you, Sarah! Your loving uncle, Albert.' "

(III 261) June 1, 1871. The best description of the palace.

(III 87) December 11, 1870. . . . " 'All spirits have not the same power. Many look at us anxiously and longingly. Many ask our aid. They too would love to bless their friends but few know how to receive these gifts. Therefore all are not blessed alike.' "

(IV 31) October 4, 1871. " 'Do you know where ma is now? I will tell you. She is lingering near pa. She sees him now by the side of another, but turns away satisfied for in her palace he will be all her own. Things change in heaven. Olin.' "

[6] Professor Kenyon was an orphan.

CHAPTER VI

RELIGION

(*a*) *God*

No doubts about God cloud the reason or obscure the faith of the population which frequent the banquet hall nor especially of those who are privy to the palace. It is in the idea of God that the continuity of third-dimension religion is pursued into the fourth. And this idea is the chief connection of the two dimensions, anyhow. Personality acknowledges its emanation from God, so that the personality of God is a necessary corollary to personality as an abstract conception. The truly religious but unsectarian believer of the third-dimension has nothing to change on entering the fourth, in this respect. If to his faith he combine an experimental knowledge and foretaste of the reality of discarnate life, he respires air of the fourth-dimension without a flutter. The Record breathes an intensity of faith almost unknown to this carnal stage of existence. Here faith is sometimes rather imaginatively symbolized by the word "God," than intensely and personally felt. We cannot escape the influence of science. It has sealed the age. It has cleared the way for better manners and for a more pragmatic faith, a faith not verbal, but, as it were, inductive, experimental.

Far be it from me to disseminate false dependence on a laboratory faith. Faith is inner experience; the discoveries of science only render that more obligatory. After all, there is but one faith, faith in God, faith in moral order and in supreme personality and in the supremacy of personality. But the habit of the laboratory should rather aid us to appreciation of our theistic experiences. However,

this mutuality of moral support from categories of life that have too often been trained in the contentious is not to be found in every psychology, every mentality. True education, however, must seek the reconcilation.

Almost every line of the Record speaks of God, so that a few specimens at this point must suffice:

(I 77) February 3, 1870. "The works of God are wonderful and mysterious, clothed with a thin veil so that the earthly eye cannot behold that which should be concealed! Be satisfied!"

(I 191) April 16, 1870. "Blessed are the ways of Providence. Our souls rejoice, our hands are raised in gratitude! All is well! Be happy! After you read this, go in the room which is sacred with the presence of sacred beings. Olin."

(III 353) September 3, 1871. "My children, we are with you. Praise God for the light of this beautiful morning. Thank Him in your hearts for the health you enjoy. Praise the Giver of all good. The fountain of His blessings flows freely upon you; gather the sunshine while it lasts. We have been your constant companions for nearly two years, in constant communion, in close affection, and I know, my dear children, that you are grateful for the boon. Were we of the earth, earthly, our ways would not seem mysterious, neither would you marvel. But we are subjects of a Higher Power, under the direction of the Father of the whole universe, therefore wonder not at our ways. We do all things well. B. Franklin."

(III 131) January 12, 1871. . . . "Then Olin wrote in a beautiful, clear hand (his own): 'My dear Sarah, we are all here today. The glorious sun shines beautifully upon you and we have accomplished much. Your heart shall rejoice on Sunday morning, and above all let me impress upon you the importance of guarding and appreciating the great blessing the Divine Father has given you in permitting

you to hold communion with departed spirits. It takes great power to write with our own hands. We all go. Olin.' "

(*b*) *God's Immanence*

(I 147) March 12, 1870. "The children are here, but not in form. They looked in upon your faces and saw the flowers, which have souls, for their perfumes live here in their correspondences; therefore, never think that they are lost, though their loveliness fades."

(II 147) August 1, 1870. "It is sweet to know that in this city of crimes and anguish, misery and depravity, we make a heaven about you and guard you from these evils. Yes, dear Sarah and George, we guard you stronger and with more safety than bolts can, and your faith shall save you from falling victims to those who fear not God or man. Olin."

The actual glides easily into the symbolical. In order to ascertain the distinction between reality and poetry, it is necessary to take into account the general trend and argument of the Record. If anything is established beyond peradventure, it is the separate reality of another dimension or environment. There is much to show that it is located above the earth, perhaps in to us invisible spheres. The very assertion of flowers existing there in their correspondences—a pregnant expression—involves the separate objectivity of that dimension. Deeply imbued with possibilities looking toward ideal realization, clergymen and poets often descant upon the joys of earthly life rightly lived and understood: so Pastor Wagner, he of the Simple Life. In some cases, these teachers have been satisfied with their pictures of terrestrial bliss to the point of neglecting to locate a more ideal bliss in more favorable surroundings.

Almost anything and everything are conceivable: for instance, it is conceivable that terrestrial, moral conditions

may, in time, so improve that heaven may descend to share earth with its then inhabitants. Death and birth would disappear or be sublimated into ceremonies. However, the question what becomes of personal individuality when the planet dies or disintegrates is not solved on either theory.

The Record amply testifies to the beauty of earth as well as to that of heaven; it argues, however, for the superior beauty of heaven and for its superior desirability as a place of abode. There is, perhaps, a certain admission of dependence of heaven on earth. Flowers exist in heaven by their *correspondences*. If they did not exist on earth they would hardly exist in heaven. But there is no intended admission of an efficient, causal priority in earth. Terrestrial processes are essentially roundabout. Their spiritual moments are rooted far back in time and history, in evolution. Immediate, direct impingement upon organisms from the psychic is a difficult subject which science is tardily, warily, with hesitation and compunctions, with laboratory equipment, broaching. In a world of actions and reactions, where the streamings from the psychic are endless and of infinite variety, it is not surprising that reactions from the terrestrial penetrate a distance back into the psychic.

(*c*) *Higher Powers*

(III 8) September 27, 1870. "This meeting has been of the greatest importance, although you may not know it. The laws of Heaven are strange, clothed in mystery. Even our souls have not the privilege to question the Divine Power, not the privilege to say why or wherefore. We only work according to the rule of a Higher Power. May you live long to enjoy all that we shall have the power to give you. Farewell. B. F."

(III 88) "You say, dear Sarah and George, that you would like to know how it is that we have the company of

these distinguished men? I will tell you. As a bird seeks its rest in a tree, so we seek those who are above us in intellect. Our spirits attract by our desires, and more especially if we had that desire before coming here. You always had a wish to see President Lincoln and shake hands with him. You would make the effort to see him. So it is with us, only our wish is a prayer and attracts the spirit so that it seeks us and the way is opened for our souls to mingle. Olin."

(III 125) January 8, 1871. "You place flowers on the little mounds, trees about them and everything to make them look beautiful. So with us when we prepare a home for some dear one on earth. The difference is, here we prepare a home full of similar beauty, we leave out nothing which will cheer the spirit. We do not make the home at first dazzling in its beauty, we make it sublimely sublimed. Those who prepare the homes here, do so under the direction of a higher power than those who talk with you. Olin."

(III 210) May 10, 1871. "We cannot wait and linger in your atmosphere for hours after the appointed time. Often we can only remain a few minutes. Can we impress upon your minds the importance of being punctual to the minute? We are not our own masters at all times, and a higher power than directs you directs us. Remember this. Farewell. B. F."

(III 233 *idem.*) "Oh, how beautiful is our palace! We look upon it with admiration and joy—a tribute to God's love; and we bow in adoration to His will. The first day of June we still keep on our tablets. Keep it also on the tablets of your memories, for it will be a great day. Olin."

(III 312) July 22, 1871. "We cannot talk much now; the hour for our appointment is passed and we have other duties which are ordained, my dear sister, by the higher power, so we cannot linger with you now. We will be with you tonight silently. Now we go to our duties. The palace

doors are thrown open and all are assembling, we must not be missed. Olin."

"Higher Power" does not mean "God."

The term seems indefinite. Theologies of various religions seek to furnish wondering believers with accurate accounts of theocracy. The Græco-Roman Parnassus is one of the completest. Its frank carnality and anthropomorphism were properly succeeded by the Christian reaction, whose puritanic theism and simplicity did not last long, as they were a hindrance to the spread of the Christian name among populations habituated to myths and legends. The Trinity, the Saints Calendar, the Virgin Mary appeared upon the religious scene in due course of time. Goth and Iberian united their divergent Olympuses under the unique, identical framework furnished by the Hebrews and their rejected Seer.

While primitive Christianity was deficient in the matter of heavenly hierarchy, it was soon perceived that heavenly government could hardly be impersonal. It is noteworthy that Christianity adopted without question the standards of good and evil already current among men. The twelve commandments were already ancient; and most of them had, moreover, been put in practice by a majority that had never heard them called by name. Christianity also embraced the ancient idea of places of reward and punishment, and soon added the proper officials. A more critical age is relegating the angel Gabriel to innocuous desuetude, along with his satanic majesty. Nor does our Record pretend to unveil mysteries which are, very plausibly, not for our comprehension. On no other branch of knowledge do earthites more need to cultivate humility than on the divine.

One obtains the impression that the will of higher powers, who are recognized, *ex vi termini,* as personal, is accepted by the spiritual subjects and vassals in an impersonal sense —an abstract sense. The decrees wafted by the music of

the spheres are unsigned. One might imagine that the Powers have patented or copyrighted their own vibration rates, and that wireless messages from them are received in impersonal but identifiable, official form. But every message must have its signer. And no one could imitate or capture and sequester such a natural monopoly of etheric wave length. In the merely mundane, fashions, inventions, doctrines, opinions, encircle the world with a spontaneity that seems unaccountable. Possibly suggestion, changing environment, the usual travel of news may account for all that we observe in the way of the spread of ideas; there is, however, still room for the hypothesis of unseen messengers and even of impersonal messages, of thought waves, quasi-material, diffusing tone and inarticulate doctrine, broadcasting them to the four winds.

In the higher world in which we are interested, the Wall Street ticker has its spiritual analogue. Angels consult the wind caves of the spheres and read off their duties from such music; they watch the flowers unfold or close, which tell the story of another's, perchance mortal's success or failure, happiness or misery. Apparently no Western Union intervenes. Undoubtedly there is a system. Whether it refers back to individual invention does not appear: probably it does not. The impression remains that the economies of the fourth-dimension stand ready-made for its population, as do plants and animals and materials, such as foods, metals, fibers, on earth. In either case, it is a question of the same divine power, of the same creation of those who desire, on the one hand, and of the means of their satisfaction, on the other, roundabout in the third dimension, more direct in the fourth. Personality is still preserved throughout the scheme, while impersonal agents, etheric waves, the relatively material exist everywhere.

The grand problem for psychic science is to establish the bounds of personality; how far the agents of the Plan are

personal, how far impersonal. There is a temptation for speculators in this field to overestimate the scope of the personal. One thinks all suggestion is by personal messengers; another that the earth is "ruled" by unseen, official sages. One thinks of the generally accepted guardian angel; and straightway we are introduced to an infinite hierarchy of elfs, goblins, sprites, ancients, angels, archangels, and so forth, which may or may not be our unseen superiors, at once our gods and our servants. So my horse is my servant; but am I not also his,—I who spend hours daily in tending, grooming, doctoring, training, and exercising him?

On earth, the various orders of animals stand in relation of mutual dependence. Ants and rodents prepare, through untold ages, a soil and humus for cultivation. Birds sow seeds or mimic the music of the spheres. Elephants break down jungles and make clearings for huts of savages. Through the million steps and adjustments from termite to Aryan, there is mutual limitation permitting always of higher levels of life, verging always toward the spiritual, and progressively marked by facility of orientation, liberty of action, practice of self-determination, in a word, by the ideal of freedom. In all of this system is no God to be discovered by merely scientific test. It is not by man's plan, however, that the elephant, with his coöperative habits, was instituted; nor did the elephant create the termite; nor do these superiors issue orders to their spiritual inferiors, if inferior they be. All of us mortals are equally unprivy to the plans of the Almighty.

On the other hand, the concerns of this earth are infinitesimal beside the interests which center in God. What if a drop of water incloses an universe complete according to the scheme we have learned to call our own universe, comprising the solar system and earth? But the universe and the drop of water are reduced to a par before the Infinity of God.

The beaver builds his dam. Man makes his houses and factories and engines and arts, industrial and fine. He does these things with his intelligence. But he does not make his intelligence. In a sense, the whole course of development we are tracing is the outcropping of a divine ingenuity, and a striving of life towards Intelligence. If we are to say that life makes intelligence, that is only another formula for God making intelligence. Life = God, from this point of view.

So cleverly has our earthly home been contrived that we see so far and no further. Vision does not penetrate outside of it. The apparent makes a tolerable system. Many are contented with the easy philosophy that it is a complete system. Discovering deficiencies in it, we are spurred on to account for them. An aberration in the career of a planet calls for a new sounding of the depths of the unseen. We grasp at tools, telescopes, for this purpose. By our new inventions we are forced to admit that worlds exist which we had denied previously, believing that the naked eye could see all reality. But we would look and look until we see causes. Knowing that even our intelligence is borrowed, we would search until we come to our Father, the Divine Intelligence from which ours is sprung and to which it returns. Or, at least, into some such circular reasoning has speculation ever been forced.

Apart, however, from this rather vain teleology, vain, at least, in our more rational moods, may we hope to attain to some conception of divine government, in its actual working, in the concrete? Consider that the man hunts the elephant and the beaver for ivory and meat and fur. The elephant makes roads in the forest which man and animals can utilize; the beaver floods dry land, making ponds for fish and muskrats. There is a very perfect conspiracy of beings to utilize the earth. A plan is worked out in visible form. Enough is visible to lend this impression

and enforce this conclusion in the minds of optimists. Pessimists are hopeless customers: the more proofs of a divine plan, the more additional conditions they posit for God to fulfill. Satisfy one condition, they demand a new one. When their captious ingenuity is exhausted and they are reduced to silence, they are still unconvinced. Some men are constituted void of capacity to believe. Apparently so. Really, they are floppers: they hold out to the last ditch, and when they seem least likely to yield, they suddenly about face and become fanatics. Indeed, this genus is not uncommon; but it is so unsuited to the pursuit of knowledge that it tacitly concedes its incapacity or is satisfied with a little, amateur growling. Who has not made acquaintance of the tourist who finds nothing good abroad, but when he finds himself back home suddenly discovers that there is nothing good at home?

All that men discern or have ever discovered or unearthed is a series of efficient causes. All that a reasonable mortal can hope for is to extend and enlarge his knowledge or consciousness of efficient causes. As he progresses in spirituality, this knowledge must vastly increase; it is a basis for spiritual evolution. At the same time, the moral nature enlarges, and with it a personal sense of dependence and an imputation of personality to the laws he obeys. His knowledge of natural law grows *pari passu* with this imputation of personality. His soul, therefore, enlarges in two senses, at least, the rational and the moral. The esthetic and religious faculties follow the same development or movements of growth.

The fourth-dimension is much more accessible to religious influences and to the divine concept than is the third. Therefore, insight is greater; its population has less limitation, but is more conscious of its limitations, such as they are; for it *knows*. The ingenuousness of the mortal, convinced that he knows to the outer limit of the universe, and that beyond what he sees nothing is to be seen, disappears.

On the topic of the unseen, the spirits in heaven do not palter with paternosters and genuflexions. The man forced to admit the existence of a First Cause, puts it as far away as possible. It is a logical necessity, but not a moral, personal experience, save in inadequate degree, or in fantastic ecstasy,—a benumbing transport of the imprisoned soul, a camp meeting revival.

In the fourth-dimension, God draws nearer, the consciousness is pervaded with His omniscience; Christ can even be glimpsed in His reality, His sacred person. A knowledge of the ways of divine government comes to the spirit gently, even as the falling of the dew, and then he knows, as never before, that higher powers really rule the universe. The universe loses its material aspect. He understands the phrase that "material is a delusion." Material is really no delusion; it is a fact of a lower order; but the mentality of persons who see material alone is a delusion, for such persons see only occasional and material and a few efficient causes, but no First Cause.

(*d*) *The Elect*

Various, different forms of political society have existed, contemporaneously or successively, resting upon a foundation of human nature fundamentally identical. They have been determined and effectively selected by fortuitous preponderance of this or that class or type or variety of the *genus homo,* which has momentarily and perhaps only nominally, in representative capacity, come to the front. In all this political pother, no sign has supervened indicating change in the constitution of the kingdom of God, or in His government, or in that of the kingdom of Heaven.

Men are edgy on politics and on society as affecting or affected by politics. They connect in causal relation political forms with social manners. A certain gentleman refuses to

wear a dress suit because he thinks it undemocratic. Others, secretly attached to aristocracy, praise the dress suit as the most democratic garb. Castes, distinctions, orders, titles of nobility, titles military, titles scholastic, titles official, titles everywhere are impossible to suppress in principle, although easy of abolition in individual cases. So the guillotine does yeoman's work.

It would appear that the fortunes of the battle of life are foreordained to enter successively phases that are essentially fixed, fundamental, and deep-rooted in human nature. The idea of a permanent leveling, to the exclusion of distinctions, is a chimera. Most of all is it a chimera that democracy, as at present existing, is to grow ever more and more democratic. The course of biological development suffices to insure new personal differences, no matter how far the leveling process may have appeared to go. If there be aught of cogent in the identity of indiscernibles, as a natural principle, it would operate to prevent the ideal of democracy from coming true, at least, during the reign of pyknosis.

Carrying still a step further the processes of less mobile creation, every living being strains and strives, with the result of an upward tendency. It is basic to our conception of individuality that differences arise among classes and again among individuals of each class. Orthodox, Christian Theology mastered right reasoning but wrong temperament. Predestination is really a sort of chance or luck. Who was the philosopher who reached the conclusion: Chance = God?

The fact is that every man is bound to the divine. No matter how he errs, he can attribute his mistakes, even crimes, to the chances of biology. The damnation of man is strictly confined to that department. We are grateful to biologists, in the broad sense of the term, for the discovery. Every man knows that his innermost nature is spotless. His life seems to be an endeavor to sweep away the obstruction between himself and real, genuine, right action. Life

Pa
John Avery Langworthy
b. Dec. 27, 1799
d. July 26, 1894

Ma
Eliza Lewis Langworthy
b. Aug. 7, 1806
d. June 24, 1860

Leila Taylor
b. Dec. 27, 1865
d. Feb. 25, 1867
(Sarah Eliza)

Frankie and Willie Taylor
b. Jan. 1, 1862
d. Oct. 22, 1864
(Franklin Langworthy)
b. May 13, 1859; d. ——
(William George Langworthy)

From the family album of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Taylor. Original photographs of J. A. Langworthy, Eliza Lewis Langworthy, Sarah Eliza Taylor, Franklin Langworthy Taylor, and William George Langworthy Taylor

is for action, and action is to do away with obstruction and to bring out the essentially godlike in each and every one of us, perhaps in animals too. Many a person has been rendered moral by a pair of glasses that relieved irritation throughout the nervous system. It is conceivable that a criminal might be rendered moral by trepanning or by an equivalent operation lower in the spinal process.

So far from our biological nature being the source of our morality, the very opposite is the truth, for it is the imperfect form in which the perfectible principle of life appears, at first in utter crudeness, and then striding upward towards the image of God. If biologists have not always seen through the Plan, it is because they were consecrated to a specific task and could not always see the forest for the trees. Moral acts are doubtless useful, they conform to experience, they build upon the past, but they are not really moral unless they are essentially ideal, conforming to the Plan, and tending towards improvement and progress. So much for the caste system or rather the system of hierarchy.

The application of it to the spirit world will be made fairly obvious to the reader of the Record. The chief difference—and it is an important one—between the castes of heaven and mysteries of earth is that, in the latter environment, castes are ring fences calculated to keep out, not merely intruders, but every one who cannot force his way in, while, in the fourth degree, the ascending levels are so many steps facilitating progress. It is true that the circle, in the Record, included a family which built an exclusive palace for the privileges of separate family life. No one could begrudge them that ambition. Family life is the essential of civilization.

But, again and again, the Record emphasizes the eagerness to help others on, to teach them the way of the higher life, to teach the young and the old the way to reach their beloved, to make easy the reunion of those naturally and prop-

erly united but separated by accident and misfortune. In heaven is a great bureau for lost children and for all that are lost and cannot find their way.

The advanced spirits feel their responsibility. That they are advanced, no one gainsays. Their nobility and election shine in their faces and on their raiment. Over there, appearance never belies the reality. That is a grand characteristic of society in the fourth-dimension. It compels respect and admiration. It furthers the cause of education, the dissemination of spiritual knowledge. The classes of earth are exclusive, those of heaven are inclusive and progressive. Let the Record speak:

(I 94) February 12, 1870. "'Dear Sarah, the picture brings with it the halo it received while with us. The little sacred face is beautiful to us, and you will love it more and more every hour. Do not let careless eyes look upon it; keep it for those who know and understand the pure, the good, the great. We can say no more now. God bless you. Olin.'"

(II 63) June 6, 1870. "We were all pulled and everything seemed very strange and uncomfortable. We could not understand the proceedings and asked questions, but no response. Still the paper rattled fearfully and the echoes said, 'Get light.' The Doctor struck a match and when the light blazed up, the paper still rattled, but the echoes said, 'Open window.' As soon as the blind was pulled back the paper with its rattle was gone.

"The sensation left with us was that of great discomfort, so great that I told my husband if such were to be repeated it would be my last sitting, even though the paper were never returned. They wrote a few words but gave no explanation of the strange proceedings."

June 7, 1870. "My dear Sarah, we are here, all the circle without the intrusion of other spirits, spirits of darkness who love to come and show their antics as when in life. We were here in form, last night, but quickly withdrew, as the spirits

who were present would have injured the paper. Now we are free from shadows. The low spirits who accompany the men with whom Katie met early last evening, still lingered about her and we were obliged to withdraw although we were sorry to leave you in fear and sorrow. You know, dear sister, that this only proves that our world is like yours, with different spheres and different people. Your own judgment tells you that men and women who die in sin with no desire to progress cannot enter our world of happiness and purity. We are often almost human. Your children express this from their desire to remain with you, to dress in their little earthly clothes and stand before you. Feel not depressed, be happy, for when Katie is right, we can keep away all evil, all shadows. Olin."

Katie was a great medium—all classes of spirits, high and low, elect and damned, could manifest through her channel. Much depended upon her associations and environment, at and about the time of her séances. The elect have compulsive power over the damned in final accounting. They have the last word. They come off triumphant in the contest; but the conditions must be attended to. The elect could not have entered into that séance Katie held with the bad men. There would have been no sense in doing so. Nothing was to be accomplished by throwing pearls before swine or showing pictures of angels to imps of hell. The latter may or may not be self-obliterating; they may or may not be on the toboggan slide to primeval slime. At the moment in question, anyhow, they occupied some space in God's kingdom, and that space must be respected; it exacted its own integrity.

"Space is not static. It is dynamic, potential, and kinetic. It is a process, a becoming. Its duration as a process is never-ending. Its intensity is limited and finite. The so-called infinity of space is one of the capital illusions of the intellect." [2]

Perhaps this citation carries a corollary that there must be

[2] Browne, "The Mystery of Space," p. 195.

place for the evil because they are a fact. Facts call for room. On the other hand, room is assigned to them specifically. As a rule, men and higher animals do not intrude when and where they are not wanted. The exception is the beast of prey, and his trade is war. We are not now speaking of that war which is evolution. We are speaking of that society, be it earthly or heavenly, which is the product of evolution. And so, when a class of the elect has emerged, it finds its place, its high estate; but when the elect sally forth on missions of mercy, they take the usual risks of the slummer.

(I 73) June 12, 1870. "My dear Friend, sorrow comes in every life at times, and when one aids and lends helping hands to those who suffer, there is always a sweet peace in knowing that you have not neglected such. Sorrow is followed with blessings of this kind. Do you not understand that you can now bear sorrows and trials better than those who live for themselves alone and think not of the beautiful life beyond? Prof. K."

A moral advantage of belief in the future life and in knowledge of it stands out. The fortitude of the elect has been more manifest under the higher spiritual auspices of Christianity than among the communicants of other, less sublime religions. When once we reach the point of a fair comprehension of the dignity and mission of man as an immortal soul, we look upon the deepest sorrow with a certain detachment, consistent with profound sympathy. We are not, moreover, discouraged in our personal careers by sorrows, setbacks, and disappointments. If we believe we are right, we go ever ahead. If we make mistakes, they can be corrected, our course can be made ever straighter and more direct. Our sorrows are but a corollary in the inevitable contest to which all denizens of hard-surfaced planets are devoted.

(III 36) November 7, 1870. "Now, be patient (George). I know you are, but there are moments, hours in every sensitive heart when the gloomy side of life seems to be made

more visible to the earthly eye, and the beautiful, golden side hidden. Then the spiritual sight is closed and refuses to penetrate through the clouds. To you and dear Sarah, this is perfectly plain and you can appreciate our sentiments, our love, and our advice, and feel that we sympathize with you in everything. We can sit down with and soothe you, we can bear with you when others would become impatient, therefore we are your true friends. Olin."

(III 47) November 13, 1870. "Now, my dear children, Sarah and George, I can aid you, the whole circle can aid you, for your belief, your faith, draws us to you. It is our lamps to your souls. Therefore, you are in less danger of misfortunes than those who do not hold communion with the spiritual world. Your Ma."

(III 157) February 7, 1871. "Oh, if you could only have been with us, if you could only have looked in for a few minutes! But patience! The day will come when you shall be blessed, as we are now. We are not permitted to give you more than a faint outline of these things. We are limited in giving you more than a slight knowledge, and it is only a few, dear Sarah and George, with whom we can speak upon this subject at all. Therefore read these descriptions to a few. It is forbidden that many should know of these banquet joys."

(III 191) March 13, 1871. "Oh, how strange is the decay of life, of the perishable part, and often so revolting! But all that is beautiful ascends to this world which is expressly for angels, men and women.

"The children *we* call angels."

(III 203) April 4, 1871. "Oh, how I do wish I could make your pathway one bed of flowers and bear all your trials; but, were this possible, you would only become too much attached to earth to leave it and every day would bring a regret that life should ever draw to a close. The close of life must come to all in due time, and God sends trials in

order that the spirit may become more reconciled to fly upwards. You are only being prepared for the happy world where so many of your dear ones have gone before to prepare the way. They are your lamps. Olin."

(III 69) December 4, 1870. "Had it not been for two guardian spirits of this girl (Katie) for the past week, she would have fallen into wicked hands; perhaps died in her weakness.

"Frankie is a very charming boy. His intellect is great. His flowers will show that. He has a great mind for a little boy. I often look upon him and think how happy you would have been, how proud of him, had he been spared to grow up by your side. A little wish that he might have lived obtrudes, but for an instant. He is better off here. He came an untarnished gem and was placed in the glory of the sinless world to work for and protect you. Prof. K."

(III 68) December 4, 1870. "We love to tell you about our lives, but there are things we cannot explain, for instance, the fact of our existence, no more than you can explain your coming upon the earth. We know that we are blessed, and that we can bless. We know that our wishes are prayers and that a higher power answers them. We dress, we sing, we have amusements, we have tea-parties, we have duties great, oh, so much greater than yours. We often have to repose after a long trial of duties. Grandma."

(III 192) March 19, 1871. "Sarah, when the sun shines forth in such beauty upon your earth, making the very heart glad, we rejoice for it is the holy influence of unseen spirits in the atmosphere which impresses you and infuses peace in your souls and tells you there is a God, a Ruler above, One who says, 'Seek not to unravel these mysteries too often, thus far shalt thou go and no further.' You may not ask, 'Why?' or 'Wherefore?' too often. There are many things that can not be explained. What we wish is that the breath of suspicion shall not touch our souls when we come into your pres-

ence. It withers the brightest flowers in our garden, and keeps our white robes from touching you with peace. Oh, how beautiful is faith, how sacred! The angels of heaven gather around you and with one accord say, 'We will be your guardians.' Your faith is perfect; nothing in your atmosphere chills our purposes for your happiness, and we love to come to you. Olin."

(IV 102) July 27, 1885. "My dear son and daughter: It is but a step from the golden stairs to the threshold of human existence. Not long at a time have your unseen guests been separated from you. Mark well these words: we will never leave you in sorrow, nor perplexed, nor troubled, nor comfortless. My children, there will come a day when we shall sit down together and talk almost face to face. Advances are being made daily. Your faith is so supremely beautiful that it rests my spirit to look into yours. My children, these are golden moments and we will do much for you. I am not egotistical when I say that I have stood very often between you and trouble and turned away the threatening clouds. I ever shall. Talk not of condescension; it is a very great pleasure for me to communicate with you and I will take that liberty often, if you will allow. . . . B. F."

(III 349) September 21, 1871. The following citation bears upon the exclusiveness of celestial society; it alludes to the members of the infamous "Tweed Ring": "There's joy in heaven over the redemption of a sinner; there will be joy over some of these men who have robbed the city. I speak from knowledge, pure knowledge. Olin."

(e) Preparation for Death. Faith

Religion stresses the need of preparation before death for the life to come. Socrates declared that philosophy is a dying while still living. Asceticism and monkish orders in many

religious disciplines, have been or are practiced and maintained on the ground of preparation for a metamorphosis as from worm to butterfly. Such are monks in Thibet, yogi in India, monks again in Christendom, dervishes and Druses in Arabia, and endless begging friars and holy rollers everywhere. Fasting and prayer are important features of religion and mean preparation for death.

Are a relative holiness, a relative spirituality to be denied to those who, according to their lights, forswear the current income of keeping in tune with the rules of ordinary experience, in the firm persuasion that, by so doing, they are heaping up spiritual capital in the other world, out of earthly sight, the usufruct of which they may there enjoy? They must be pretty sure of themselves patiently to endure the quips and gibes of those unbelievers who fatten on the fleshpots of Egypt, careless of the hereafter, or weakly reconciled to their own ignorance.

In this day of science and agnosticism, of sincere and of the pseudoreligious (the commoner variety), it is not surprising that many, even churchmen, justify indifference to the topic of immortality on the specious ground that if an hereafter do exist, they cannot be barred from a share in it; that the process of death and of awakening to a future life is, in any case, a natural, universal process; that it is therefore, preordained and not affected or withheld on account of personal opinion. The fact of living entitles man and beast to all that goes with living. They claim that ignorance of a future life puts them in no worse case than knowledge.

As a knockdown, street-corner argument, this is excellent. It will not bear, however, close inspection. The conclusion does not follow the premises, for a premise is suppressed that acts powerfully in the dark, but will not stand the light of day, to wit, that our future happiness is not affected by our mental attitude, by our knowledge, in a word, by our mental status while on earth. Were this true, then the whole scheme

Professor
W. C. Kenyon

Grandpa
Brimage Taylor

Uncle
Isaac Pendleton Langworthy

Milton Bradley

From the family album of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Taylor. Original photographs of W. C. Kenyon, Brimage Taylor, Isaac Pendleton Langworthy, and Milton Bradley.

of our human education would be vain, although men believe that our civilization has been built upon it and the future of the nation depends upon it. The prudent traveler obtains beforehand all possible knowledge about the countries to which he is to set out; and testimony is abundant that even a slight preparation in the foreign language is a priceless boon to the traveler once arrived at the destination.

If all this is true under the relatively materialistic conditions of the third-environment, how much stronger must it hold for the fourth, where the spiritual traits of the third are carried over and, as it were, incorporated into the relatively material features of the fourth, the long-time condition-making?

A spirit who had not believed in immortality would, in the first place, endure a painful death and awakening. The surgeon or dentist directs and impresses upon the patient beforehand how he is to hold himself after taking laughing gas or ether. The patient, although unconscious, conforms to the precedent directions and profits greatly thereby. And so the great Healer, Jesus, tells us wisely that we should prepare our subconscious for death. This principle has always obtained the acceptance of the spiritually minded, each according to his lights, as well before as after Christ. Witness Socrates' discourse while waiting for the sacred ship to round the promontory and heave in sight, on its return voyage from Delos,—and then the draught of hemlock! What we learn in consciousness profits us in unconsciousness. The lethal is still the living. So much for the importance of timely study of the change called death!

But the effects of foreknowledge do not stop there. It is not still open to the agnostic, while admitting that he indeed loses out on the experience of dying and reawakening, to boast that he has not lost much, inasmuch as dying is a short process, while his status in the long run is established by the fact alone that he has been an honest man and a good citizen.

These qualifications are doubtless essential. And yet their virtue may not come into play if obscured by an obstinate antemortem denial of the possibility of future existence. The correct, honest agnostic constructs no lasting barrier to his reawakening into immortal life. Friends and other-world humane societies will pick him up and gently awaken him into a simple home that is only "sublimely sublimed." But how many honest, even-keeled agnostics are there? How many pretended "agnostics" are not dyed-in-the-wool scoffers?

Our parallel with the taking of ether comes to our assistance again. The man who boasts that he is his own doctor, and who deeply imprints upon the record of his soul: "Death is all, immortality is a delusion"—that man may never awaken or may only slowly awaken to the next life. He may spend a very long time in adjusting himself to the new conditions. His whole philosophy calls for revamping. His conception of the universe must be remade. He probably was satisfied with our present biological and scientific knowledge as covering the whole ground of life-interest. If he had so far risen above materialism as to glimpse a plan he probably (1) thought the idea of a God was ridiculous, (2) believed with Häckel that the whole plan was immanent in the primordial material.

But this stage of mental evolution is not without promise. The man who has advanced so far has entered already the district of honest agnosticism and of cultural debate. He has broken with crass materialism. If he freely acknowledges that there is an open field of discussion as to the relative extent of immanent or external, unseen causes, he is a useful member of spiritualizing society, he is growing in spirituality, and his permanent prospects in the future life are only less than those of him whose fortunate associations and whose impressible if not also penetrating intellect have secured for him a knowledge of something like the right combination of

theoretically possible or imaginable facts. Along with his studies of the biological antecedents of heaven will go that of the prevalence of personality throughout the unfolding plan, which will probably lead him to a satisfactory port in some sort of a conception of a Divine Personality, some sort of a sympathy with the ecstasy of the primitive Christian at his great discovery.

(III 55) November 17, 1870. "My dear child: we write in unison. . . . We see God as you do, in the light of day, in the sunshine, in the flowers, the grass, the air, in the falling of the leaves, in all the changes of the seasons. Look out upon the trees, and see how beautiful they are in the change. Another season and they will come forth again, green and fresh. So everything revives. So it is with us, with humanity. We pass from youth to age, from age to youth. The best illustration we can give is the change in the leaves. They turn from bright, beautiful green to yellow, then dry upon the ground, and their beauty seems gone. The tree is left leafless, nothing but the dry branches. But then, spring comes again, they are born into a new life and their dress looks fresher and younger than ever. So with old age, so with your Grandma. She threw off the old shell like a butterfly and expanded into a beautiful young woman. Here her life commenced again, she was a girl with all her youthful feelings and beautiful to the eyes of other angels. The picture portrays this visibly to your eyes. My dear child, would that some one could go forth and preach this to the world—preach this truth—so pure, so holy, when rightly understood, so sad when used for evil purposes, which is often done as a cloak to shield from other eyes.

"Blessed are those who believe as you do, and come to us with their hearts pure, throwing aside the cares of life and all that would mar our coming. Would that another bible could be written. You are writing one, Sarah. Keep it, for it is purely good, and some day it will be worshiped

by those who now scoff. The most deplorable thing, Sarah, is to see so many passing away without knowing this truth. We grieve to witness the griefs, the sorrows that might be healed through this intercourse. But patience! patience! every heart is not prepared for such truths. We must abide our time and teach thoroughly, even though it be a slow work. Some hearts are so difficult to reach! Gladly would we raise the crushed heart when we are repelled, but we cannot overcome conditions. Your Ma."

(III 236) May 11, 1871. "I think, Sarah, that I understand you better than any one else, still Uncle Albert understood you nearly as well. I can come down to you, kneel by your side, and sympathize with you. I can feel your sorrows and your joys. Is that not sweet for you to know? to have in this world of chance an unseen protection? one who can weep with you, laugh with you, and partake of all your joys? Oh, Sarah, the world cannot realize what you can. So many are ignorant of this blessing. Many will go down in darkness, there to live for a long time. Be happy with your faith and enjoy these blessings. Olin."

(III 265) June 4, 1871. "We were going to Rockaway Beach to spend the day. . . . 'My dear Sarah, and George: We are all here this morning, happy to come from our beautiful palace paths. We can do much for you when we come in your presence. We do not have to contend with doubts, we are not repelled and chilled. There are some who can never learn how to accept this great truth; to such little can be given. We shall go with you this morning and give you a happy day. The children are here in form and Dr. Franklin is at his work, aiding us. You shall have a gift from him that you will long remember; it will live long after you have joined us. Olin.'"

(III 215) April 16, 1871. "Do you realize what a holy privilege it is to be able to sit and hold communion with those who have gone to the world of eternal happiness?

When the eve of life comes and the new morn dawns upon you, then will the pure and undefiled stand by you to draw aside the veil that your eyes may behold the beautiful truths we are teaching you. B. Franklin."

(III 238) May 13, 1871. "Sarah, my child, I remember how depressed I used to get when here suffering. Everything looked so dark to me and there were times when I really suffered from fear of death. I dreaded the dissolution from the body and I feared the unknown hereafter. I cannot tell you how pleasantly my breath passed from the body. I fell asleep in the arms of my wife, and when I awoke I recognized the dear companions of my boyhood. I was not much surprised; I was happy and at last the vacancies of my heart were filled, almost at once. Prof. Kenyon."

(III 304) July 12, 1871. "How little the world knows of our joys! We come from a home where everything is perfect in its adaptation to our feelings, perfect in its beauty, in everything. Heaven is a great contrast to earth, and often we wonder how life can seem so dear to those who inhabit earth. Few realize the great blessings in store for them. Perhaps it is as well, for some minds are so unevenly balanced, that were they to have a glimpse into this world, they would not live their time out; and a suicide is a dreadful calamity. These things are wisely hidden. B. F."

(III 349) September 2, 1871. "There is but one life to live on this earth. Enjoy it and be happy. Do not let it wear away with anxiety and fretting. God bless you, my children. Your helper, Prof. K."

Apparently Professor Kenyon had not adopted the doctrine of reincarnation.

(III 161) February 9, 1871. "The atmosphere prevents us from coming very near, but still I have brought Grandpa Lewis with me to speak to you. He fully understands now, for I have explained to him. He is happy to stand by your

side. He sees you and will say a few words to let you know how much he still thinks of you. Every feature he still remembers as well as when he talked with you and fondled you. He loves you the same. Ma loves to have him with her. So many happy talks we have together. Ties are strong in this world. They are the golden links in the chain of immortal flowers—these family ties. We are here, Sarah, and if we can leave sun-rays in your heart this dreary morning, we shall be happy, for there is little outside to cheer the heart and gladden the soul. Olin."

The last extract not only accents the importance of the family, it illustrates the dependence of the individual on his environment and his need of knowledge, there as well as here. A half-view of such an incident might well inspire some poet to compose a "Blue Bird" on the theory that the dead are conscious only when evoked. The truth would appear to be the very reverse: Grandpa Lewis was apparently called from his usual occupation to this family circle; and he was summoned not by a mortal but by another spirit who had knowledge of the way of intermundane intercourse.

(III 272) June 11, 1871. "My dear children: We have had a good meeting. We shall not talk much till after the picture is finished. I often call on your family to see them in their palace home, and enjoy their family gathering. It is Sunday morning. All is hushed and our souls are not disturbed by the noise of the hammer.

"You may think sometimes that you are not progressing in the truths we are unfolding to you. Could I but hold up the mirror of the past to you and the mirror of the present, you would be astonished at yourselves, so great is the change in the world to which you are daily ascending. Your faith has purified you and brightened the chain of immortality which is now linked with those who have only been known to you through history and who are the purest among the blessed. You will realize all when you come here and they

will welcome you as their own dear children. Blessed to look back upon will be these hours passed in our presence. The grave has no longer any terrors for you; those you once thought dead live again; heaven is a home to which you look forward as a home of happiness where dwell your beloved treasures. What would take from you this holy belief? You mingle with the world and hold a jewel locked in your innermost soul that gold cannot purchase and their eyes never behold. Go on, my children, seeking these truths. Katie will, we see now, although we see obstacles, go to Europe; but that must not close this intercourse between heaven and earth. Not long will she linger away; then she will come back to you. The sweet assurances we give you will be laid aside for a while; but we shall silently commune with you. Seek us not elsewhere. We will send you messages through her as we do now, and we shall bring her back a new creature, better and purer, for having suffered. Benjamin Franklin."

Note that the Franklin *persona* is co-eval with Katie. It has been suggested that it was he who originally selected the Fox family as appropriate mediums for the great manifestations of spiritual power and life that broke out in 1848. Undoubtedly the Hydesville demonstration was the most important of many that blazed forth eruptively in various quarters of the world at about that time. It has not been suggested that Franklin was responsible for them outside of his own country, however. Katie was the choice, then, of Franklin; and this is interesting, because the transparent little woman, sensitive to a breath and leading a thin, uneventful life outside of her great psychocanalization, was the last person in the world to originate a thing of Franklinesque order. But with the demise of Katie we hear no more of Franklin. The simple solution of the problem is that she was the medium of mediums in some way cognate to him. Whether another era of Franklin supervene

remains to be seen. On some hypotheses of the usual short tendency or persistence of the deceased to manifest, it is remarkable that Franklin was able to stage the great revival so long, some eighty to one hundred years, after his death (1706-1790).

(II 96) June 30, 1870. "My dear Sarah and George: Do you know that you are not separated from those you love? those gone before you? Those you stood by as the breath was leaving are now visiting you in far more beautiful forms. Few understand this, but you do. Now we are all here, we see you and George, we know your wants. Yours are ours to look after for you, you have placed yourselves under our protection and shall be ever guided. Olin."

(III 175) February 26, 1871. "We thank the great Giver of all Good for our happiness, we thank Him for permitting us to bless you. We are His servants, His messengers, His children. Churches become disorganized, creeds change, but there is One who never changes,—God in His perfection. We adore Him, we thank Him, we know He is here, we feel His presence, we know that He exists, for our signs from Him are many. Some who came here without fear of God, without love for him, had not the beautiful signs He gives of His presence; and the flowers close and the sun refuses to shine in their abodes and all seems dark. God's patience and forbearance cannot be measured when approached with a desire to become His child. Oh, praise God! He makes our homes for us: He blesses us that we may bless others; and we feel that we are not grateful enough. Have faith that we may be able to accomplish our work, for without faith we can do nothing. Olin."

(IV 47) March 21, 1875. "I do not blame you for looking on the dark side, for sometimes all seems dark. Then I would come and comfort if I could, but you see I have no way to step into your private room and say to you, 'Cheer up!' for you do not trust your impressions sufficiently

for me to enter into your thoughts and give you response for response. George, work with your heart full of faith, and you will succeed. Olin."

(III 39) November 8, 1870. "We have walked through our beautiful avenues today, and our feet have touched the beautiful flowers in heaven's garden. We have touched the brows of the dying and shall hold the lamps for some, in a few hours, to light their way to happy visions. Then, when they awake to consciousness, they will find themselves in a beautiful place, surrounded by long lost friends dear as life to their souls, and the greetings will come, the clasping of hands, the gentle kisses of love and explanations. The new-born souls first think they are dreaming. This, dear Sarah, is the first awakening. Then, another scene opens, they seek to find their way back to their friends and homes they have just left. Bewildered and astonished! In sadness mingled with joy these new-born spirits listen to the explanations of those who have been here and learned the different paths and links between the two worlds. Soon they grow satisfied and the soul rejoices in the glory of heaven. We often have cause to pity many who come here without knowing this truth, this intercourse between heaven and earth. When you come here, dear Sarah, you will not be astonished. You will first clasp your children, then Ma, Grandma, and all those you love; and the first vision you have, you will say, 'Oh, I understand all, this is the beautiful place Olin has told me so much about.' Oh! how happy you will be! Now I have given you this little explanation that you may glean from it an idea of our constant duties. Olin."

(*f*) *Miracles*

(I 166) April 1, 1870. "There are many here who take an interest in you and in the manifestation which we are preparing for you; but when we open the door to the new

and beautiful thing we are preparing for you, then great will be the circle of those who come to take part with us. We are preparing to give you what the new world has never witnessed. The people of olden times, in Bible times, witnessed them and called them miracles. Oh! Sarah, can you realize how near we are to you? how thin the veil is? how great our happiness is in thus being able to bless you? Olin."

(II 156) August 10, 1870. "The fitting and getting ready for your fall business will be upon you sooner than you think. So I advise you, without reference to us, to make your arrangements and improve this hot, debilitating weather in going where you wish. We cannot succeed or accomplish what we so much desire to do, under those unfavorable conditions. We have retained the pictures so long that we wish to give them perfect. You have all become weak in giving out electrical force and we want you to get physical power. Change is the only step toward this. We are not compelled to meet more than two more nights for preparation. The laws by which we are permitted to do these things are so very delicate that we are often prevented from fulfilling our promises by some little change in the conditions. Now, dear Sarah and George, we will do the best we can, and wish at the same time to work for your interests. There will never be another picture given like this and there never has been one. Prof. K."

(III 39) November 8, 1870. "Again we are with you and again the conditions are good, and we are rejoiced to meet for the purpose of accomplishing our work, for work it is, and in future years will be looked upon as the greatest miracle ever performed. Therefore, preserve each picture with great care. Olin."

(II 1) April 25, 1870. "We will soon fly away with the picture, veiled from the careless eyes of the world, too sacred to be looked upon by them. B. F."

Spiritualism is pragmatic. It is evidential. It is con-

clusive. It deals with facts which are definitive and settle hoary, antique disputes, heal on the spot and for all time running sores of reason hitherto refractory to every antiseptic or argument. It closes the book of rudimentary soul-building, and opens the apocalypse of spiritual destiny.

But there persist embarrassing questions, chiefly as to the correct attitude of the persuaded spiritualist toward the unpersuaded public. Shall the former wear the colors of "spiritualism" in spite of the questionable histories, the gullible rich, the designing "mediums," the stuffy séances of long-haired men and close cropped women, which have, not without reason, repelled the conservative, decent public; or, on the other hand, unwilling to lend himself to authentification of undesirable, often degrading associations, shall he deny that he is a spiritualist, but endeavor to spread its essential truths, unembarrassed by the prejudicial introduction of a misused appellation?

The term "psychic research" has offered an ingenious bridge of retreat to many spiritualists who feel hampered by public misconceptions which are more easily sidestepped than brushed aside. Christianity, however, denying Christ, would never have achieved its signal triumph. The name, "spiritualist," can be made as dear as it has been despised, if not hated. It has my vote. It reconciles the various meanings of the word "spirit" and proves that the logic of language is a racial logic transcending that of any individual, be he philosopher or seer. For the spiritualist believes in a spirit life. He believes that it transcends and survives terrestrial life. He can even believe that every spirit has a body of some sort. He believes that a spirit is an objective as well as a subjective entity. He must conclude that, even in the fourth-dimension, the relation designated as spirit: matter is preserved, continued, or revived, the body there being rather akin to what the soul was here, while the soul there is a closer infusion from the divine. And, lastly, he

believes that the universe is permeated by a Holy Spirit that was from the beginning and shall be, evermore, world without end. All these meanings of "spirit" and others, doubtless, are reconciled by spiritualism and find their appropriate place in a system which the race, society, had been creating and building into the language before it realized what it was doing. What this system was and is we are learning from spiritualism.

Many spiritualists wish to abolish the word "death," at least as applied to the human species. I do not know whether they would agree that animals "die" or not.[3] Probably they admit a death for animals. And what would they do with the statement of McConnell that some individual animals have more soul than some individual men?

However, when men get down to brass tacks and start to talk about the "change called death," they find the phrase very convenient for the expression of a necessary idea, and many spiritualists are prepared to yield assent to that word, "death," which has received a sort of consecration. It is foolish, just because the spiritualist believes that death is followed by different consequences from those assigned by materialists, to deny its existence. If there be a spiritual fact of survival, that conclusion does not imply denial of a material fact of death. The denial of death has meaning, perhaps, as a tropical or poetic locution; but has no place in discursive speech.

The use of old, materialistic words in a new, relatively spiritual sense is a delicate matter. Civilization advances by a gradual spiritualization all along its wide-flung battle front. The new concepts involved in this progress naturally call for new words. But they are not easily forthcoming. We grasp back at the classics, we seek gap-fillers from foreign, modern tongues, but, after all, as a last resort, we are compelled to wrest our old, definite terms from their obvious

[3] Cf. *crépiter, krepitieren.*

and generally material uses, and twist them into a spiritual connection, which makes them hard to understand by one set of persons, while inducing another set to deny the fact or the reality of their previous usage.

Similar vacuous battles are raging today about the words "socialism" and "evolution."

This discussion brings me once more to "miracles." Here again the logic which is embedded in the structure of the language comes to our assistance. A miracle is anything which excites wonder. Webster's New International Dictionary (1930) defines miracle: "an event or effect in the physical world beyond or out of the ordinary course of things," etc. The fundamental meaning is more simple even than the etymological one of "wonderful" (*mirari*). It is simply that of newness. That is wonderful which is new, which "cannot be accounted for as produced by any of the acknowledged forces of nature." The novelty at once sets us speculating and we conclude that an event is other-worldly because it is outside of our own little world of daily moiling and toiling. We are too busy to think farther. Our jaws drop in wonder, but we turn back to our labors. It is wonder, not fear, that founds religions and inaugurates the cycle of science.

That is about as far as men often get in their exploration of wonders, of the unusual. The unusual things or events come to be classed together and are taken charge of by religion. Students of sociology tell us that religion is the fundamental science. Law, politics, medicine, science, art, are sprung from primitive religion, and so of modern religion itself. Constant discussion makes familiar and definite and so far real that which was primitive "medicine." Aniline dyes are not produced by a sorcerer but by chemical works. Religion itself has ceased to be miraculous.

This reduction and conversion of the spiritual into the material is an endless process. It goes on throughout ter-

restrial history, and, to one looking from the warp, across the woof of existence, it is more than probable that "the change called death" will, in its own sweet way, make familiar and "material" to us that which, from our present disadvantage of view, clothes itself in the unfamiliar, the spiritual, the miraculous.

We may, perhaps, assume that the general and combined experience of men is stereotyped in languages. There is an unconscious logic in the structure of our apparently spontaneous speech which often points the way to surprising spiritual conclusions. Social is therefore true in a sense transcending individual experience. Hence, we may refer back to language as having explanatory value in a higher, symbolical sense. Words and phrases are cryptograms. The learned reader may discover more truth in a phrase than the writer innocently intended.

A miracle, then, is an event to the newness or infrequency of which, happening, like the return of some meteor, but once in a lifetime, we are unaccustomed and unadjusted.

If, from the top of the temple and before the assembled multitude, Jesus had jumped down unharmed, the event would have been decidedly unfamiliar and unclassifiable, and men would have been awestruck and would have recognized a miracle. And He did proceed to do, in the next three years, forty or fifty acts, chiefly in the way of healing or of furnishing sustenance to the poor, or otherwise of diverging from what men expected from the usual action of efficient causes; and His object apparently was to convince men of an order of causation in nature with which they had been hitherto unacquainted. His purpose was to shake their reliance upon a worn-out system of causes.

The conception of God, previously fairly sublimated among the Hebrews, was carried onto a far higher plane than the world had yet dreamed of. It was made the vehicle, as it were, or perhaps better, the crystallizing point, or even,

the growing point of the more spiritual era which was ushered in by Jesus. The novel efficiencies which thus seemed to take shape out of nothing and to account for the unaccountable and to disturb men's satisfaction with previous interpretations of the familiar, must needs find a word to cover them, for there was a new dispensation, there was a new view of the world and of man, there was a new taste in life, a new courage despite the moral despair of society and despite the persecutions sanctioned by the dominant carnality. The word "God" was adopted in the most sublime and unitarian sense which the contemporary cults and philosophies had contrived and imagined for it.

The further man advances, the more does he need a Logos.

The loaves and fishes, the child raised from the dead, the wine that on the instant had been water, were awe-inspiring events, calculated to shake men loose from hoary beliefs which were now shown to be, in essence, superstitious. To be satisfied with the familiar is in itself superstitious. The fanciful explanations of everything that occurs, from the obtaining of brass from the earth by heat to the growing of crops by manure and to the digestion of food were at last felt to be, in a very true sense, superstitions. Men suspected that the cross-section of events was as unaccountable and hence as miraculous as the long-section.

Science has accomplished two things: (1) It has demolished the previous familiarity with the familiar, and (2) it has proved that the concatenation of efficient causes is infinite, at least in comparison with our feeble comprehension. It has at last brought us face to face with the ineluctable acknowledgment that the familiar is as miraculous as the unfamiliar, the old is as miraculous as the new, our dependence on God is as direct and unavoidable in the ripening of the grain, the painting of the picture, the glow of the imagination, as in the hurricane, or in the earthquake, or in the social revolution.

The longitudinal section of life offers nothing more miraculous than the cross-section. The daily and the familiar are as astounding, unaccountable, and miraculous as the *hapax-legomena* of astronomy or geology. The miracle of miracles is that anything is. The demiurge that Jesus assumed was in order to awaken men to action and thought toward a knowledge of the immanence and ingerence of higher powers in all things and especially in the small, still voice within. The master puzzle: "beside you"; "in the palace."

Such is the work of spiritualization. It is the work of civilization and much more. We do not know whither it will lead us. We only know that we have been given a certain orientation. With renewed realization of the dignity of destiny, we can return to our laboratories, purged of prejudices, disabused of the superstitions which are largely preconceptions of the utilities, the applications, the limitations of our work. We will be inclined to broaden our interpretations and inferences. We had condemned "evolution" perhaps as too narrow for our use. Now we wish to bend the most novel and spiritual processes into the evolutionary hypothesis. We are not to be satisfied with the statement that "God made everything." On the contrary, since everything is equally miraculous, we are destined to rise by a constant study, reaching into every phenomenon, whether ostensibly of subjective or objective order. If the realm of science is now subsumed under the miraculous, so is the formerly exclusive realm of the miraculous to be subjugated by science.

Either there are no miracles, or everything is miraculous. The choice resolves itself into a matter of taste. The familiarity or unfamiliarity of life must not impose upon us nor deter us from living fully and freely, nor from ransacking the whole realm of what is, in the search for Kingdom Come.

There is, in the Record, nothing more striking, more stimu-

lating, than the declaration of Franklin, "everything is a miracle."

(g) *Healing*

(I 157) March 18, 1870. . . . "I think I can magnetize some water for your patient, whose case is almost hopeless; but I think this will help her. There are blessings daily bestowed on you by your children and other spirits. B. F."

(I 157 [5]) March 22, 1870. "Met in accordance with appointment. The room was darkened and a bowl of water on the table. . . . In half an hour . . . we were directed to open window, and then, after closing it, to open eyes. The bowl of water left on the table we discovered under it, covered with a piece of paper. Other pieces of paper left on the table were by its side. . . . The pencil wrote: 'My dear son . . . Put the water in a bottle and cork it. Give the patient half teaspoonful twice a day, morning and evening. It is for Miss P——. . . . Your Father' "[4]

Among some primitive peoples or in those epochs of reaction from intellectual effort which occur anyhow, on the undulating theory of progress, appeal rises for divine help. The modern progress of science and reason renders such appeals less frequent and naïve than of yore, unless events in the nature of war and social disintegration are sufficiently urgent to arouse the old need of salvation, which had been prorogued to a later date by secular care, thought, and capitalization.

Religions have pretty generally been given their start in the world by healing. In fact, by and large, it may plausibly be said that a young religion has little to recommend it but its pretensions in a medical and surgical way. Let theology and divine philosophy and morality follow as they may. A young religion needs advertising, and divine healing is consecrated propaganda. Divine healing also sets old religions

[4] Cf. Ch. II (d) The Personal Equation.

on their feet again, gives them a new lease of life, and holds the faithful to standardized confession. It is the one, great, *argumentum ad hominem.*

After healing of the body follows healing of the soul. The material and tangible announces and clears a path for the spiritual and the more cogent. For disease or wounds or deformities are—such is human optimism—contrary to nature. *Similia similibus curantur:* the idea at once comes to hand to invoke what is uncommon, extraordinary, unusual, in a transcendent degree, to effect cure of what is unnatural, in a minor degree. Disease is unnatural, in the sense that it is not true to type or idea, but deflects life from its charted course. The source of the very ideas is therefore besought to remedy these interruptions to our thoughts and obstructions to our careers.

Evidently, under modern specialization, healing of the body is for medicine, while healing of the mind still rests with religion. But there is a middle district, that of the brain, which is attended to by psychology, as a branch of medicine.

It is, therefore, inevitable that efforts to increase men's spirituality and to fit them for residence in the fourth-dimension should begin and take a running start, as it were, by more or less successful healing operations in the third. Nervous disorders, epilepsy, palsy, insanity due to a lesion in the brain or nervous tissue, lie close to spiritual life, in that they impede its flow and obstruct its manifestation. Remove the barrier, the river of life flows smoothly again. Medicine fails to help at the point where the will and the intellectual analysis of motives, the understanding, become efficient. No less understanding is required for divine healing than for medical, only it works behind the scenes.

Apparently religion has no concrete object and purpose in the sense of its special offshoots, like medicine. Religion is simply a living in its highest potency and upon the highest

plane. If we have the will to that, we can do it. The insertion or dovetailing of religion into medicine is a bridge to higher things. It is a recommendation to the purity and elevation of the Record that it makes little case or pretense of medical healing, while it lays all its force on teaching us, by precept and example, the nature of life eternal.

The material origins of our human, spiritual life lie in imperfection and are quite unsuggestive of the ideal. Striving is ever upwards toward the ideal. The source of ideality or, perhaps, better, ideality itself, seems to contain the power of hurrying up its own processes and of removing obstacles that stand between individual life and itself. It is premature to speculate on the ultimate course and rationale of living, but phenomena had to be. Are not these, here and now, as good stuff to work over as others, if, indeed, it be at all permissible to imagine others?

(*b*) *Prediction*

(II 12) April 29, 1870. "After ten I was to send an escort with Katie. At half past seven she started up and said, 'Now I will go.' The echoes answered, 'No, wait! Some one will come to go with you.' She said she did not believe it, that her impressions were pretty correct and she felt it was not so; but finally consented to wait a little and see, saying it would be a good test. In about fifteen minutes, the door tender announced one of her best friends, who took her to Mr. Townsend's and back again."

A spiritual communication is a definite thing. A communication, a thought, either is or is not from a spirit. The spirit chooses its avenue of approach. Having chosen the automatic writing, he had not chosen but decidedly rejected the direct signal or direct telepathic. I leave room here for an hypothesis that the automatic may be also, in a sense, telepathic. Thus, while giving a true prediction, automati-

cally, the greatest of mediums was entirely in error as to her own impressions and private opinion. Her opinion was bound up with her own personality and was unaffected by the message which came through her motor nerves as a distinct apparatus.

(II 82) June 21, 1870. "Our meeting will be at three tomorrow. We see far enough in the future to *know* that you will all be happy then. Sarah, the little ones are with Willie the most of the time. We see that he is well and happy. All is well! Olin and Circle."

The last extract combines prediction with clairvoyance.

(III 223) May 3, 7 A.M., 1871. "My dear Sarah, we want to look in the future a little today, so we shall not be in your presence much through the day. Some of us will be here at three to give directions for the next meeting, the Prof. or some of us. With blessings from us all, Olin."

(III 223) 3:30 P.M. "My dear child, your family circle are all looking into the future and I am here only to tell you that the meeting will be at three tomorrow. Prof. K."

(II 110) July 11, 1870. "Your sister Em is too apt to feel in moods, which are often uncalled for, and, unless outlived, will cause disease."

(IV 40) June, 1873. . . . "Poor Em will see more sorrow, but she must be patient. I now go to you. Olin."

"Sister Em's sickness proved to be consumption, and she lingered and suffered till the middle of November, when she found relief by death."

(III 291) July 2, 1871. "I have looked in the future. There is no cloud of sorrow for you but there is for Emeline. I am going to try to help her. Uncle Albert." While this glance at the future does not necessarily indicate Emeline's death, it may include it in the gloomy prospect,—not a usual view of death in the Record. Were the deaths of Frankie and Leila a misfortune only to their parents, or also to them? The Record would soothe George and Sarah,

telling them how happy the children are in their heavenly home, and how rapidly they are progressing in knowledge. It remains to speculate as to whether their character, their soul texture, which is built up for mortals by misfortune and even by sin, may suffer from premature taking off. Do they develop more sympathy, more appreciation, more knowledge, in many ways, at least, but less stamina, less power to influence those men remaining in the third-dimension, less power to return there for toil, like Dr. Franklin, a century after his decease? Speculation along this line might be fruitful of better understanding of spirit life.

(III 52) November 15, 1870. "We have looked in the future. No clouds are over your home. The birds sing joyously and the sweet welcome of their tones tells us that you will be happy and live long to enjoy life. Be happy, my dear Sarah, rely on my promises, and you shall never be deceived. Olin."

(III 77) December 6, 1870. "We sat before a pure stream. First, I saw your future six months ahead. It was a beautiful, peaceful landscape. Yours and George's are on one landscape. Near George was a little darkness, a few little clouds and hills. But they will all be overstepped and he will stand bright and clear in successful paths. He will have a few trials at first to endure and he must be cheerful under all difficulties, for all will pass away and you and all dear to you will be happy. I saw you, Sarah, at the bedside of some sick, very sick, person. I am not permitted to tell who, some one in your family. I saw you gliding along safely with flowers at your feet. You must guard Willie from disease, from too much study. We will, from time to time, advise you and prevent much evil. Do not feel a shadow, for all is well.

"Tell dear Em that she has no cause for shadows. I cannot tell her now what I saw mirrored in her future as I am not permitted—it is not best. Ralph has much sorrow before

him. The mirror came no more and we arose from our seats to walk the beautiful halls (of the palace). While we were reading the future, the children were out in the bowers, made wreaths of flowers, one for Mamma, one for Papa, one for Willie. So they prattled and sang and danced and played. Olin."

We can make a mirror that reflects what we believe or calculate will happen; but it does not help us to a knowledge of what will happen. In the future life, it is possible to harness a sort of apparatus to a person's destiny, which on one hypothesis, is already in existence, although not precisely enacted. Residence on earth discloses portions of this destiny successively: that is life. The mirroring of the future, then, depends on connecting up with some more lasting, with some almost, if not infinite, more nearly eternal entity or rather world of entities, than is imagined by men, and, through a *tour de force*, directing that connection to the personality of a mortal man, existing, *in extenso*, as it were, in that Absolute, but in the third-dimension only in the vain and fleeting present.

(III 204) April 4, 1871. After a prediction concerning another member of the family: "We are not often permitted to give this information but there is no harm in our foreshadowing it to you in this case, but do not repeat it nor make remarks about it outside of the family. Dear Sarah, are you not happy to know this? We cannot be mistaken for we have just witnessed the opening of the two buds which were emblematical of ———'s future. We may never be able to do this again, therefore, we implore you not to repeat it to any one. Olin."

Japanese paper flowers open and simulate blossoming when placed in water. The cinéma in a minute portrays the growth of a bud into a flower that may, in nature, have occupied weeks. And so a bud from heaven, floating in the current of a man's eternal life, may open or not as that cur-

rent be pure or impure, favoring or unfavorable. Existence leads us on from symbol to symbol. Each event in all the totality of things signifies some higher event or truth or idea; and that, one still further up. A flower may testify to something we cannot directly view until better prepared. That the token be flower or mirror or landscape, with its hills and clouds, makes little difference. The despised gypsy fortune-teller has her day!

(III 273) June 11, 1871. "Katie will, we see now, although we see obstacles, go to Europe; but that must not close this intercourse between heaven and earth. Not long will she linger away, then she will come back to you. The sweet assurances we give you will be laid aside for a while; but we shall silently commune with you. Seek us not elsewhere. We will send you messages through her as we do now, and we shall bring her back a new creature, better and purer for having suffered. Benjamin Franklin."

(III 344) August 24, 1871. "We knew when we told you, some months ago, that we wished Mr. Owen present when we presented the picture, that he would be in grief, for at that time Camilla saw that Mrs. Owen was coming, but we were not permitted to tell you in so many words; but if you will read over the communications you will see that we gave you a foreshadowing of it. Olin."

(IV 28) October 1, 1871. "The flower we spoke of is still unfolded and is a sign of peace and happiness for Katie. B. Franklin."

(IV 69) June 6, 1875. "Now this we predict: A change brought about by mere chance, aided by unseen guardian spirits, will take place which will be for your lifelong benefit; and that change will come within three years. So be of good faith: Know that while you are striving and working this is in store for you. Let it cheer you. We are with you and will not leave you. B. Franklin, Olin, Ma, Isaac T. Hopper, James B. Taylor and the whole circle."

(IV 69) June 11, 1875. "My dear friend, before the close of next week you will have a very dark hour, but we will tell you in time so that you may smile through your tears. All will be well and all will come out well. The clouds will pass away and all will be bright. It is well to have this warning, or you might sink in spirit. J. B. T."

(IV 72) June 18, 1875. "The warning of some unpleasant event had been given us on June 11 and predicted to occur before the end of the following week. June 11th was on Saturday, and we watched each succeeding day knowing in our hearts that the warning had a meaning. Saturday, the 18th, came, a disagreeable, stormy morning; noon came, and still all was well. In a few hours, the last day of 'the next week' would expire, the time for the unusual anxiety would have passed. While I was hoping they had made a mistake, some one rushed in and said that an employé of ours (an intelligent, capable man, but addicted to strong drink) had stumbled in an unfinished building at the other end of our block and fallen two stories among iron beams, and been taken up, and was then being carried away by the police, in a dying state.[5]

"Instantly I recognized the warning. That evening, as early as practicable, George and I went up to Katie's room and the subjoined was written:

"My dear Sarah and George, We were with you today when the announcement was made and we were sure that you would think of our predictions. Well, Sarah, it has come, that which would annoy and disturb you but be for the best. Now, my dear Sarah, look for the sure completion of these predictions and it will come and you will be happy. All is well. Olin."

[5] He was a German upholsterer. Before he fell I saw him sitting on the edge of the open excavation or cellar in 59th Street, as I happened to pass that way. A hotel with iron façade had been begun, but work had been suspended long previously. Afterwards, all the massive ruins of this abortive beginning were cleared away and the Savoy Hotel erected on the spot.

(IV 78) June 29, 1875. "This is private. Keep William under your eye this summer. Do not let him go away unless he is accompanied with some one who will watch him as carefully as yourself. We speak to you, Sarah, in this sentence, exclusively. When dark hours come, and there will be some very dark, bear in mind that we have looked well into the future and see that you will come out bright as the brightest diamond. B. Franklin."

"Willie was just leaving for or had already gone, alone, to Harvard College for preliminary examination. Naturally, when I read the preceding letter, I took alarm at once. The pencil, in Katie's hand, wrote immediately as follows: 'Do not feel worried about your son, William. He is safe and well, and we will have a care over him, but just give him this warning: he must not go bathing; he must not ride wild horses; he must not go for long walks alone. Be so kind as to send him this message; it will save you much sorrow and him much suffering. Do this and all will be well. J. B. T.' "

"Brother Olin and Sister Emeline announced their presence and I enquired how Willie would get along with his examination and they wrote:

" 'Dear Sarah, he will get along splendidly. Olin and I will stand by him, yes, and give him confidence. We will put words in his mouth, and do more for him than his memory can.' "

(IV 81) June 30, 1875. "My dear Sarah, Willie is well, and safe, and happy too, so do not feel worried. . . . No more, now, as we are busy with your affairs, also keeping a strict watch over Willie. We promise you that no harm shall come to him while we are near him and he will return to your arms as he left you. Olin." [6]

[6] I think it was on my way back from Cambridge, Mass., this summer, that I stopped at Westerly, R. I., to visit my great-uncle, Nathan H. Langworthy, and was carried off my feet while crossing the outlet of Quanaquantog Pond, as the tide was going out, while bathing in company with my cousin, Hon. Albert H. Langworthy.

(IV 123) December 19, 1885. . . . "There will be a death in this house that will surprise you." [7]

(IV 135) December 26, 1885. "My boy, you may rest easy. We shall get hold of you soon. My boy, in two months from today I expect to see you hard at work. Your great business lies in Europe. William Taylor, laugh as you please, your career, as Ben. Franklin says, lies in Europe. I will give you advice. Don't despise Charlie Foster. . . . So good night. Charlie Foster. N.B. my mark ///." [8]

(IV 204) February 9, 1886. "We had a meeting in the Hall. We were all together and we looked long into your affairs to see how things were going. We see a cloud approaching for the proprietor (business partner). You will be a little disturbed but it will end well and for your good. Changes are coming very soon. Keep good courage. . . . Mr. Vanderbilt wishes me to tell you that he is trying to bring about a change for you all, in this house,—a change for your immediate good. He is always thinking of doing good, and will always feel grateful for having been introduced to Dr. Benjamin Franklin and others of our circle. . . . Some one is coming to join us soon, not in this family or Katy's, but some one you all know. Olin and the circle."

(IV 282) March 31, 1886. "Your little Leila was with you yesterday morning. Olin assured the dear, anxious child that no harm would come to you and that your eyes were not being hurt. The love of a child is great here and so is the love of every dear friend and relative. It is the great link between earth and heaven. A child's love remains always childlike. You see it in Leila's fear that you were going to be hurt yesterday.

[7] I do not know a fulfillment of this prediction, unless it be the death that occurred four or five years later, alluded to further on.

[8] In the following summer, July, 1886, I took my first trip to Europe, and have since then altogether passed nearly eight years in European residence. As to the preliminary prediction, the occupation after two months, I recall no definite fulfillment unless it was an opening that came about that time, to go into business out West. The European manticism more likely looks to *my* son.

"What it is we cannot tell, but over the proprietor a heavy sorrow hangs very black. He will feel that he has brought on his own trouble. W. H. V."

(IV 322) May 17, 1886. "A strange phenomenon occurred last evening. I was visiting Olin in his home, where he was resting on a bed of roses by the side of his dear mother and others, when a large tree of white roses opened. Olin informed me that he with his friends were asking how the future looked for Sarah. The flowers opened and said, 'beautiful and bright.' W. H. V."

(IV 214) February 19, 1886. "And now let me tell you of another great change that is near, one of the happiest. You will all rejoice and wonder at this happy change. Ask not what it is! Do not ask, it will come, a very brilliant change. We have only just seen it, only just seen the opening of it, and we are not permitted to tell you what it is. Such things are not often shown, these glad events, and we are permitted to foreshadow them, but no more. Olin, The Circle."

(IV 215) *Idem.* . . . "There is an uncertainty. But we, who look through the dimly-lighted future, see how things will end, and when it looks bright and successful, we feel that we have a right to give you words of encouragement. We never give you false hope. Isaac Hopper."

(IV 263) March 19, 1886. "Another loss to the nation soon, so I am told by Dr. Franklin. All will be well. . . . W. H. V" (This prediction appears to foreshadow the death of President Chester A. Arthur, which took place on November 18, 1886.)

(IV 278) March 29, 1886. "My dear child, the days roll on, one after another. The night comes, and you waken to see what the day brings forth. Wisely indeed is it decreed that no man on earth shall read tomorrow's page. Wise is the great Master. And now, when we come to you and say that the future is bright, remember that we see the future for a limited space. We can tell for we receive the knowledge

from careful watching, and it is well that we can. What would the world be without our warning hand? without our protection? God sends His ministering angels, to minister to their beloved below, to minister to the children of earth. But there are, alas! too many who will not heed the whisperings of spirits.

"My good child, be of good cheer. There is coming a change in a few days, and then do not hesitate to act at once. We see a cloud over —— and a little darkness for you, shadows that will cause anxiety and trouble, but they will pass away. Bear in mind, when all seems dark, that we are with you, and do not give way to unhappy forebodings. All will be well. Let —— make his attack. Let him do so soon as possible, the sooner the better. This is the advice of all who love you here. Benj. Franklin." [9]

Men do not know, when they arise in the morning, what is going to happen during the day. There may be various engagements for the day, but they are of a competitive nature. They are duels or combats. Even the grand march of the ballroom is an ordeal. They would not have been appointed, had it been known beforehand how they would turn out, for then they would have been supererogatory. The essence of life in the third-dimension is precisely the struggle of it. It was the deep-seated conviction that Darwin was right in this matter that won for him his epoch-making, world-wide influence. And this was, perhaps, as far as he cared to draw inferences from his observations, or, at least, put himself on public record.

Patently a life which is one of ingrained prevision must fail on the side of struggle. If we know how everything is to turn out, we are mere spectators, not actors. If the fourth-dimension environment is thus essentially merely a parquet

[9] This series of predictions looks ahead some four years, when ——— after an attempt to obtain better terms, which seemed to look toward a virtual control of the property in question, suddenly expired of heart failure.

before which a drama is played, then its habitués, desiring to contend, must needs hark back to the third, where, perchance, their prevision is less and they may enter the lists for the one party or the other. One can imagine that, like some high-toned lawyers, they refuse to champion a cause which seems to lead to retrogression. If they have any business, it is that of spiritual progress, all along the line,—progress for you and for me.

Even at home in the fourth-dimension, they do not have the day's panorama forced upon them beforehand. They come and go, apparently at will, like the rest of us. Also there are a "now" and a "then." It is only when they will to do so that they abandon the "now" for the "then." The difference between the environments is thus conceivable as one of degree. They see further than we do, but, as Franklin insists, even their view is limited. Relatively, by small effort, they see the immediate future for mortals. But if they wish to get an idea of a man's whole life, its tenor and outcome, they make elaborate preparations. That is the sort of struggle they may practice. They study and watch for his future in a flowing stream, or a deep pool, or they cultivate a garden of flowers dedicated to him and inspect how it blossoms and how it prospers. They are past masters in the analogies of nature; they foster the fine arts of symbolism, for of it is to them the universe compact. Ignorance of the future is essential to our lives.

Further into the mystery of futurity we cannot enter. We know that we are immortal and that, after the change called death, we may be qualified to make limited predictions. For immortality is not all of a piece. The kind we inspect and hypostatize will not last forever. We shall be, it would seem, a step nearer to that totality where it is unnecessary to space out life in order that it be comprehensible. Is not that already much for us to know? Franklin thinks it is.

(IV 382) June 6, 1890. "Everything in the future,

closely connected with you, is bright. . . . This we see not far off, and when we heard you sigh today with weariness, we felt a great longing to look carefully in your future so that we could tell you tonight just what we saw; and believe us, when we tell you that if there were clouds or sorrow we would have told you in a gentle way. Do not anticipate one sorrow, for we know you will be satisfied.

"My dear children. This foreshadowing of the future is especially for few. To this world a great calamity is coming. All that I can tell you at this present time is this: A calamity of the world, a loss and great danger, but not for you nor yours. We will tell you more about this at another time. We make a request of you all not to say anything of this outside of this circle. Benj. Franklin." [10]

(IV 386) June 14, 1890. . . . "We hope no evil will come to this nation, but there are heavy clouds hanging over this city [11] . . . will not affect you immediately nor financially, but the clouds must burst. Be sure we are with you always ready to help you. There are no clouds of import nor crosses in your pathway. Benj. Franklin."

(IV 412) March 4, 1891. "Dear Sarah and George. We all speak from points we see. We foreshadow the future from the surroundings of your spiritual future. We look into your paths through the souls of far more advanced spirits who have been here centuries. We have many ways of foreshadowing the future. If there are clouds on the paths of our spirit home—which some day will be yours—we know that sorrow is near. If we see flowers opening on paths where no flowers bloom, we know that some of your family are coming here—a certain kind of flower. When we see the palace open with great splendor, and many choirs of angels entering with music filling the air, we know that some be-

[10] Could Franklin be looking twenty-four years ahead? or, more comprehensively, thirty-nine years ahead?

[11] Is this foresight of the crisis of 1893-1896?

loved soul is about to enter the portals of everlasting life. Time is uncertain. Your Ma."

This letter of Ma's seems to fulfill, in a degree, the promise contained in the previously cited one of Franklin's. The idea is advanced that ancient spirits coöperate in forecasting the future. One imagines that such spirits must have an infinitely greater acquaintance with the timeless totality of things, to which I alluded above. Its study has perhaps been their capital occupation, time out of mind. Such is the nature of the process which we call "generalization." It lifts us out of the temporal into the eternal. Every scientific classification, every true observation, raises the thinker a notch nearer the power possessed by the Ancient of Days of knowing all things, unhampered by time.

And we are impelled to ask whether these time-sanctified spirits be not, ultimately, in some sense, resolved into the eternal texture of things: whether of them be not justified the vision of the Bluebird, the sleeping souls reawakened by the thoughts of mortals. Only it must be something very different, this sleep which is rather an eternal awakeness, an unceasing vigilance, a tireless and masterful consciousness. Conceivable is it, however, that these supersouls possess power to contract and to unify or to dichotomize themselves to the extent of creating points of contact with those who are still clothed in the remnants of temporality. Maeterlinck hit as near to the bull's-eye, perhaps, as is permissible to one who would achieve literary success.

It is significant that directly upon the heels of the pregnant allusion to ancient spirits is annexed a totally different explanation of prophecy, the one already familiar to the reader by a symbolism externalizing itself upon the expressive countenance of nature, in leaf and flower and plant. Either these are divergent accounts or they are parts of one. In order to make the passage stand, we must choose the latter alternative. Somehow, these patriarchs of patriarchs

manage to express their knowledge through celestial symbols. There are students of the psychic who claim that signs of this sort may even be displayed in the third-dimension.

In these last pages of the Record, we are granted a swift, penetrating glance deep into the nature of prediction. Metaphysicians who have labored and cudgeled themselves on the subjects of time and space and predictions have doubtless, often unconsciously, been inspired from a psychic source similar to the one at which we are here quaffing. The thoughts that encircle the globe and permeate thinking society are, sometimes anyhow, carried by personalities,—perhaps always.

(II 37) May 17, 1870. "On this morning, money had been taken from one of our servants and Maggie[12] told me that a pin of some value had been taken from her room on the evening before. She was much troubled about it, and, at just this time, Katie came in and the pencil wrote: 'My dear Sarah, . . . Tell Margaret she will get her pin. Olin.' "

"After reading the message, I told him about the money. He said, 'I will call the Prof. I was not here.'

" 'My dear Friend and Pupil, To discover such things, we are obliged to enter an entirely different atmosphere, almost revolting, but I see that there is a thief about the house, who will be discovered: who, I am not now able to tell. Prof. K.' "

"At about two o'clock Maggie's pin was returned to her, and the $25 was returned that day, and we are yet in complete ignorance who the thief is."

(II 40) May 17, 1870, 10 P.M. "The house is going on well, only a little dishonest person who is not vicious, who will return all. Olin."

(III 141) January 25, 1871. "I have seen all that will follow for the next two months. I see no clouds for you, Sarah, on the contrary. Olin."

[12] A maid.

(*i*) *Sermons*

(II 94) June 29, 1870. "Sarah, you are to us what children are to their parents. The child goes to its mother fretful and complains. The mother takes her child in her arms and tries to soothe it. The child is good and quiet for a while, but comes again and again, complaining. The mother whose love is so great, wearies not, but takes her child aside to cheer it; her patience never exhausts. So it is with you, O children of earth! You who put your trust in us, come to us, we weary not! Complain to us; we hear you and will comfort. Seek us in sorrow, we will give you peace. The tears we will wipe away with our garments. The sick hurt we will make glad (to all who believe).

"But on the other side, when men are perverse and seek no comfort but that which the world can give, we cannot approach them to lift them up, neither can we bless them.

"You are indeed blessed, and this circle who watch over and guard you, will never let dark clouds obscure your sky of happiness. Be happy! All is well! I know that all is bright above and below. New flowers are beginning to bloom in Katie's mother's home, some day to be hers! Are you not happy? God bless you! Olin."

(IV 261) June 1, 1871. Autograph letter of Olin: "My dear Sarah, this is the first day of June and our family have taken possession of our palace in the Garden of Eden. We occupy different apartments and can be by ourselves when we desire. There are chapels in our palace where we can silently worship and meditate. . . . Flowers are the perfumes of our atmosphere, the incense of our walks. . . . In such sweet signs our thoughts flow on in golden currents, there to trace a bright flower or withered leaf. We mark these symbols and if they are bright and fair our souls rejoice and we go on in gladness, feeling that our beloved ones on earth are safe. Today is a bright and holy day for us, we

have reached the goal of our desires and like one family we shall live to all eternity. . . . We cannot say now, 'Where are the friends we used to love? Where are the joys of earlier years?' All, all are here."

"I will close with a few remarks from one higher in intellect than myself:

"The theories of Voltaire no longer exist, and if the world is not as good as it might be, it has become much better than it was. Evil is a delusion. Take pride in good and never despond. Leave through life the gift of pardon in the pathway of every erring mortal whose earthly hopes are crushed but still looks up to heaven. A smile of forgiveness from you will perhaps be a star to cheer and comfort; and for every joy you give we will give unto you doubly.

"Earth has many trials. We pity the poor outcasts. God gives them two paths to bring them back to Him. Love and suffering both are hard. Those who tread them feel their feet pierced, but through tribulation and patience reach at last their journey's end and find peace. It is not for us to point out two roads, marked, the one to good and the other to evil, and simply say, 'Choose!' We must, as Christ did, point out the paths that lead from the latter road to the former, so that the misguided and erring may be led back.

"Jesus was full of compassion for all human passions and he loved to alleviate those wounds. This he said, 'Much shall be forgiven thee because thou hast loved much,'—a sublime pardon. Why should we refuse the helping hand to those whom we meet bleeding from the evil of a long career? Why should we refuse to dress their wounds? Mortals must not be more strict than Christ. The child is small, but he contains the germ of a man. The brain is small, yet it is linked with the immortal mind; the eye a mere speck, yet it takes in leagues.

"Judge not by appearances. The rough nature contains

the diviner part. Blessed are those who help to cultivate that spark of goodness. Olin, Circle."

We note the frank declaration of the importance of symbology in the fourth-dimension. Evil is the negation, the absence of good. The sentiments of the "one higher than I am," are expressed from his own point of view; for forgiveness can only flow from one in authority; it is not valued and loses its efficacy if affected by an equal or by an inferior. The natural inference is that every mortal should try to cultivate that spiritual largeness which entitles him to forgive. Forgiveness would be manifested in good advice, in an appeal to intelligence, that stepping-stone to spiritual life. "Why should *we* refuse?" therefore, refers to spirits. The fact that the next sentence enjoins similar conduct upon mortals does not overcome in the preceding the imputation to spirits of duty of forgiveness. Mortals may and do grow spiritually and may, in the proper case, also exercise forgiveness. But they should sedulously avoid presumption.

(III 213) April 16, 1871. "My dear Sarah and George: We are all here this bright morning. If you are not happy, it is not that we have neglected you in our prayers. We have prayed for your happiness and success and we feel that our endeavors to place flowers in your paths have not been in vain. We have been with you, noting every act of your lives. The room is full of saints who were once like you, human and finite, weak and sensitive.

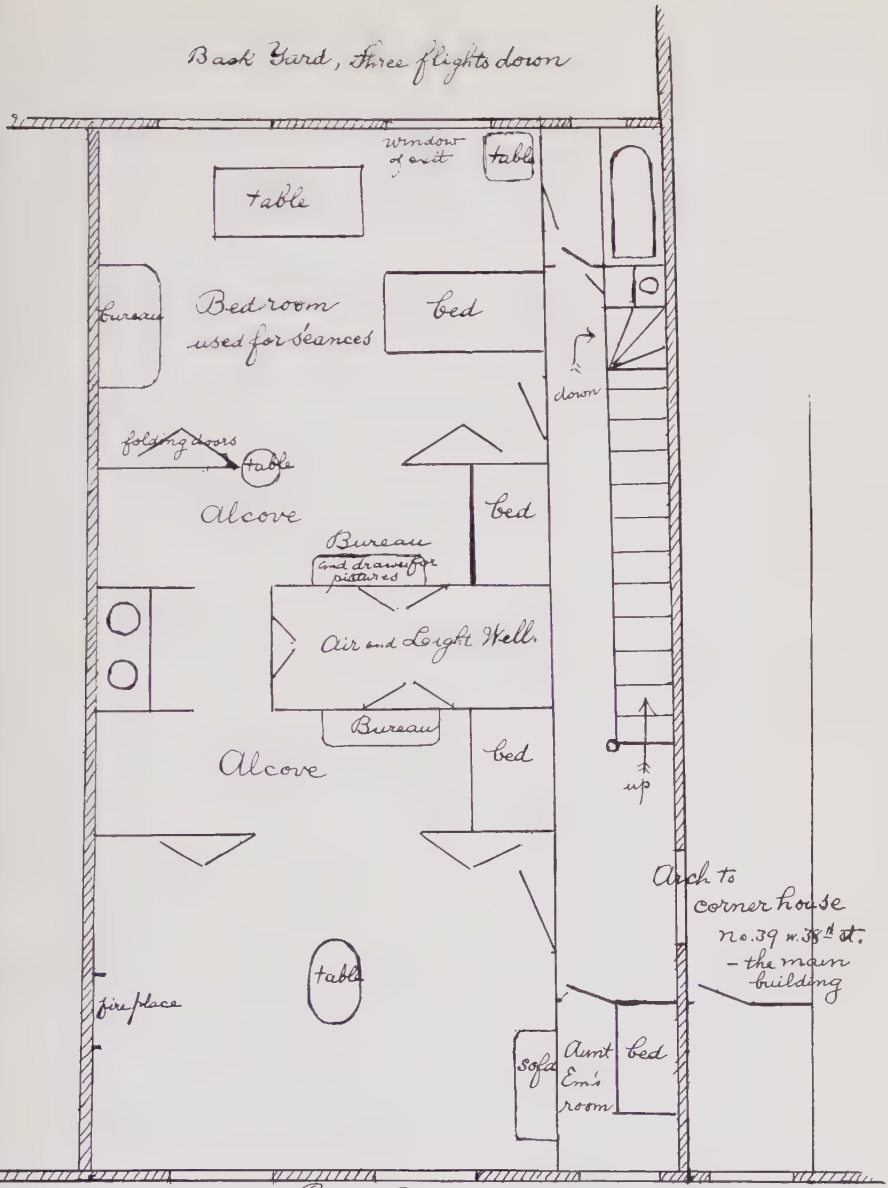
"There are no shadows on the sky of your history. No sorrowful hands are uplifted, no flowers are closed in grief for you, my dear Sarah. The sun shines upon you, the birds sing for you, and hope cheers your heart as the star cheers the lone watcher. You hear not the soft strains of music as they float through the air. A requiem, soft and low, solemn and sweet is now being sung for a soul just being born into Paradise. Would that your ears were permitted to hear, your eyes permitted to see. Death would be life and

earth would have few charms. How wonderful are the ways of Providence, how wise; and yet how few are the persons who see as they should! They send up mournings for those who have gone before and bow not with resignation to the will of God. Oh, learn to say, 'Thy will be done, Father, not mine!' Then will the heart become spiritual, the eyes see with an inner vision, and nothing seem strange under the sun. Olin."

(III 240) "Good morning, Sarah and George: . . . We shall go by ourselves to the palace after leaving you. I would like one, if not half as large, for myself. I shall have to wait my time and work for it, so I will be patient. Prof. K."

May 14, 1871. "After reading the above (a letter from Olin written by Katy's left hand), we looked at the paper on the bureau which was entirely blank when I placed it there. No human hand had touched this paper since, and still upon it was written in a clear, beautifully round hand, the following letter:

"My dear children, would that I could explain to you the great difficulties we have in coming to you and performing the work we have made so many efforts to do. The storm and clouds of life will pass. Look up with serene faith to the Great Giver and be glad. We confess our eagerness to lift the veil and show you the vistas of Eternity. We watch the workings of your inner feelings, where hope golden hues the future, and we long to make all clear to your vision. Reason and Faith are often antagonistic and conflicting. The one is shrouded in darkness and doubt by the mysteries of Providence, while the other is serenely hopeful. Reason is driven from her throne by the tempests which drift across the sea of human destiny, while Faith soars above all obstacles and reaches an abiding place within the veil. Reason gropes and stumbles, while Faith undismayed ascends her watch tower. To the eye of Reason many things are dark,



Sixth Avenue

Inside house Dr Taylor's Swedish Movement Cure

N.E. cor. 38th st, sixth ave. New York, second story, two flights up.

(Sketched by the writer from memory). Apartments of Taylors, until 1873.

but Faith sees through all the dark shadows and the flowers go on blooming.

"My children, respect those who visit you, unseen. Their eyes are upon you, their ears hear you. It is Sunday morning, the busy noise is hushed.

"How beautiful is charity! I pity the poor wretch whose life hangs on a thread, who today is shut out from the light in his prison cell. He who has no temper to overcome and is by nature good and amiable, is not entitled to so high encomium as he who battles against his evil passions. Oh! I pity the poor outcast and my prayers are for his deliverance.

"My children, the morning is bright and full of peace. Let your hearts be glad. The little ones are here. Their pure robes have touched your white dress. We love to see you in pure garments. It shows that you know that our eyes behold you. We go now to fulfill our duties in the heavenly land. The harps are sounding; voices are calling us. Farewell. Benjamin Franklin."

(III 246) May 19, 1871. "Again we are with you. Our spirits come without a shadow. The air is full of the whisperings of angels and we know that you feel our blessings for we breathe them softly upon you and leave your souls brighter. We are happy to come in your presence. Oh, how soft and genial is the atmosphere! The birds warble sweet notes for you on earth, while ours fill the air with echoes from distant lands. We are so happy! We would not exchange with you, and yet you have everything to make you happy, everything to make life seem pleasant. The world is beautiful in all seasons. Winter with her icy covering, her pure white covering, is beautiful. Autumn with her changing colors is beautiful. How glorious when the leaves fall to the ground and the winds sigh mournfully through the trees as if sighing for the departed beauty. God has made life a study, nature a still greater study. Enjoy every day

of your lives, and, dear Sarah, today when you go out I will speak to you in every beautiful flower you behold. Dear Sarah and George, I have looked in your future, and there are no dark rivers between you and success. Olin."

(IV 247) May 21, 1871. "My dear Sarah, we are all here this beautiful morning. Hushed is the noise outside, everything breathes peace, and we come out of our heavenly homes sanctified by the holy atmosphere through which we have come, free from sin, free from all human frailties. If we can leave you more peaceful, we shall feel repaid and know that another gem is added to our crown of happiness. We wish you to keep the first of June fresh in your memories. We are now perfectly satisfied with our palace. If your imagination can picture us in it when we take possession, we shall be rejoiced. But, oh Sarah and George, let your imagination be of the purely beautiful! . . . Every flower in your future home is open and blooming in great beauty. The sky is not dark with trouble and disappointment.

"Tell dear Em that I am with her. I see how troubled she sometimes is. I don't like delays, myself, but I think all will come out right. Of course she must expect some disappointments. You need not repeat the last sentence. Some minds never rationally accept anything of a saddening character, but at once imagine evil, therefore we, as often, refrain from predicting the future. Olin."

(IV 174) January 19, 1886. "I never feel troubled when I glance, (with the aid of Dr. Franklin) into the future. I can quickly tell if there are to be unhappy changes. Be happy; I have reason to tell you this.

"The children are with quite a gathering of people in a grove of ferns. Mr. Vanderbilt was with them when I left. I have been on a voyage and glanced at them as I came by. Well, you see that we have our happy enjoyments. Love is a beautiful chain; it links heaven and earth; by it the souls of all nations are united and beat in unison. Love is God's

altar for angels and all earth's children to kneel upon. My soul is glad; let yours be likewise. Olin."

(IV 407) February 24, 1891. "We have all a deep interest in you and yours. Some day, we shall all meet here. We will have circles of our own in the palace of truth, in the Garden of Paradise, under the drooping willow surrounded with flowers, perfumes from heaven's lamps. Yes, George and Sarah, we shall have our souls' desires here. These meetings are so valuable to you and to us. Why, only pause and think: When earthly care is ended, when you come here, we will all stand at the entrance of this summer land and you will know us. We will clasp hands, exchange greetings, and then commences life immortal. This is a great study, George and Sarah, and our world is a world of great change. We are never, never at a loss for something to do. You will come prepared to meet all, just as we have pictured it to you. You will not stand and look in vain for familiar faces, for friends to greet you, and, at the same time, you will not realize you have left earth. You will, for a while, think that you are in the most beautiful place on earth, for a few hours, but oh, my children! the transcendent beauties of your home here will overpower you. You will be exquisitely happy.

"My dear children, there is no death without a new birth. The glorious spiritualism has been such an unlooked-for blessing to many great minds, such a surprise to many of the clergy. You will shine forth forever like the stars in the sky. Isaac T. Hopper."

(*j*) *Symbolism*

(IV 28) The following autograph letter is typical of the meaning those of the fourth-dimension find in nature. This symbolism is the golden thread running through the Record; it is not merely flowers of speech: it is rather the matter and substance of which it is made. To illustrate the point fully would be to copy a large part of the original text. This cita-

tion, coming from a high authority, is not profuse, like the writings of Olin, but is sufficiently explicit:

October 1, 1871. . . . "My dear children: This is our last Sunday morning (before Katie's departure for Europe, October 7, '71) and we are all gathered here to speak a farewell word, not farewell, either, for we shall be with you. Sunday morning, and all is well. The flower we spoke of is still unfolded and is a sign of peace and happiness for Katie. Oh, never again touch the wine cup to your lips. We feel that the change has come. Go over the big waves, for the mighty change has come. Rejoice, oh ye children of earth, rejoice! We do!

"Again we meet. We have accomplished much for you, my daughter and son. We have given you tokens by which you shall recognize beloved faces in a multitude of angels. You will not have to pause to ask, 'Which is my child?' 'Where are my children?' 'Where is Olin?' No! No! You will find them all and satisfied you will dwell with them in their palace. Our work is not completed. We shall look forward with pleasure to the time when we will be able to renew it. Our hands will be ready. Our hearts will rejoice in the renewal of these meetings; will yours also? If shadows fall upon you, my children, look not upon the dark side, remember the unseen throng about you, catch the blessings as they fall, and lay up in your hearts the truths we have given you. Let them rest in the most sacred part of your souls, so that when you lie down at night you can close your eyes to live upon them.

"Remember all, and let not your faith become tarnished by doubts. We shall draw near you after the toils of the day and silently commune with you. Many a wayside flower will fall in your footsteps and we will guide you. There is not time for us to commence another manifestation of our power. We must wait until the time comes. It will come and you will be better prepared to receive it.

"Well done! good and faithful children, my daughter and son, true in spirit, true to your faith, true in all things,—we bless you. Daily you become nearer and dearer to me. When trials and obstacles obstruct your way, there will be no one in the Kingdom of Heaven who will work more lovingly for you than I. Then with this assurance, rise up daily and with strong hearts perform your duties, never swerving, never drooping. All is well,—we bless you, bless you for your protection of this poor child, who, God knows, has been more sinned against than sinning.

"There will be no more appointments, but if the opportunity offers we will speak; if not we shall feel that all that could be done has been done, and we are thankful for the blessing that we have been able so freely to bestow. We can say no more; our duties call and we must depart. Joy and peace go with Katie and all good angels guard her on her journey. My children, once more I say, 'God bless you. Farewell.' My power is exhausted. Franklin."

(*k*) *Marriage*

June 15, 1870. "My dear, sweet sister. Marriage here is purely holy. Yes, when two loving hearts come together on earth, and are separated, prevented from marrying there, in heaven those souls seek each other and are eternal companions. Olin."

June 23, 1870. "Sarah, in answer to your question, your query. There is a union of souls here like marriage. Here the true are mated. No uncongeniality in this home, this land of rest. Families are singled out just as on earth, only without earthly desires. Pure and holy, they live and enjoy their lives better than when on earth. Those who do not marry on earth, find their companion here, a mate. If disappointment, grief, and unhappiness were theirs when on earth, here all is made up to them and they are met by the

lover of their youth. The betrayed, the deceived, here in our Land find their crown of glory, their wreaths of happiness. They leave the withered flowers, the sick scenes, and we show them their new happiness, and they live again their lives as earth lives, only sanctified, and all is made clear. Olin."

March 10, 1886. "My grandpa Lewis had two wives. The first, my Ma's mother, died about sixty-five years ago, and he forty years after, and the second wife fourteen years after him. They were both superior women, but very unlike. His attachment to the first wife seemed to be with him and a part of his life to the end. I asked grandma Langworthy about that family relation now. She wrote:

" 'I am going to give you a reality. I want you to know exactly how these things are. Grandpa's wife prepared his home for him and received him, although she had her own companion separate from grandpa. Grandma Sarah.' "

May 6, 1886. "Uncle Albert, Rev. A. G. Palmer, had made an appointment with Katie for the following morning. 'Aunt Sarah' was his first wife and died forty and more years ago. I promised to go with him to Katie's. The pencil added, 'I think Sarah better be shy tomorrow, and say little while the other wife is there. Charlie Foster.'

"There are some minds so narrow that they cannot entertain the idea of more than one jewel. His Sarah [13] was his jewel, his wife is his helpmate. There is a great difference, be it first or second. . . . Sarah told me that she longed to have her husband with her. She is more like a young girl waiting for her lover. Think of it all—here she is tonight telling Olin how happy she will be tomorrow when she talks with Albert and hears his voice. She is drawing him nearer to her. He's nearing the home she has prepared for him. W. H. V."

[13] The mother of Albert Marshman Palmer, well-known theatrical manager.

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